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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

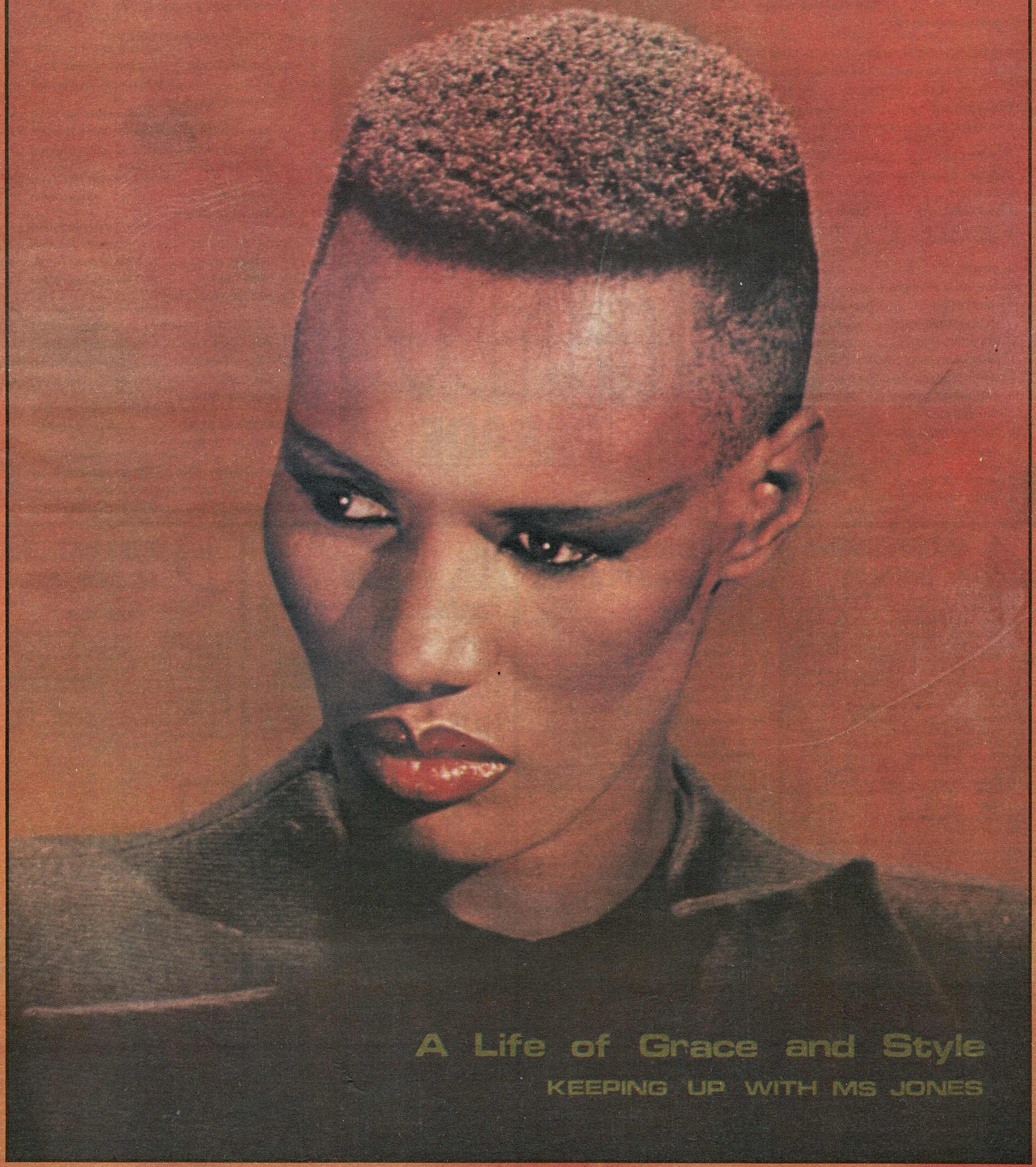
The world's snottiest music rag

POSITIVE NOISE

THE CRAMPS' GUIDE TO TEENAGE MONSTER MOVIES

TOM PETTY DEBBIE H

DURAN DURAN



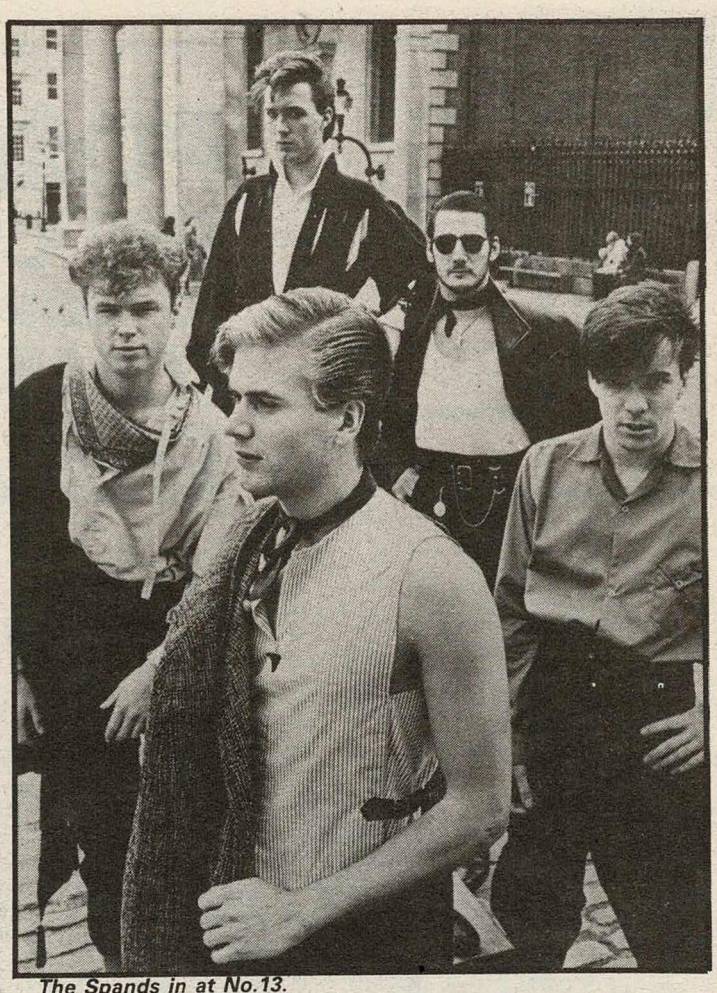
A Life of Grace and Style

KEEPING UP WITH MS JONES

Grace Jones. Pic Joe Stevens.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**GHOST TOWN**	**Specials (2-Tone)**	5	1
2	4	STARS ON 45 Vol. 2	Starsound (CBS)	3	2
3	2	CAN CAN	Bad Manners (Magnet)	4	2
4	5	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	5	4
5	3	ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE	Michael Jackson (Motown)	8	1
6	6	WORDY RAPPINGHOOD	Tom Tom Club (Island)	4	6
7	9	NO WOMAN NO CRY	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	5	7
8	12	DANCING ON THE FLOOR	Third World (CBS)	5	8
9	7	MOTORHEAD (LIVE)	Motorhead (Bronze)	2	7
10	—	LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	1	10
11	15	SAT IN YOUR LAP	Kate Bush (EMI)	2	11
12	14	YOU MIGHT NEED SOMEBODY	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	3	12
13	—	CHANT No 1	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	1	13
14	8	GOING BACK TO MY ROOTS	Odyssey (RCA)	8	4
15	10	MEMORY	Elaine Page (Polydor)	6	6
16	11	RAZZAMATAZZ	Quincy Jones (A&M)	4	10
17	16	THERE'S A GUY WORKS DOWN THE CHIP SHOP SWEARS HE'S ELVIS	Kirsty McColl (Polydor)	3	16
18	19	VISAGE	Visage (Polydor)	2	18
19	25	FOR YOUR EYES ONLY	Sheena Easton (EMI)	2	19
20	17	NEW LIFE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	17
21	—	NEVER SURRENDER	Saxon (Carrere)	1	21
22	—	WALK RIGHT NOW	Jacksons (Epic)	1	22
23	—	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1	23
24	—	SHOW ME	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Mercury)	1	24
25	18	CAN'T HAPPEN HERE	Rainbow (Polydor)	4	18
26	—	I'M IN LOVE	Evelyn King (RCA)	1	26
27	20	PIECE OF THE ACTION	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	6	12
28	—	A PROMISE (REMIX)	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	1	28
29	28	WIKKA WRAPP	Evasions (Groove)	4	16
30	13	BEING WITH YOU	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	10	1



The Spands in at No.13.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	3	**LOVE SONGS**	**Cliff Richard (EMI)**	3	1
2	1	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH	Motorhead (Bronze)	5	1
3	5	KIM WILDE	Kim Wilde (Rak)	3	3
4	7	STARS ON 45	Starsound (CBS)	10	1
5	6	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	4	5
6	9	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	8	1
7	2	DISCO DAZE & DISCO NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	9	2
8	10	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	35	1
9	18	BAD FOR GOOD	Jim Steinman (Epic)	9	9
10	11	JU JU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	5	10
11	8	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	8	8
12	16	NAH POO THE ART OF BLUFF	Wah! (Eternal)	2	12
13	4	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	7	1
14	23	BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON	Michael Jackson (Motown)	2	14
15	13	PENIS ENVY	Crass (Crass)	2	13
16	15	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	7	8
17	12	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	12	6
18	20	JUMPIN' JIVE	Joe Jackson (A&M)	3	18
19	19	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	12	9
20	14	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	34	1
21	—	I'VE GOT THE MELODY	Odyssey (RCA)	1	21
22	21	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	14	3
23	17	MADE IN AMERICA	Carpenters (A&M)	4	17
24	—	TALK, TALK, TALK	Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	4	8
25	25	HEAVEN UP HERE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	5	4
26	—	EAST SIDE STORY	Squeeze (A&M)	6	17
27	28	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	3	26
28	—	PUNKS NOT DEAD	Exploited (Secret)	8	10
29	—	THE ONLY FUN IN TOWN	Josef K (Postcard)	1	28
30	30	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	17	4

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**New Life**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(2)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
3	(3)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
4	(6)	**Q Quarters**	The Associates (Situation 2)
5	(5)	**Forget The Dawn**	Wah! (Eternal)
6	(10)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
7	(8)	**Puppets Of War EP**	Chron-Gen (Gargoyle)
8	(4)	**Too Drunk To Fuck**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
9	(—)	**Motorhead**	Hawkwind (Flick Knife)
10	(—)	**Little Red Riding Hood**	999 (Albion)
11	(7)	**Wikka Wrapp**	The Evasions (Groove)
12	(11)	**The Resurrection EP.**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
13	(18)	**Dole Age**	Talisman (Recreational)
14	(12)	**Our Swimmer**	Wire (Rough Trade)
15	(—)	**Number 11**	Dead Or Alive (Inevitable)
16	(—)	**Chance Meeting**	Josef K (Postcard)
17	(17)	**Nagasaki Nightmare**	Crass (Crass)
18	(20)	**Go For Gold**	Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
19	(24)	**In The Greylight EP**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
20	(25)	**Hobby For The Day**	Wall (Fresh)
21	(9)	**Don't Let It Pass**	UB40 (Dep Int)
22	(—)	**Brave New England**	Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Open Eye)
23	(30)	**Holiday In Cambodia**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
24	(—)	**Ceremony (12" remix)**	New Order (Factory)
25	(29)	**Dreaming Of Me**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
26	(21)	**Storage Case**	Drowning Craze (Situation)
27	(15)	**I Want To Be Free**	Toyah (Safari)
28	(13)	**Why**	Discharge (Clay)
29	(—)	**Watching The Hydroplances**	Tunnel Vision (Factory)
30	(16)	**Demystification**	Zounds (Rough Trade)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Penis Envy**	Crass (Crass)
2	(5)	**The Only Fun In Town**	Josef K (Postcard)
3	(2)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep International)
4	(4)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
5	(3)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
6	(6)	**Punks Not Dead**	The Exploited (Secret)
7	(7)	**Odyshape**	Raincoats (Rough Trade)
8	(8)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
9	(—)	**Sounds Of Freedom**	Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
10	(16)	**Firehouse Rock**	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
11	(26)	**To Each**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
12	(14)	**Dirk Wears White Sox**	Adam And The Ants (Do-it)
13	(11)	**Live**	Misty (People Unite)
14	(10)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
15	(24)	**Live At The Lyceum**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
16	(12)	**Heart of Darkness**	Positive Noise (Statik)
17	(9)	**Provisionally Titled The Singing Fish**	Colin Newman (4AD)
18	(13)	**Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
19	(23)	**Document And Eye-Witness**	Wire (R Trade)
20	(17)	**He Who Dares Wins**	TheatreOfHate(SSSS)
21	(22)	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)
22	(25)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
23	(20)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
24	(21)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
25	(15)	**Lubricate Your Living Room**	Fire Engines (Accessory)
26	(19)	**How The West Was Won**	Toyan (Greensleeves)
27	(30)	**Kangeroo?**	Red Crayola (Rough Trade)
28	(—)	**Mesh And Lace**	Modern English (4AD)
29	(18)	**Inflammable Material**	Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
30	(—)	**Toyah Toyah Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)

REGGAE

1	**Devils Eyes**	Cultural Roots (Germain)
2	**Tribute To Bob Marley**	Horace Andy (Top Ranking)
3	**Entertainment**	Tristan Palmer, Jah Thomas, Ranking Toyan (Capri)
4	**Rasta Pon Top**	Twinkle Bros (Twinkle)
5	**Love Bump**	Lone Ranger (Studio 1)
6	**Batman & Robin**	Joe Tex/U Black (Joe Gibbs)
7	**People In The Ghetto**	Captain Sinbad (Jabba Roots)
8	**Hot Milk**	Augustus Pablo (Rockers)
9	**Daydreaming**	Alton Ellis (Smokey)
10	**I'm A Dreadlocks**	Sammy Dread (Strong Like Samson)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

FUNK

12" singles

1	**Nice & Soft ***	Wish (Perspective)
2	**On The Beat**	BB&Q (Capitol)
3	**Funtown USA ***	Rafael Cameron (Salsoul)
4	**Chant No 1**	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
5	**You'll Never Know**	Hi Gloss (Epic)
6	**I'm In Love**	Evelyn King (RCA)
7	**Loco-Moto**	Inversions (Groove)
8	**Brazilian Dawn**	Shakatak (Polydor)
9	**Everybody Get Down ***	Avonn (RBL)
10	**Sweet Delight ***	Woods Empire (Tabu)

(denotes import)*

Chart by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, W1

INTERNATIONAL MIAMI, USA

Pop singles

1	**Julio Iglesias**	De nin a mujer (CBS)
2	**Raphael**	En carne viva (CBS)
3	**Sophy**	Baladas y salsa (Velvet)
4	**Lissette**	Perdon (Odeon)
5	**Emmanuel**	Intimamente (Arcano)
6	**Roberto Carlos**	Roberto Carlos (CBS)
7	**Nydia Caro**	Intimidades (Al)
8	**Hernaldo**	Procuro olvidarte (Al)
9	**Mario Alberto Milar**	Mario Alberto Milar (TH)
10	**Lupita D'Alesio**	Ya no regreso contigo (Orfeon)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

AUSTRALIA

Singles

1	(1)	**Bette Davis Eyes**	Kim Carnes (EMI America)
2	(2)	**This Ole House**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
3	(9)	**Stars On 45**	Starsound (Mercury)
4	(4)	**Bad Habits**	Billy Field (WEA)
5	(3)	**Turn Me Loose**	Loverboy (CBS)
6	(6)	**Gotta Pull Myself Together**	Nolans (Epic)
7	(5)	**Kids In America**	Kim Wilde (Rak)
8	(7)	**Jealous Guy**	Roxy Music (Polydor)
9	(12)	**All Those Years Ago**	George Harrison (Dark Horse)
10		**Devo Live**	Devo (Warner Bros)

Courtesy 'Kent Music Report/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Don't Go Breaking My Heart**	Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)
2	**The Roussos Phenomenon**	Demis Roussos (Philips)
3	**A Little Bit More**	Dr Hook (Capitol)
4	**Kiss And Say Goodbye**	Manhattans (CBS)
5	**Young Hearts Run Free**	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
6	**Misty Blue**	Dorothy Moore (Contempo)
7	**You're My Best Friend**	Queen (EMI)
8	**Let's Stick Together**	Bryan Ferry (Island)
9	**You To Me Are Everything**	Real Thing (Pye International)
10	**It Only Takes A Minute**	100 Ton & A Feather (Jonathan King) (UK)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Get It On**	T. Rex (Fly)
2	**Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep**	Middle Of The Road (RCA)
3	**Co-Co**	Sweet (RCA)
4	**Black And White**	Greyhound (Trojan)
5	**Me And You And A Dog Named Boo**	Lobo (Philips)
6	**Tom Tom Turn Around**	New World (Rak)
7	**Monkey Spanner**	Dave & Ansell Collins (Technique)
8	**Never Ending Song Of Love**	New Seekers (Philips)
9	**Don't Let It Die**	Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
10	**Just My Imagination**	Temptations (Tamla Motown)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Out Of Time**	Chris Farlowe (Immediate)
2	**A Girl Like You**	Troggs (Fontana)
3	**Black Is Black**	Los Bravos (Decca)
4	**Get Away**	Georgie Fame (Columbia)
5	**The More I See You**	Chris Montez (Pye)
6	**Sunny Afternoon**	Kinks (Pye)
7	**I Couldn't Live Without Your Love**	Petula Clark (Pye)
8	**Love Letters**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	**Nobody Needs Your Love**	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
10	**River Deep — Mountain High**	Ike and Tina Turner (London)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Well I Ask You**	Eden Kane (Decca)
2	**Temptation**	Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
3	**You Don't Know**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
4	**Runaway**	Del Shannon (London)
5	**A Girl Like You**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	**You Always Hurt The One You Love**	Clarence Henry (Pye)
7	**Hello Mary Lou**	Ricky Nelson (London)
8	**Johnny Remember Me**	John Leyton (Top Rank)
9	**Pasadena**	Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
10	**Romeo**	Petula Clark (Pye)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

ANOTHER SUE PER ISSUE!

16

35

30

6

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Capital Jazz goes to Knebworth

CAPITAL RADIO's all-star Jazz Festival, cancelled last week because of the threat of trouble while the event was in progress on South London's Clapham Common, is back on again — somewhat curtailed and at a different venue. Originally intended as a four-day festival spread over two weekends, it will now be staged this Saturday and Sunday at Knebworth Park in Hertfordshire, scene of Capital's Beach Boys concert last year.

Last week's decision to call off the event came as the result of advice from Scotland Yard, who had received information that disturbances were being organised specially to disrupt the concerts.

Prior to this, the station had spent two weeks in close touch with the police, community leaders and various local organisations — who felt, almost without exception, that the festival should go ahead despite its proximity to the Brixton flash point. And on Tuesday, last week, the Capital board officially decided to proceed.

But next day the police warning came, which left them with no alternative other than to cancel.

Then on Friday, Knebworth was offered by its owner as an alternative site, and Capital executives spent the weekend considering the practicability of moving the festival some 35 miles from its original venue. It was not until Monday evening that they finally decided to take the plunge.

One of the factors which swayed them was that the station is committed to recording sufficient material at the festival to produce 40 hours of broadcasting time, to be aired over the full independent network. Until Knebworth presented itself, Capital had still planned to bring in most of the artists involved, and to arrange some alternative venues where at least part of this air-time could be recorded. But this plan has now been abandoned.

What's happening now is that last weekend's projected bill has been scrapped entirely and, as a result, artists of the calibre of Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock will not now appear. But this coming weekend's bill goes ahead, exactly as originally planned. Ticket prices remain unchanged, and those already sold remain valid — though cash refunds are obtainable for people unwilling to travel to Knebworth.

Saturday's line-up is strictly jazz all the way, with the likes of Ella Fitzgerald, Art Pepper and Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia. But Sunday's bill features Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, George Melly, Zoot Money and Sara Vaughan, among others.

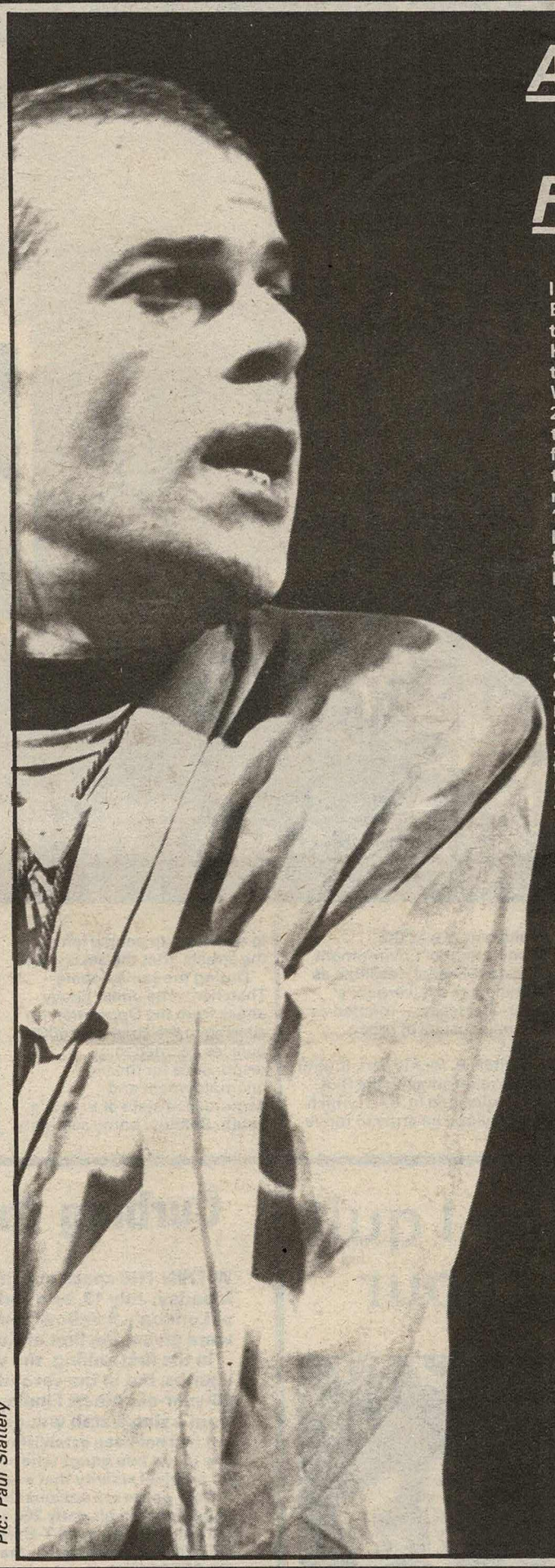
Even with the half-festival going ahead, it's debatable if Capital will be able to avoid a substantial loss. Before Knebworth was suggested, the station was studying its insurance cover in the hope of minimising losses — and the chances are that it will need to resume its studies after Sunday.

Capital must feel there's a jinx on the event, with this year's problems following the 1980 catastrophe, when Alexandra Palace went up in flames the night before the show was scheduled to start. A spokesman said this week: "Two major upsets in succession means that we must now consider the whole question of the future of the festival".

Sounds sue NME

FOLLOWING last week's 'Oi — The Backlash' article, *Sounds* editor Alan Lewis, features editor Garry Bushell, Spotlight Publications and Morgan-Grampian have issued a high court writ against *NME* writer Paul Du Noyer, editor Neil Spencer and publisher IPC Magazines, claiming that our report of the *Daily Mail's* coverage of *Sounds* was libellous (they are also suing the *Mail*). Please send messages of support to Garry Bushole, Snouds, 40 Long Acre, London WC2.

GASBAG This week's Bag is an extended Riot Special —Pages 60-62



Pic: Paul Slattery

A BIG DAY DOUBLE FOR DURY

IAN DURY & The Blockheads, already set for their own concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on the evening of the Royal Wedding (next Wednesday, 29), will also be appearing the same afternoon in the free open-air rock festival at the Crystal Palace Bowl. As reported last week, the "Rock 'n' Royal" event is being organised and financed by the Greater London Council.

Also appearing in the show, which runs from 2 to 8pm, are Spirit —who have a close affinity with the GLC, having dedicated their recent London concert to that august body. Renowned ballerina Lynn Seymour, who recently abandoned classical ballet in favour of rock-orientated dancing, will perform with John Stevens Away. And other confirmed names are the Barry Ford Band and Ray Shell & The Street Angels, though a number of surprise guests are also expected.

A spokesman for the GLC explained that there's no official headliner, and the running order will be fluid —though Ian Dury will be on stage at about 4pm because of his Hammersmith commitment later.

● SPIRIT will also be playing four other dates during their brief return visit to the UK — Nottingham Rock City (July 30), Newcastle Mayfair (31), Aylesbury Friars (August 1) and London Victoria The Venue (2).

● TRIBESMAN, Movement and Monkey Business are among bands playing in a Royal Wedding Day Carnival in London's Clissold Park, Stoke Newington (2-6pm). Organised by Rock Against Racism, it goes under the banner of 'Funk The Wedding' and admission is free.

● ITV has scooped the first British television showing of the smash hit movie *Saturday Night Fever*, which will be fully networked next Wednesday night (7.30pm), right after the marathon Royal Wedding stint.

Specials hit flak over Eire

THE SPECIALS are involved in a legal dispute, after pulling out of their projected concert this Sunday at Dublin's Dalymount Park.

As reported last week, the band claim they were forced to cancel, because they were liable to prosecution if they returned to the Irish Republic — the result of having infringed currency regulations when they attempted to take £8,000 out of the country in February.

But after calling off the Dublin show, they are now being sued by promoter Pat Egan for loss of earnings. He claims he has lost £8,000 on the concert, after agreeing a contract and hiring a football stadium, and he's also seeking compensation for "loss of faith" he suffered within the industry. In a preliminary hearing last Thursday, the Irish High Court gave The Specials six weeks in which to lodge a defence.

Egan alleges that the group pulled out of the show "because they had reached No.1 in the UK charts, and could command a fee higher than the £9,000 agreed for the Dublin date". He said he was taking the action to let it be known that acts can't "get away with this sort of thing" in Ireland.

At the court hearing, Egan said that several different reasons were given to him for the cancellation. Steve Hodges of the Station Agency is alleged to have told him there were personal problems within the band, and that the "unsettled security situation" in Ireland had something to do with the decision to pull out. Egan also told the court that Hodges had said: "We could pull the sickness clause on you."

■ *Continues over*

Rejects off

THE COCKNEY REJECTS have now reluctantly taken the decision to cancel their UK tour, which was due to start this weekend, though — as a precaution — tickets had not been put on sale. The band were to have played upwards of a dozen dates in support of their new album 'The Power And The Glory', but they felt that their notoriety might prove inflammatory in the present climate. They say they will re-schedule their gigs as soon as the situation allows.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

POLICE 1

The best dressed . . .

HOME SECRETARY William Whitelaw has sanctioned a whole "new" anti-riot armoury for Britain's beleaguered police force.

Apart from issuing them with protective clothing — padded and fireproofed, plus special visor helmets — last week he gave the police the go-ahead to use water cannons, plastic bullets and armoured vehicles, in addition to backing the firing of CS gas shells in Toxteth, Liverpool.

Senior police constables were also sent to Northern Ireland as observers of a police force better experienced in riot control techniques. Ironically, though, water cannons and CS gas have both been phased out in Ulster, due to their inefficiency. Water cannons are still considered effective by European riot police, notably in Germany.

One Northern Ireland method police chiefs should find useful, though, is the ploy of sending an armoured vehicle in to disperse the crowd. The vehicle would be manned with officers firing plastic bullets, photographers filming potential leaders, who could then be picked up later, and two-man snatch squads who would leap out of the back to arrest rioters. This was adopted successfully by Manchester police chief James Anderton to quell the third night of disturbances on Moss Side.

To cope with the thousands of arrests, magistrates have been urged to deal swiftly and harshly with rioters. To ease Britain's already over-populated prisons, army bases on Salisbury Plain have been turned over to the prison authorities to house the overflow.

In contrast to these stricter measures, two investigations into police behaviour during the riot period have been announced. One will be looking into the Liverpool force's firing of CS gas canisters directly at Toxteth rioters, which resulted in at least two serious injuries. And the other is an inquiry into the police raids in Brixton last week, which caused a further breakdown of local police/community relations.

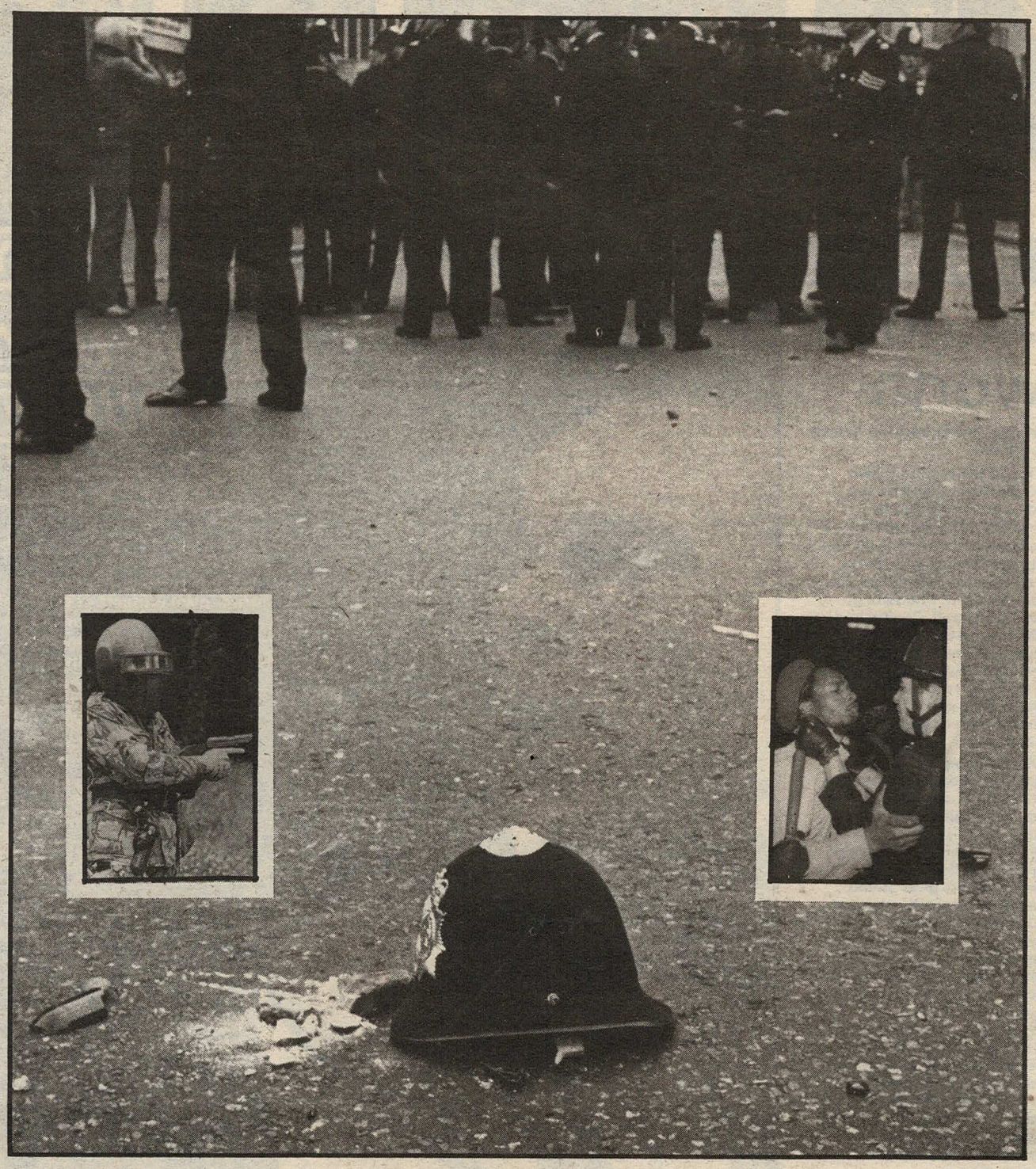
Meanwhile, on Thursday the House of Commons held its first full-scale debate on Britain's street violence. The only real positive note was the appointment of Environment Minister Michael Heseltine as investigator of Liverpool's inner-city decay — mooted as the major cause of urban unrest.

Whitelaw, for his part, fought shy of reintroducing the Riot Act — quashed in '67 — which would allow the army to move in and mop up people left on the streets after the act is read.

During the same debate Thatcher came under heavy attack from the Opposition for sticking to the strict monetarist policies deemed to be responsible for the high unemployment and demoralised state of Britain's youth. Shadow home secretary Roy Hattersley attacked the government's intransigence, warning:

"While the causes of the disturbances remain — poverty, unemployment, and deprivation — the chances of violence breaking out will remain and perhaps, indeed, increase."

— BIBA KOPF



POLICE 2

. . . and worst behaved?

"THE THING about these raids," said a Railton Road resident of the massed police pounce early on the morning of Wednesday, July 15, "is that for the first time ever the police have been caught with their pants down. This area is currently so much under public scrutiny that it would've been impossible for people right across the country not to find out what had been going on.

"It was a very, very stupid thing for the police to do."

Ostensibly to search for "petrol bombs", over 100 police officers arrived shortly after midnight to seal off the Railton Road area. This was a lot of police to search just seven houses.

One of the more specific police targets was the Railton Free Off-Licence. The owner, 48 year-old Gladstone Mackenzie, was in bed at the time of the raid.

"They just mash up the place to pieces," he complained bitterly. "They smashed in the glass doors, and destroyed the stove. I said to them that they knew I was open every day from eleven in the morning until eleven at night. Why didn't they come then? They could have seen everything they wanted to see without smashing the place up.

"I've only had this shop for 2½ years, but it took me 25 years in this country before I could get it. Now I've nothing left. And they talk about compensation. How can they possibly compensate you for this? It should just never happen in the first place."

One neighbour, a black in his mid-twenties, claimed the police broke into his house while he was sitting talking with several friends. Now, he says, he no longer has anywhere to live: "They smashed the furniture, the bed, my baby's cot. They picked up my baby's dirty nappies and flung them at one of my friends, saying, 'Here: this is for you to wear'."

No bombs were found in any of the searched buildings. Five occupants, however, were charged with possession of drugs.

That night, rioting broke out in Brixton. Lambeth councillor John Boyle, the vice-chairman of the Community Affairs Committee, told *NME* of his experiences after he took refuge from the fighting in 61 Railton Road. He claims there were at least 300 police in that one section of road, many carrying staves.

Some of these police started to form in front of number 61.

"Then an old, battered Transit van pulled up. The door opened and seven or eight guys piled out. They were joined by a number of officers who had sledgehammers — and they just rushed the door, smashed it down with an axe."

When they came up to the first floor, Boyle demanded the purpose of this intrusion.

"'We're looking for arms, guv,' said one, flashing back his jacket. I could see a revolver slapped on his hip with the flap undone. I could see the curved butt.

"As I was asking to see the senior officer, I just got hit over the head, which semi-stunned me. I got punched in the chest and side and both feet were badly stamped on. My toes are still cut."

CONTRARY TO recent media representations of the area, Railton Road is *not* a black ghetto. As much as Ladbroke Grove ten years ago, it's an ethnically mixed community.

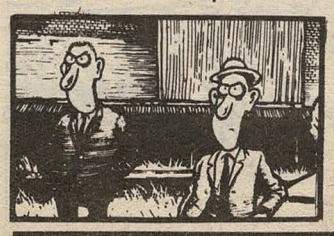
Specials

■ *From previous page*

The £8,000, much of it earmarked for charities, was confiscated in February because it was in cash — which contravened Ireland's currency laws, as it would in many countries, including Britain. It is still held by the Irish Government, though such money is usually returned if the parties concerned agree to the deduction of a nominal sum (normally about £100) by way of a fine.

The Irish Department of Finance and the Revenue Commissioners could not comment on the legal action, as the case is sub judice. But both agree that it's highly unlikely The Specials would be prosecuted or arrested if they returned to Dublin.

Back in London, Specials manager Rick Rogers commented: "If we could get our £8,000 back on payment of a small fine, it's the first we knew of it, and our lawyers have been negotiating for nearly six months. And it's all very well to say it's unlikely we'd be arrested — but they can't guarantee it, can they?"



Allen: Why I quit Gang of Four

DAVE ALLEN *has* left Gang Of Four. And he flatly denies that he left the band's US tour because, as a Warners' spokesperson claimed last week in *NME*, he was "going nuts".

"I was a bit irritated at that," said an eminently sane-looking Allen. "And surprised that Gang Of Four, of all people should give a record company *carte blanche* to say what they like."

Allen's version of events is that when, following a Montreal gig, the band's road crew was refused re-entry into the US for having the wrong visas, the band themselves flew on to New York to ensure whether the tour could continue.

"We heard that two more of the crew, who'd been travelling separately, had also been turned back, and the feeling seemed to be, 'Oh well, that's it then — we can't start work with a new crew now', so I decided to come on home. The next thing, I read in the papers that the tour's continuing with Buster Jones playing bass."

Allen says that he'd already told the band he intended to leave at the end of the tour.

"I'd become a bit disillusioned. A five-week tour of America, playing almost every night, *is* wearing and depressing and the only reason we were doing it seemed to be, you know, 'breaking the market'. On the other hand, we hadn't played *any* benefit gigs all year. I felt our ideals were getting a little lost and that I was growing away from the rest of the band."

Allen and Burnham in brighter days.

Allen maintains that, as far as he's concerned, the split was amicable. He has no regrets and no hard feelings. "There's no reason we can't stay good friends . . . well, we've got to argue about money now but I hope it stays friendly."

And his plans?

"I've got some ideas I'd like to work on. The problem is finding sympathetic musicians. Ideally, I'd like to find a guitarist-cum-keyboard player and, well, I think I'm more of a black bassist, stylewise, so I'd really like to work with a black drummer, do a lot of funky things.

"I'd like to work more with women, too. I'm really interested in feminism and I'd like to support that. Gang Of Four did too . . but I think we limited ourselves too much. In lots of ways.

"On the other hand, I'm completely broke so maybe I'll just have to take whatever comes along."

GRAHAM LOCK

Curbing the violence

WITHIN THE space of half-an-hour on the evening of Monday, July 13, two stabbings occurred in the foyer of London's Rainbow Theatre. On stage, Black Uhuru were giving the first of two concerts.

In the first knifing, the victim received only minor injuries, but in the second outbreak of violence, 26-year-old Albert Findlay of Green Lane, N16, died from a single stab wound through the heart.

It had not been established whether he was a member of one of the two gangs who selected the Rainbow as a target for criminal activity that evening.

Now police are anxious to trace a youth of West Indian appearance in his early 20s, approximately 5 feet 10 inches tall and wearing a red T-shirt or sweater with white stripes. All calls will be treated in the strictest confidence (01-263-9601).

Leading reggae promoter Alex Leslie — who staged the Uhuru concerts — doesn't see any ready-made solution to the all-too-familiar problems of gangs turning up at reggae shows and openly intimidating members of the audience.

He adds that most people who attend reggae shows in London are aware that there is this criminal element within their midst. Small comfort indeed for innocent victims.

Before the Rainbow again opens its doors to the public they should seriously consider whether they are capable of properly protecting the welfare of their patrons.

— ROY CARR

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

KIM WILDE

Pic: Arnold Williams/LFI

TV
The New Avengers
The Outer Limits
Fawlty Towers
Sgt. Bilko
Tom and Jerry
Randall And Hopkirk, Deceased
Bewitched
Dallas
BBC 2's Double Bill of Horror
Thunderbirds

FILMS
The Pit And The Pendulum
Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?
Close Encounters Of The Third Kind
Rebecca
This Is Elvis
The Harder They Come
Snow White
Mary Poppins
Jailhouse Rock
Don't Look Now

SINGLES
My Baby Left Me ..... Elvis
The Bo Ho Dance ..... Joni Mitchell
Baby I Love You ..... Aretha Franklin
Who's Sorry Now! ..... Connie Francis
They Don't Know About Us .. Kirsty McColl
The Name Of The Game ..... Abba
Train In Vain ..... The Clash
Teenage Wildlife ..... David Bowie
I've Got You Under My Skin .. Frank Sinatra
Try A Little Tenderness ..... Otis Redding

BOOKS
The Divine Garbo ..... Frederick Sands and Broman Suen
The Forest People ..... Colin Turnbull
Along Came A Dog ..... Meindert De Jonj
Jonathan Livingston Seagull ..... Richard Bach
Da Da — Art And Anti Art ..... Hans Richter

GENERAL
ARTISTS: My favourites are the Fauves, particularly Matisse.
CITY: London, because it leads the trends all over the world.
BIGGEST INFLUENCE: The music my dad played me when I was younger — Aretha Franklin, Carole King, Joni Mitchell and too many others to mention.
MUSICIAN: Joni Mitchell, she plays a mean guitar, has a brilliant touch with it. She's the only one who has really impressed me on guitar. I also like Albert Lee.
ALL TIME HERO: Van Gogh. He was dedicated to what he was doing. No one gave him any aid, apart from his brother, but that was enough.
COMEDIAN: Groucho Marx. I loved the Marx Brothers, they were just mad and incredibly modern.
FAVOURITE MEAL: My first McDonald hamburger, I'd never tasted anything so wonderful in all my life.

The West Indians have been here thirty years. It was only a few hundred yards from Railton Road, in the council estate on the other side of the railway line, that in 1949 the original Jamaicans, arriving in vast numbers to work as paid slaves on jobs that British whites disdained to do, were dumped in coach-loads that brought them from London docks. There are also sizeable numbers of Irish, Greek Cypriots and Italians, in addition to the traditional working-class white inhabitants.

There is, too, a large artistic community, many of whom squat in the several near-derelict buildings.

"There's a big gay community at the top of Railton Road," said a man outside one of the houses that had been trashed, "and they're always down here talking with us — we help them and they help us. The only group of people who don't seem to understand how to integrate into this community is the police."

The actions of the forces of law and order on Wednesday morning were as stupid as the arrest and beating up of Lloyd Coxsone five days earlier, the incident that first sparked off the renewed fighting in Brixton.

The threat of death in an escalation of violence is compounded by the fact that there are a few guns floating around the Jamaican community in London. There are also a few isolated militant youths itching for an excuse to use them — which they will regard themselves as having if the rubber bullets start flying.

Last Saturday afternoon, on Brixton's Atlantic Road, a youth was bemoaning some sizeable grievance he had against Brixton's constabulary: "Police just killing us around here. Just killing us every day. So police going to start getting killed themselves soon. Bring out the guns, mi say. Soon no police will ever walk around here again."

One hopes that the police may have learned something from the public outcry against their Wedensday morning raid. And that at least some of them are aware that a fundamental change in attitude is required. It seems more realistic to remain pessimistic, however.

— CHRIS SALEWICZ

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The Oi stood on the burning dreck . . . ?

IN THE SPACE of three short weeks, all the worst misgivings concerning Oi have been confirmed.

First, The 4-Skins, The Last Resort and The Business played a gig which was a catalyst for a race riot. Since then, the 4–Skins' manager Gary Hitchcock has been exposed as a former member of the British Movement "leader guard" — along with Nick Crane, the now imprisoned skinhead pictured on the front of *Sounds'* and Deram's 'Strength Thru Oi' LP.

But if there has ever been any good in Oi, poet Garry Johnson is its personification. Swept along on a tide of misguided propaganda, and believing he was participating in some new noble punk crusade, Johnson was initially attracted to Oi simply because it shared his affinity for social protest through aggressive music. Like many Oi fans Johnson only recently saw cause for apprehension.

"At the gigs of late, I started to notice a lot of people I've never seen before. They weren't the regular Oi followers — they were a lot older an' you could spot they were trouble makers straight off. Some were fascists, NF or BM, but the kids didn't want nothin' to do with them — but they were still there, menacin' like."

Chatting to me in a West End pub, Johnson naively maintains that the ordinary music fans involved in Oi are a strong enough force to drive the fascists out.

"The NF and the BM are the enemy. They wanna spoil it for us an' we ain't gonna let them. If they do take over, they'll have all the kids to put out their propaganda an' that would be terrible — so we've *got* to stop them!"

Ignoring them in the hope they'll go away seems to be Johnson's shaky solution; certainly words are the only weapons he'd use to fight an enemy whose power, conviction and organisation he clearly underestimates.

"But Oi can't survive in its present form," he adds. "Only the best people — the good people — will win through an' develop somethin' a lot better."

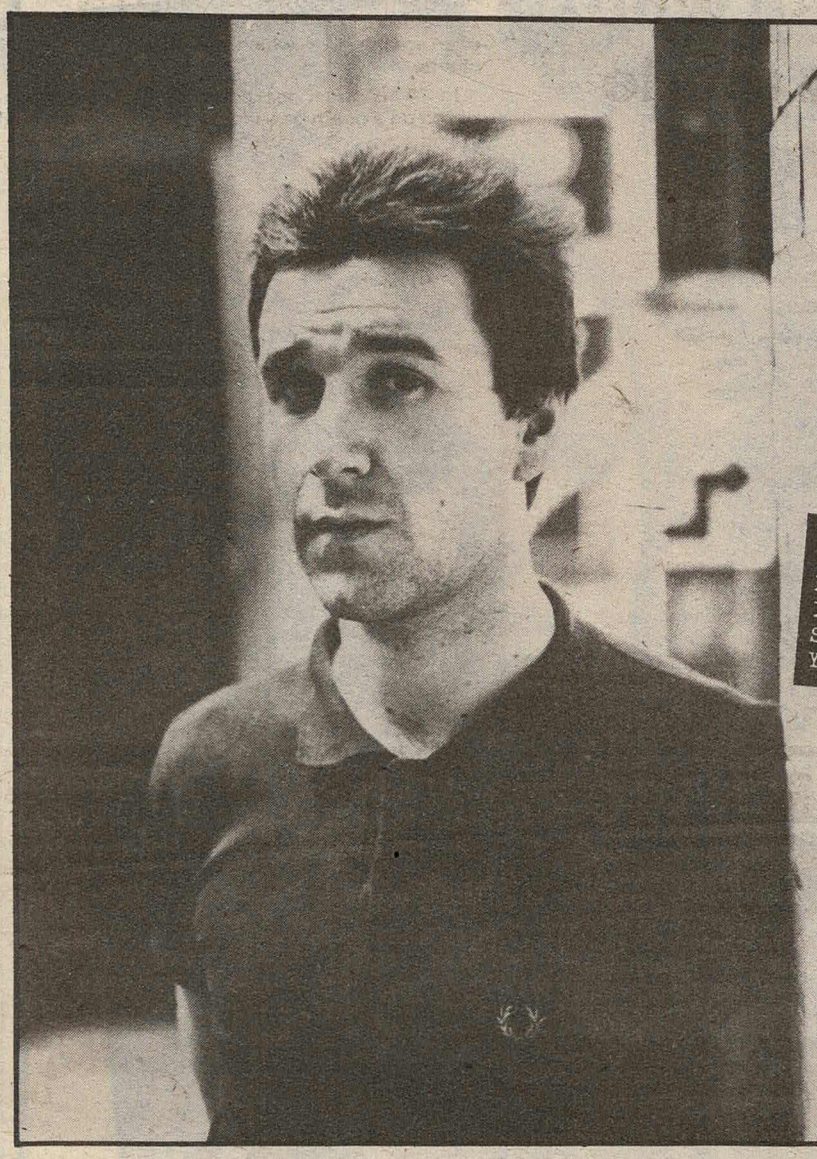
Garry Johnson deserves better and it's easy to be won over by his youthful optimism, however gullible. But his poetry, in contrast, is more despairing — reflecting the awful dilemma of the million unemployed young people under 24, black and white, who've been dumped on the scrap-heap of Thatcher's Britain.

With first hand experience,

INFA-RIOT

Last week, in the course of our Oi coverage, we accidentally named Infa-Riot as one of the bands appearing at the Hambrough Tavern on the night of the Southall riot. Infa-Riot were not booked to play that night, and we apologise to them for any confusion this may have caused.

Pic: David Corio



MICK DUFFY

talks to Oi the poet

GARY JOHNSON

NATIONAL SERVICE

Born in a city of tower blocks
Alcatraz without the rocks
Sent to overcrowded schools
Beaten up if you broke the rules
And our mothers sit and cry
'Cos they know we're gonna die

We beat the boredom with slimming pills
Go to the seaside with stolen wheels
Bunk off school every other day
If we get caught they make us pay
So we watch out for the boys in blue
You never know who's watching you

Soldiers wearing pin-stripe suits
Want us to wear marching boots
Army life they say is fun
Clear the streets of all the young
We want you to go to war
And kill another country's poor

We are the class who fight their wars
Sometimes steal from department stores
You know - the kids that their kind hates
'Cos we live on council estates
So they've invented a new state game
Playing soldiers is the name

Lyrics reprinted by permission of Garry Johnson. 'National Service' appears on 'Strength Thru Oi'.

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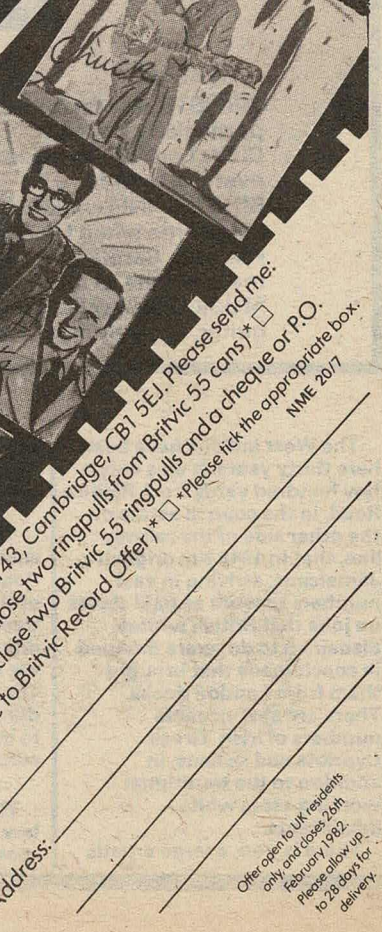

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NME 20/7

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having been out of work for over 18 months, in common with many of his generation, Garry feels he has no future in this country unless radical political changes are made and existing social structures / barriers are broken down.

"That's why I sympathise with the rioters in a way, except it's happenin' in the wrong areas. They should all get on a bus an' go to Twickenham or Tunbridge Wells. Hit the rich — it's the only way this government will take notice. It's no good lootin' your own people an' damagin' your own area."

Johnson's poems appear on both 'Oi — the Album' and 'Strength Thru Oi'. What they lack technically is easily compensated for by his insight and depth of feeling: an essential statement of working class youth's struggle against oppression and the recession.

A collection of Garry Johnson's poems, entitled *Boys of the Empire*, is available in pamphlet form from Manchester's Babylon Books — phone 061-834 8296.

The man who almost made DJs human

HARRY CHAPIN, the croaky - voiced singer who provided stories rather than songs, died last week in a road accident while on his way to play at a free concert.

Chapin, who was 38, turned to a career as a solo singer in the early '70s shortly after writing and directing *Legendary Champions*, a documentary film which won him an Oscar nomination.

Previously he'd worked with The Chapin Brothers Band on the Greenwich Village circuit. Then he began working with his jazz musician father and two of his six brothers, forming an outfit which Chapin once described as "a kind of hip Partridge Family". But this initial musical career ended when he was faced with a choice between conscription and attending university. Chapin opted for the latter course, after which he moved into the movie industry, working on some 300 productions in various capacities.

Signed to Elektra Records in 1972, he scored an immediate success with 'Taxi', a 6½-minute single which climbed into the US Top Thirty. He followed this with his best-known song 'W.O.L.D.' — the tale of an ageing DJ — which also entered the UK charts.

In '74 his career peaked as 'Cat's Cradle', a song based on a poem penned by his wife Sandy, made number one in the US charts. This enabled Chapin to launch *The Night That Made America Famous*, a multi-media show which opened off Broadway in 1975 and gained a mixed reception from critics.

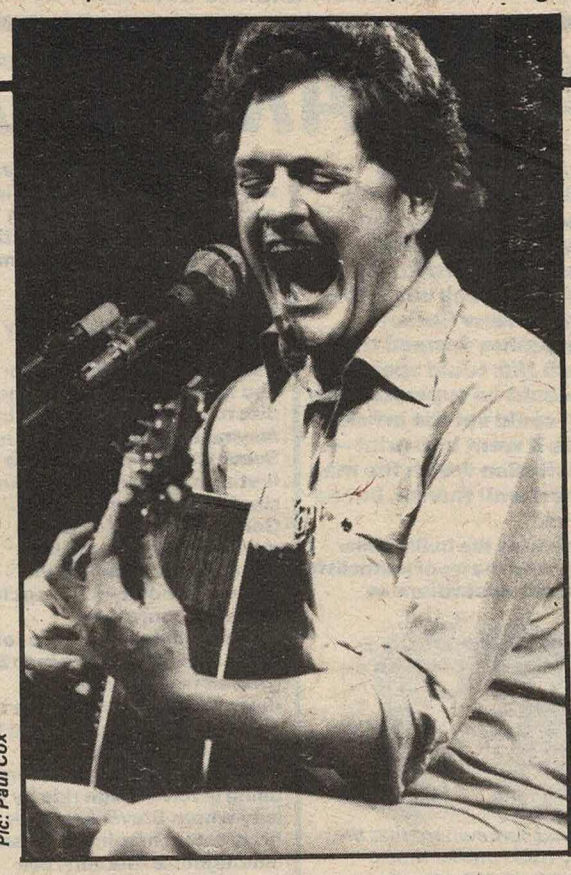
In recent times, Chapin found further singles success hard to come by, although his albums continued to pull punters, a 'Greatest Stories' live set going gold in 1978. Then earlier this year he signed with Neil Bogart's Boardwalk label and recorded 'Sequel', a well-received album which gained a UK release in time to tie up with British concerts by the singer.

But singing was just one of Chapin's many talents. He was also a fine pilot and even an expert pool player. More importantly, he was deeply concerned with the subject of world hunger and consequently campaigned on behalf of C.A.R.E. and other causes.

Ever active, Chapin often complained that he rarely had enough time for all the things he wanted to get involved in. "When I'm 70 I'll probably wish I'd have done this and that," he once said.

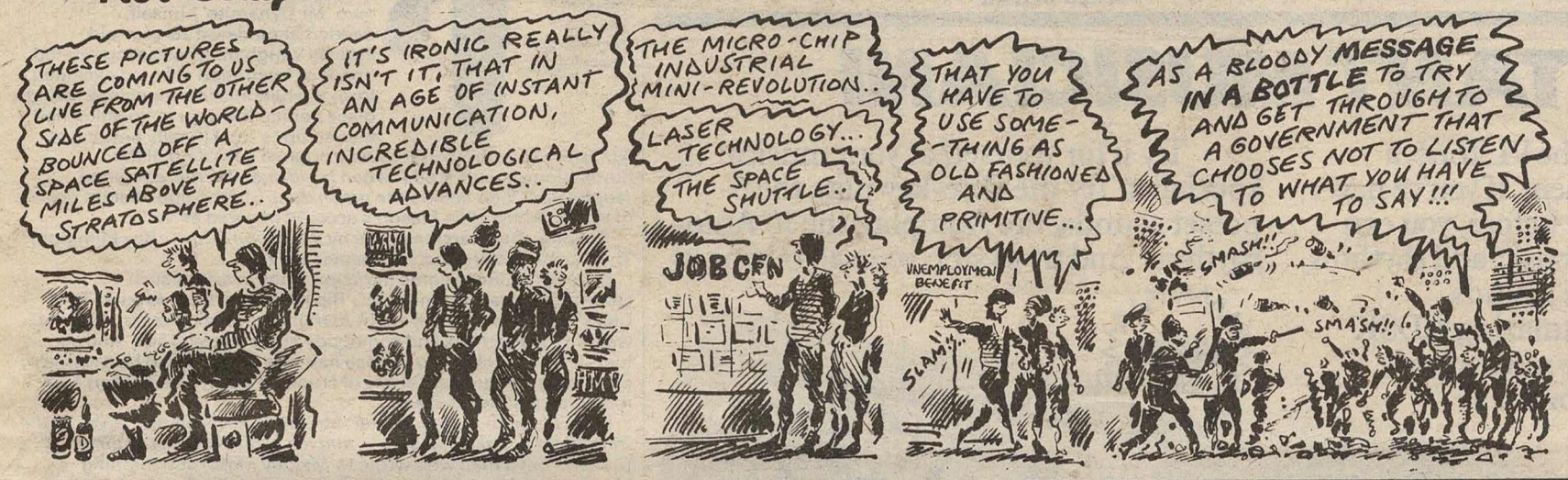
But last Thursday his lifespan was tragically reduced to a brief 38 years.

—FRED DELLAR



Pic:: Paul Cox

Not Only Rock And Roll — Ray Lowry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IT'S IRONIC REALLY ISN'T IT, THAT IN AN AGE OF INSTANT COMMUNICATION, INCREDIBLE TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES..
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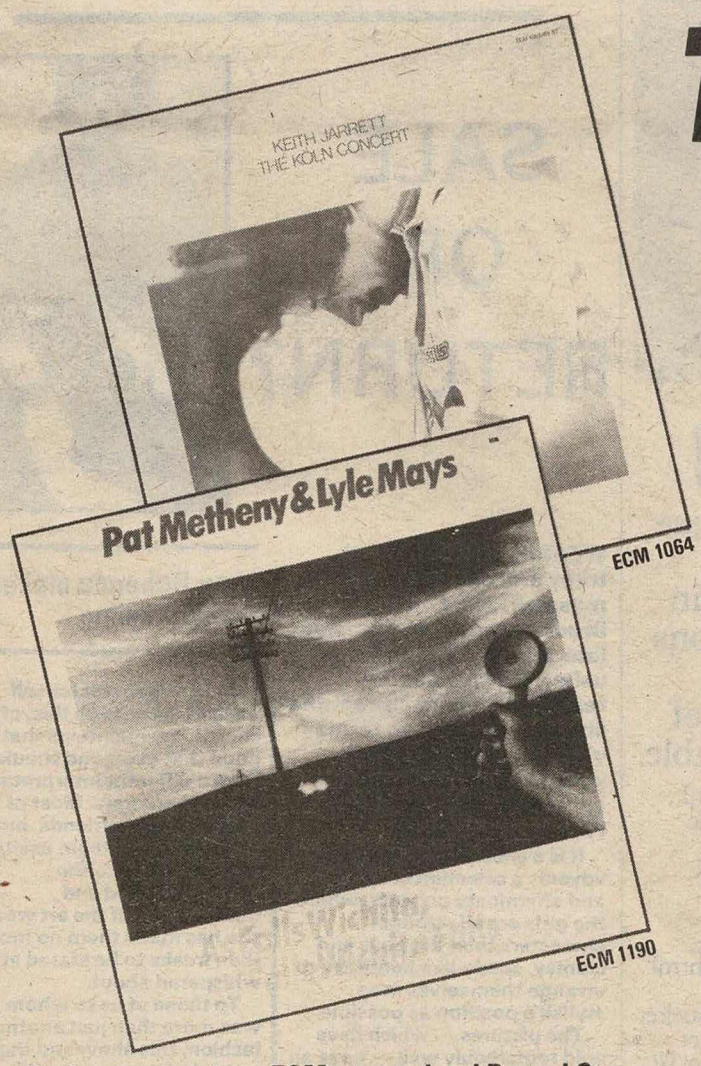
LASER TECHNOLOGY..
THE SPACE SHUTTLE..
JOB CEN
THAT YOU HAVE TO USE SOME- -THING AS OLD FASHIONED AND PRIMITIVE...
UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFIT
SLAM!!
AS A BLOODY MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE TO TRY AND GET THROUGH TO A GOVERNMENT THAT CHOOSES NOT TO LISTEN TO WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY!!!
SMASH!!
SMASH!!

Chapman runs amok

JOHN LENNON'S killer Mark Chapman has been moved from New York's Riker's Island Prison to Belle Vue psychiatric hospital after he ran amok in his cell. Although heavily sedated, Chapman went on a rampage in which he destroyed a TV and radio, threw water at the guards and then launched into a sanctimonious attack on his fellow inmate Craig Crimmins — a man convicted of murdering an opera house violinist. Chapman has yet to be sentenced.



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Ames Records and Tapes, 52 Northgate
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Virgin, 11 City Arcade
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CROYDON
Our Price, 70 North End
CWMBRAN
Tracks Records, 13 The Parade
DUNDEE
Bruces, 5/7 Wellgate Centre
Forbes, 2 Commercial Street
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Bauermeister, 15/16 George IV Bridge
Listen, 3 Frederick Street
Virgin, 131 Princes Street
Phoenix Records, 215 High Street
EXETER
Virgin, 92 Queen Street
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Subway Records, 4 Thackeray Mall
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Folkestone Gramophone Co. 24 Tontine Street
GLASGOW
J. Kerr, 98/110 Woodlands Road
Virgin, 28/32 Union Street
23rd Precinct, 23 Bath Street
HMV, 72 Union Street
GLOUCESTER
Audiosonic, 12 Bell Walk
HARROGATE
Sound Of Music, 12a Cheltenham Crescent
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Our Price, 1 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, WC2
Our Price, 100 Kensington High Street W8
Our Price, 12 Tottenham Court Road W1
Our Price, Unit B3, Upper Ground Floor, Brent Cross
HMV, 363 Oxford Street, W1
Virgin, Marble Arch, W1
Mole Jazz, 374 Grays Inn Road, WC2
MAIDSTONE
Longplayer, 99 High Street
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Counterpoint, 12 Graham Road
MANCHESTER
HMV, 48/50 Market Street
Virgin, Arndale Centre
MANSFIELD
Revolver (S. Booth), 38 Four Seasons Centre
NEWARK
Pride Records, 7 St. Marks Lane
NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME
Mike Lloyd Music, 23 High Street
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE
Virgin, 10/12 High Friars, Eldon Square
J.G. Windows, 6 Central Arcade
NORTHAMPTON
Harrison Records, 140 Wellingborough Road
NOTTINGHAM
Revolver, 37 Listergate
Virgin, 21 Clumber Street
HMV, 8 Broadmarsh Centre
Pearson Bros., 53/56 Long Row
OXFORD
Garon Records 65/66 Covered Market
Our Price, 36a Cornmarket Street
PLYMOUTH
Virgin, 105 Armada Way
PORTSMOUTH
Virgin, 69/75 Thetricorn, Charlotte Street
ROMFORD
Our Price, 77 South Street
RUGBY
Fat City Records, Unit 8, 11 Market M
Berwicks, 2 [illegible] Street
SOUTHAMPTON
Henry's Records, 116 St. Mary Street
HMV, 14 Bargate
STOCKTON-ON TEES
HMV, 50/51 High Street
WARRINGTON
Dawsons, 65 Sankey Street
YORK
Red Rhino Records, 9 Gillygate

A SHAKY STAR-TRIP

THE ALREADY soured relationship between the music press and Shakin' Stevens' manager Freya Miller took a turn for the worse last week when the one-time New Seekers fame-pusher decreed that *Smash Hits* could speak to her would-be superstar only if she could vet the article before it went into print — an invitation which the mag greeted with thanks, but no thanks.

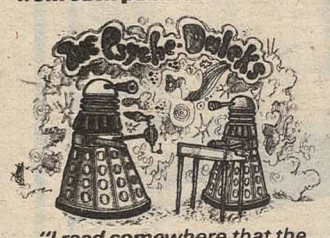
Previously the bulky Miller had roused the ire of journalists from such publications as *Melody Maker* and *TV Times* by sitting in on Shaky's interviews and interjecting a recurring "no comment" whenever questions regarding Stevens' real name, age or marital status were proffered. *TV Times'* Val Hennessy was told: "Shaky never answers personal questions, O.K.? Remember you are talking to a star whose disc has been number one in Australia, Belgium, Israel and South Africa and who is the first ever CBS artist with three singles concurrently in the German Top 30, so stick to questions concerning his meteoric (sic) rise to fame." The *MM* correspondent did opt for the latter course and mentioned Shaky's stage role in the *Elvis* show — only to be greeted with "It would be pleasant if we could NOT write about the Elvis show" from the tenacious Ms Miller.

But if reporters are currently being given a rough ride by the lady whom Stevens regards as his greatest heroine, then spare a thought for The Jets, the Northampton rockabilly trio who supported the shakin' one on some of his recent gigs. For, as the *Northamptonshire Evening Telegraph* reported, the threesome had some fetching pink shirts made specially for the shows — only to have them relegated to the nearest clothes locker after one gig at Corby, where Miller decided that such clobber was in danger of upstaging her boy's denim outfits.

Furthermore, The Jets were instructed never to wear anything black or white during the tour (because it might clash with the headliner's stage apparel) and were also told to *stay in their dressing room* while Shaky was onstage! A tour manager locked them in every night just in case they decided to disregard the ruling . . .

And so the spirit of Colonel Tom lives on as Freya Miller ensures that Cardiff's answer to Elvis (real name Mike Barratt, born March 4, 1948, and the possessor of light brown hair, according to our 1970 EMI handout) makes it through the Green Door. But if the heavy stuff continues then it could just as easily be the exit as far as press coverage is concerned.

— FRED DELLAR



"I read somewhere that the only true Futurist music was the Dr Who theme tune. May I introduce the only true Futurist group." — Bob Lynch, London E12.

Shakin' shakes a peg, Frankie shakes a leg.

GRAVE ROBBER Shakin' Stevens was but eight years old when, in the November 23, 1956 edition of *NME*, the headline announced: The 'Green Door' Opens To Success For . . . Jim Lowe, Frankie Vaughan and Glen Mason.

The article below went on to investigate the *six* versions of 'Green Door' out at the time — with no less than three recordings of the song in the *NME* Top 30.

Leading the field was Liverpool's own 'Mr Dynamite' himself, padded-shouldered 28-year-old Frankie Vaughan, whose exaggerated howls of frustration at being excluded from the hedonistic happenings taking place behind the door in question had moved up to No.4 (finally peaking at No.2). Missouri-born Jim Lowe's original recording of the humilation encountered *("when I said Joe sent me, someone laughed out loud behind the green door")* had dropped eight places to No.16, whilst Glen Mason's account hovered at No.27.

The non-chart versions were by *The Goon Show's* Ray Ellington, The Tanner Sisters and The Maple Leaf Four.

Despite the unwelcome intrusion in the charts of such caterwaulings as 'Hound Dog', 'Rip It Up' and 'Rock Around The Clock', 1956 was still the era of *real* singers singing *real* songs and wearing fixed smiles and somebody else's evening suit. And high-kickin' Frankie-boy, whose hair was rumoured to be capable of producing a thousand barrels of crude oil a day, was Tin Pan Alley's most upstanding Mr Clean.

From beneath a straw boater, Mr V may have leered *"Give me the moonlight . . . give the girl . . . and leave the rest . . . uh, uh, uh . . . to me!!"* but a man who wrote to *Melody Maker* condemning hippies could be relied upon to know precisely when to draw the line. Perhaps it's just as well that he didn't discover what *really* went on behind the Green Door.

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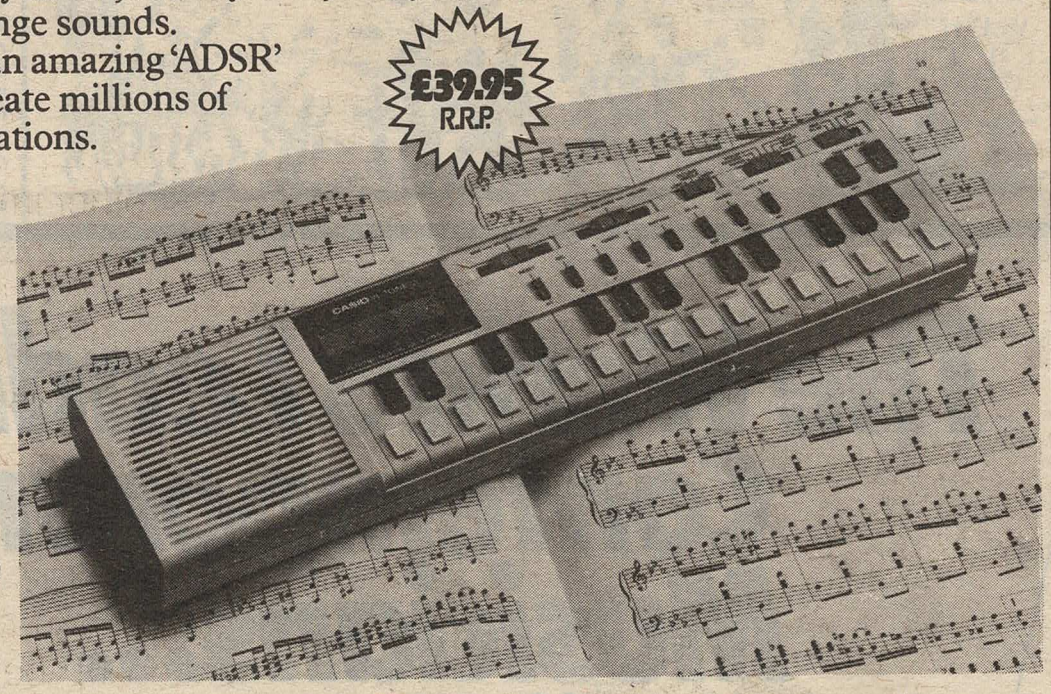

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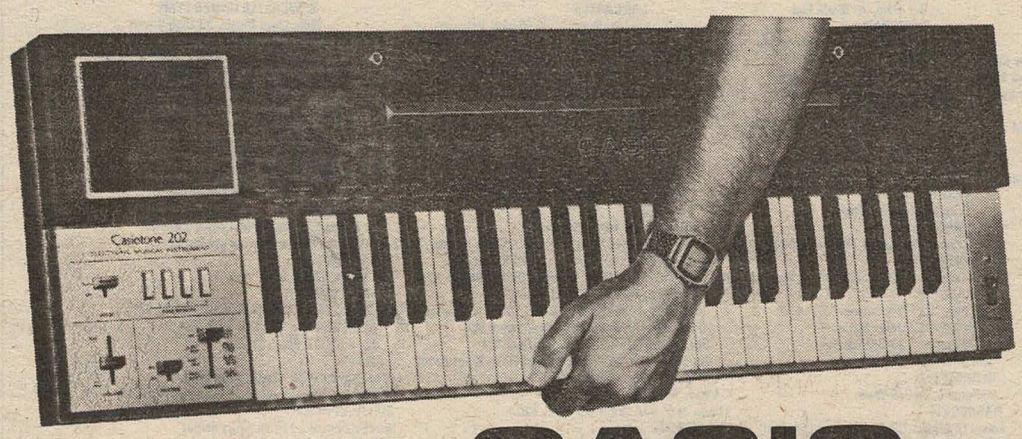

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SALE OR RETURN?

New Bohemia makes yet another killing

WEARING A low-pulled trilby and oily black mascara, artist Jo Brocklehurst arrives an hour late. She is nervously ushered into a nearby tea-house where she admits she cannot come to terms with the sort of publicity which has surrounded her exhibition at London's Francis Kyle Gallery.

It is a show for voyeurs by a voyeur; a selection of effete and effeminate poseurs, where the girls are all stronger characters than the boys and clumsy, spade-like hands try to arrange themselves in as stylish a position as possible.

The pictures — which have sold remarkably well — have an obvious charm in their instant accessibility and are reminiscent of the work and world of Lautrec. Bold colours and striking composition imply an aura of power, but there is something paradoxically wet and weedy about the whole thing. The blankness in the faces, the lack of humour, the need to look cool and svelte in the majority of the work is frankly tedious and juvenile.

Jo Brocklehurst herself doesn't agree with this, of course, yet maintains that it is good that everyone should have a different interpretation of the characters. Most of her models are her friends, but in trying to make them exciting and appealing to the narrow-minded and middle-aged of the art world, she has made them no more than freaks to be stared at and whispered about.

To those of us to whom punk was more than just another fashion, this show and the attitudes that surround it are mildly depressing. But by all means go yourself — see if your history is whitewashed, and if the unacceptable isn't made polite. Public image? You got what you wanted.

Jo Brocklehurst's 'The London Drawings' are on show at the Francis Kyle Gallery, 9 Maddox Street, London W1 until July 31.

— SIMON FELLOWES

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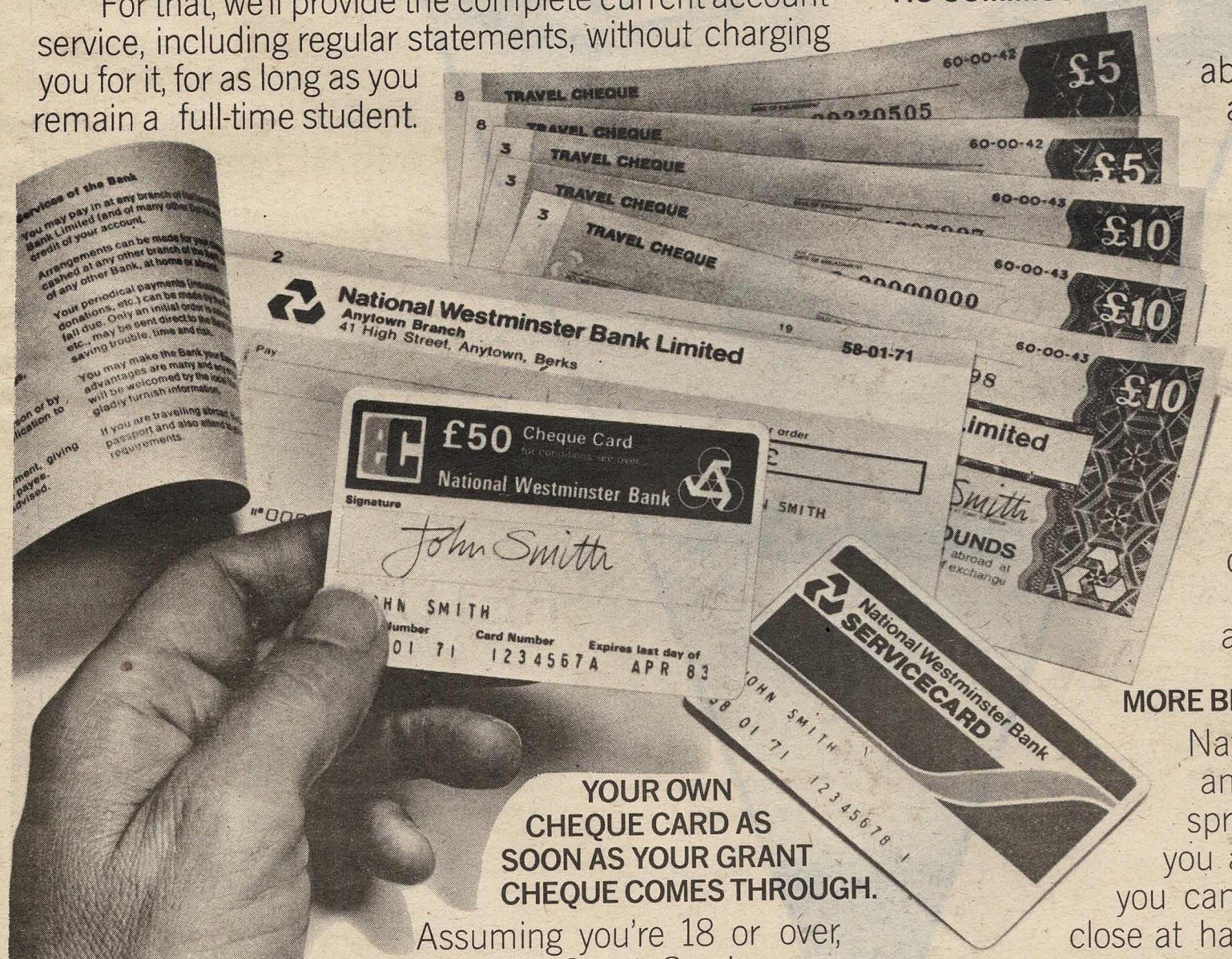

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So you think you know about watching telly . . .

DANGEROUS VISIONS

PAUL MORLEY answers the Great Quiz Question

Pic: Napier Russell

ANOTHER GREAT NME (in conjunction with Dangerous Visions) COMPETITION!!

ABOVE IS a fairly ordinary shot of Paul Morley during his run as 'guest writer' on our popular *Dangerous Visions* column. Paul's home is known throughout 'the business' as one of the most interesting 'hang-outs' on the scene, full as it is with memorabilia and fascinating 'collectors item-type' knick-knacks. Well, here is a chance for YOU to win a dream-home *just like Paul's!* This offer, exclusive to *NME* readers, is easy to enter and great fun for all the family.

Here's what you have to do:

Study the photo above for no longer than 30 seconds (an independent time keeper will be required for this). Then, turning the page, try to list as many of the ornaments as you can remember from those that adorn Paul's lounge. For instance, you may start with the novelty china-style sausage dog or the porcelain salmon fighting its way upstream (and inscribed "Frae Bonny Scotland!"). These two are the starters to your list. The entrant with the longest list wins. The winner will receive everything he (or she!) names and will instantly become 'the setter of style and good taste' in his (or her!) neighbourhood. Good Luck and don't forget that small china clog!

Offer not valid for those living in N. Ireland, Eire, Guam, Chad, Winnipeg, within 70 metres of Samuel K. Ampong, near Ken or Alf Morley, or residents of the planet Earth. Full check list overleaf.

WHAT A WEEK that was for Bill Rodgers!!! As a quarter of a leader of the new Social Democrat Party he proudly observed a triumph through Roi up in Warrington, and jubilantly rebuffed anything Roy Hattersley could hurl at him. The SDP's place as Britain's moderate right wing party was being ensured, and as Thursday's **Newsnight** lifted us past midnight, Rodgers (maybe Wogan) was smarmily in control. 12,000 votes! The Senior Dimbleby rolled in his grave at the thought that it was a lecture named after him that set this 'centre' party trundling. Swining Robert Mackenzie fed the results and a vodka and tonic through his computer, and out slid the forecast — by 1988 the SDP (yes, my dear) would be invading space, controlling our sex life and offering seven points for a win.

All this inspired Rodgers to a four stroke success at Sandwich in the **British Open,** where along the way he recruited Peter Aliss, Mark MacCormack, Tony Jacklin and Lee Trevino; they all have credit cards — indeed somewhere in the world they appear in television commercials for them. Home Secretary Willie Whitelaw was filmed lurking around the eighth green, credit cards flashing — the SDP would suit him fine. Harold Carpenter, already committed to the greater cause of Ali, bravely stayed apolitical. It's quite remarkable, said Harold, about everything. His interview with Rodgers after the Open win was a masterpiece of technical probing; we've got as close as we're likely to get to an indication of SDP policy.

"It hasn't sunk in yet," Rodgers was trying to say. The strain of the week, though, was telling on Bill and his marriage. "I haven't spoken to my wife for a week," Bill said to Harold, who obviously thought this quite remarkable. Harold only speaks to his wife from the screen.

If it was a week of Bill Rodgers, it was a weekend of choices and quizzes. Sunday night — James Joyce or Jacques Tati? The choice was cheese rolls and Joyce, of coice. Saturday afternoon — Ronald Reagan and the monkey, played by David Owen, in **Bedtime For Bonzo,** or Murray Walker and the monkey played by James Hunt, on the **British Grand Prix.** I chose Reagan, honouring my large political conscience, but humbly noticed the influence Reagan's acting has had on Murray Walker's commentating. In ten years time Murray (wince) could well be leader of the SDP — the most powerful man in the country. He's already the most hysterical.

Oops: **Scoop,** one of the weekend's quizzes, asked us to consider who is the worst without a script, Graeme Garden or Pam Stephenson? *Scoop,* the weakest quiz since or before *Theatre Quiz,* told us that by stooping *this* low, Barry Norman (not Wogan) is at the end of his tether, and that Derek Jameson is the funniest BBC 2 man for a long time, very possibly the new Marty Feldman. Who is he? Willie Rushton thought he was still on *Celebrity Squares.* It was the last *Scoop* of the series; let's all pretend it never happened.

Pop Quiz looks silly. Adrian Thrills says it's a poor fan's *Question Of Sport.* Mike Read (not Wogan) has the most contemptible TV presence, and the most peculiar haircut. Derek Jameson must style it — the man's a comic genius. I bet he styled Robert Plant's hair as well. This week Jake Burns answered the most questions, to the extent of recognising a photograph of THE DOOBIE BROTHERS! Maybe this was because he wears a Boobie Brother hair cut. ELO's Bev Bevan just looked like a cross between a Mormon and a Social Democrat.

Under Manning, the weekend's third quiz, is apparently designed to celebrate British Eccentrics. The programme shown before it on LWT, **20th Century Box,** did this better — Danny Baker, John Lydon (not really taking the lid off the Pistols), Charlie Gillett, Dave Stiff Robinson, Andy Summers . . . *these* are curious people. *Under Manning* was a garish, greasy, messy rush. Bernard Manning was a credit during the credits — the massive Manning floating through air, bumping into himself, a parody of Dumbo dreaming — but all his foul air and bitter flair left him during the show.

What a fart *Under Manning* was! Manning, a superb Northern comedian, overshadowing even Ray Lowry, Harold Wilson and Mark E. Smith, has had his bad-mannered legend sadly, badly, madly squashed. He's been reduced to the level of Ted Rogers (not Bill), slimmed down to a Jim Davidson. A bad trip, Manning. It needs a unique comic — Bellamy, Jameson, Jon Pertwee — to exploit the small screen. Manning, like Spandau Ballet, is strictly for the clubs.

So You Think You Know About The Royal Family, chaired by Cliff Michelmore and Magnus Magnusson (not Wogan and Wogan) was a Wedding Special, rivalling Derek Batey and *Different Strokes* as the sickest, clammiest thing ever shown on television. (I avoid bringing Frank Bough into this.) Watching it, my palms went all sweaty and I nearly went right off Lady Diana. The only thing missing was Noele Gordon, in a 'Don't Let Meg Go' T-shirt, as one of the panellists.

What the weekend's four quizzes had in common: Pam Stephenson could have appeared as a panellist on any one of them — the only person in the world with this 'versatility'.

But if hero of the week is Bellamy — not even Bill Rodgers could undermine Big Dave — highlight of the week just lately has been Tuesday's **Years Of Lightning.**

The two programmes that stuck together images and magic moments from two years in the '50s, when we never had it so good — in fact when teenagers began to have it and build the foundations of their own love-style and language — were intoxicating. Last week's recreation of 1958 was a smashing, rushing treat-fantasy of fashion, fun, brief fame, and raw political, sexual, populist action. Out came the freaks!

This week was 1963 — New Frontiers. Let it roll off the tongue . . . Kennedy, Hancock, Frost, The Great train Robbery and the pop group that changed all our lives . . . Gerry and the Pacemakers. 1981's equivalent to that bunch must be Rodgers, Jameson, Norman (not Wogan), the Handless Corpse Case and The 4-Skins. You can tell it hasn't been a very good year.

The Lone Groover — Benyon

SO THAT'S TH' PLAN COMRADES — WHEN THEY'RE ALL AT TH' WEDDING — WE LOOT TH' PALACE!
BAGS ME A CORGI.....
I HEAR THEY HAVE FLAMINGOS...
I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING — I SAW MOTORHEAD LAST MONTH!.....
REMEMBER IT IS OUR DUTY TO LIBERATE POSESSIONS — ALL PROPERTY IS THEFT — ETC.....
....BEFORE WE GO...
...ANYTHING TO ENCOURAGE A RIGHT WING POLICE STATE.....!!!
...LET'S PLAY SOME MOOD MUSIC LIKE, ER, WHITE RIOT....
AAAARGH.H.!!!
THE RADICAL OPPORTUNISTS ALLIANCE
TAP TAP
...WHICH OF YOU THIEVIN' BASTARDS RIPPED OFF MY CLASH ALBUM?!!??!
HMM... I LIBERATED THAT ONE.....
BLAST! I WAS GOIN' T'LIBERATE THAT ONE.....
SIGH.. ME TOO...
...NOT IF I COULD HELP IT....

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NO SEXISM PLEASE!

— or The Thompson Twins won't play the gig, OK?

HALFWAY THROUGH a so far uncharacteristically inanimate Thompson Twins Manchester gig, lead singer Tom Bailey freezes under a misty cone of white light looking menacing, unearthly and perplexed. And speaking in a chilling monotone he delivers a solemn message — like some newly conceived Big Brother incarnate.

"When we entered this club tonight, we found it necessary to cover up some *offensive* posters. The Thomson Twins could never perform where such materials were on show."

The audience stare back at him dumbly. No reaction.

"But the hassle's over now . . . Here's a fun number and you can join in if you want."

A release! Like obedient subjugates at last given permission to enjoy themselves, the punters break out into a celebratory dance with more than 30 of them climbing onstage to seize the assorted hand-percussion dished out by Tom from a giant sack. This is more like it. The Thompson Twins' interpretation of audience participation makes 'gig' synonymous with carnival and a fun half-hour of semi-improvised music by the 40-piece impromptu rhythm band now follows.

In the ensuing euphoria, the two sexist murals which, before they were covered over, had disturbed the TTs to the point where they were ready to pull out of tonight's show, are finally forgotten.

"THOSE PICTURES nearly ruined the whole gig," says Tom, squatting on the floor in their tiny dressing room later that evening. "It's not that we mean to come across as censors for other people, but we were angry and upset at being expected to work surrounded by posters like that. And even if I did sound like a kind of cultural dictator, we were playing so badly we'd reached a crisis point — I had to say *something*!"

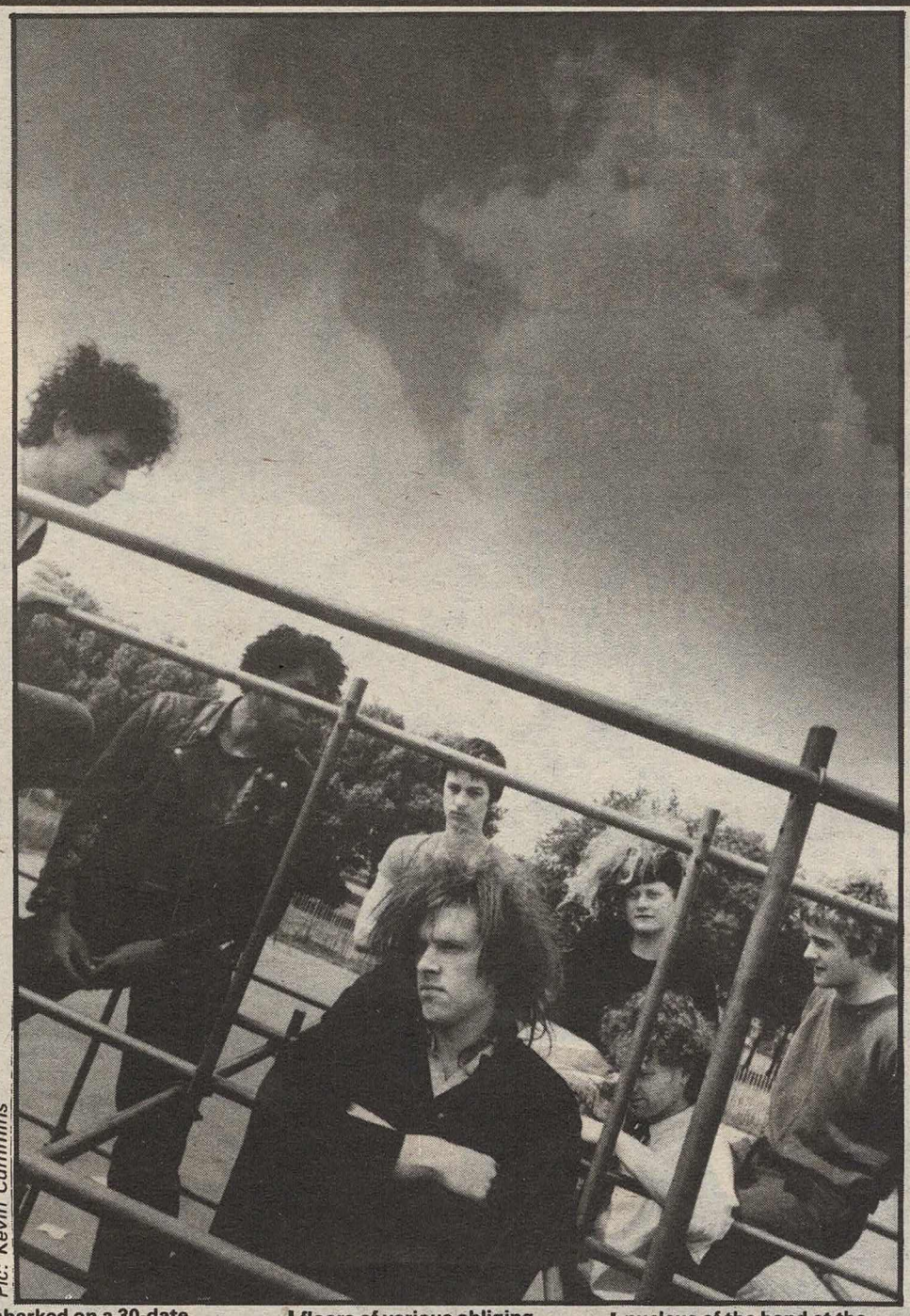
Seeming to clear the air, Tom's words certainly saved the gig at a crucial time. But that two pornographic pictures could have such an adverse effect on the band's performance only shows the strength of their convictions concerning matters close to the heart — which is why I've made so much of this. The Thompson Twins take their entertaining seriously.

"It's like our involvement with CND," continues Tom. "You seem to suggest we're just bandwagon jumping for the sake of being associated with trendy issues. But it's not like that at all. We have strong feelings about these things — gut feelings."

It's true, this is no political pretence. The Thompson Twins have *suffered* to prove the authenticity of their social concern.

Earlier this year, when they embarked on a 30-date No-Nukes tour, they were paid less than expenses and lived practically close to subsistence level. Restricted through lack of finance to a meagre diet of junk food, and finding sleeping accommodation only on the floors of various obliging citizens throughout the land, The Thompson Twins learnt how to become physical wrecks in less than two months.

But none of the four natives of Chesterfield who formed the nucleus of the band at the beginning of this tour — Tom Bailey, Chris Bell, John Roog and Peter Dodd — were persuaded to leave by the harsh living conditions. In fact their number has now swelled to seven, with Joe Leeway,



Pic: Kevin Cummins

MICK DUFFY discusses a percussive twinning formula

Mathew Seligman and Alannah Currie emerging from obscurity to join The Thompsons Twins' happy family.

Being brought in to help implement a change of direction in the band's music, the new recruits have aided the TTs' sweep away from the unadventurous pop format that characterised their first two singles, 'Squares And Triangles' and 'Mystery'. But though now more into ethnically authentic tribal beat than Adam or Bow Wow Wow will ever be, their shift to a rhythm orientated sound hasn't been without its hang-ups.

"When you pick up an African percussion instrument you get people saying, 'Hey, you're English. You can't do that'," says John. "We get paranoid about accusations that we're like cultural imperialists — white middle-class intellectuals nicking a good idea from overseas and making money out of it — but for us, to move into this music just seemed so natural. We got a buzz out of it, y'know — but it doesn't stop us worrying about those deeper implications . . ."

WHILST THE Thompson Twins are busy worrying about a whole host of 'deeper implications', the simple everyday matters seem in danger of being overlooked. For example, they've still to capture on record the infectious party mood that makes their live appearances so enjoyable. The new LP, 'A Product Of . . .' suffers at the hands of their clumsy self-production.

"It's not really worth worrying about," says Peter. "We *are* a good live band and as such the effect of our recorded music will always be compared to the effect we have on people when they see us live."

But if you're resigned to accepting that for The Thompson Twins, records are an inferior medium, why bother making them? They laugh, but it's a serious question.

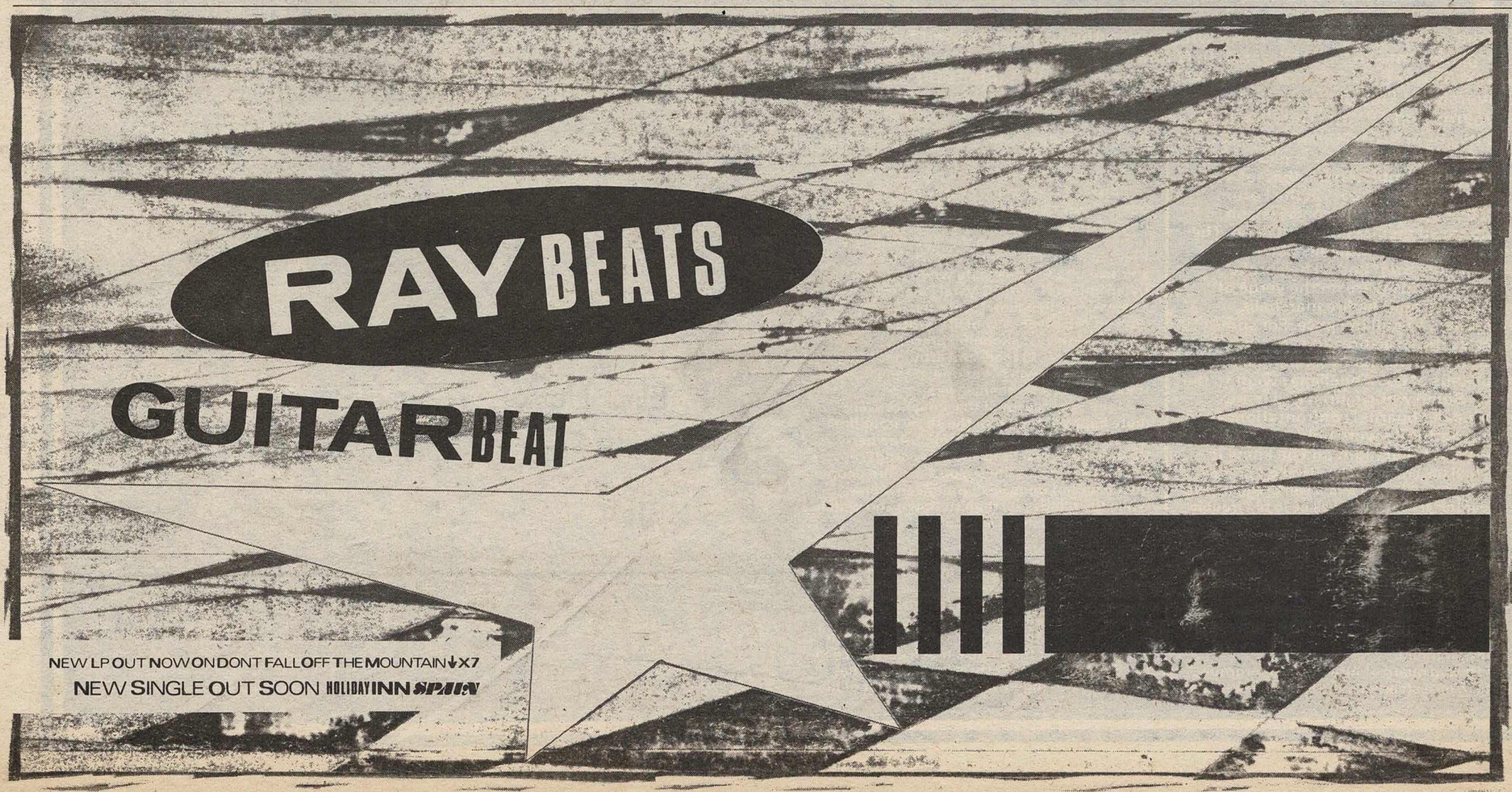
"Well, *money's* the serious answer," admits Tom. "We've recently taken a sizeable advance from our production company, Hansa, and that's committed us to making records so we can pay them back and help pay for what we want to do, which is tour and play live."

Don't you feel your motives here are less than admirable?

"Well, yes. That's something we *really* worry about."

GOOD TASTE LIVING QUIZ RESULTS!

WELL, DID you spot all of Paul's collector's items in the picture on page 11? Here's the full list: Crossed fighting rapiers; coat of arms; thermometer dagger; angel-fish clock; pair of small ceremonial daggers encasing ballpoints; Turkish curved *hensaui* dagger with clothes-brush 'blade'; four musket cigarette lighters; 'onyx-type' chamois; five gonks; piskies and various elfen folk; china clog; Neva-Die paper pot plant; pewter tankard inscribed "To The World's Biggest Boozer"; framed certificate bearing legend "All water is passed by management"; small novelty horn-gramophone pencil sharpener; matador and bull (containing brandy-style liqueur); scale replica of Lloyds Bell with inscription "Time For Dinner"; cased silver 45 rpm record of 'Transmission' by Joy Division; two-day candle with six hours missing; knight in armour; optic pourer in shape of comic Scotsman; African wood carving mask; 'Barrel O'Beer' ice-bucket; miniature statue of Grecian goddess surrounded by 'falling raindrop' effect; fruit-bowl with 'Ming dynasty' pattern; small comic chamber-pot inscribed "Please hole in one!"; miniature bronze milk churn; Trafalgar Square ash-tray; one 'Nu-Sound' full-stereo effect record player; one long-necked procelain Siamese cat; tiny African drum with 'beating balls' attached; photo from elder cousin's wedding in 1958; Kosy-Home Electric Fire with early settler log cabin effect, TV conveniently placed alongside (installed by Set-In-Wall Ltd). (Competition winner: Mrs Julia Quack, 1 Drake St, Duckton. Paul Morley played by model Tom Jones).

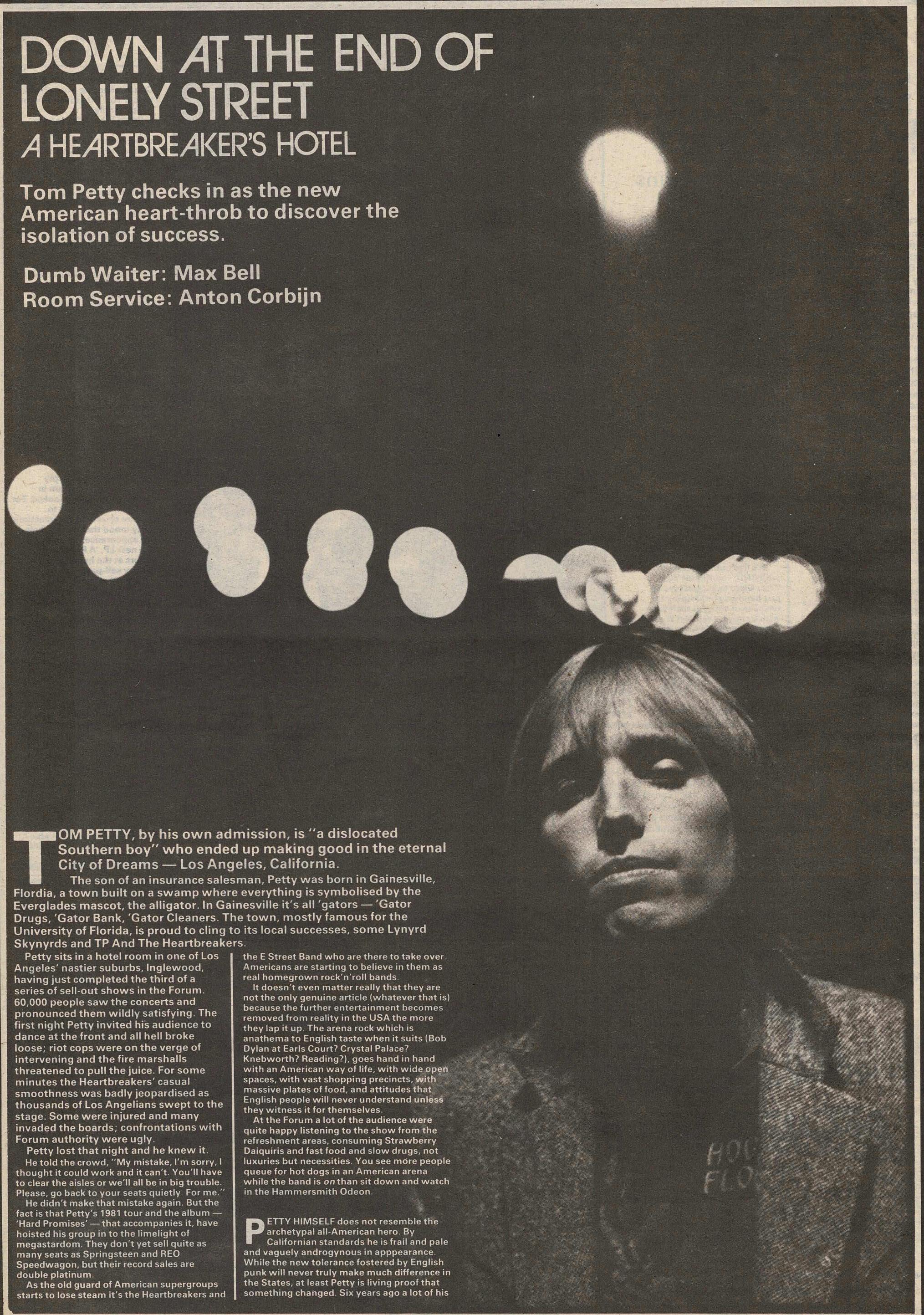


DOWN AT THE END OF LONELY STREET

A HEARTBREAKER'S HOTEL

Tom Petty checks in as the new American heart-throb to discover the isolation of success.

Dumb Waiter: Max Bell
Room Service: Anton Corbijn



TOM PETTY, by his own admission, is "a dislocated Southern boy" who ended up making good in the eternal City of Dreams — Los Angeles, California.

The son of an insurance salesman, Petty was born in Gainesville, Flordia, a town built on a swamp where everything is symbolised by the Everglades mascot, the alligator. In Gainesville it's all 'gators — 'Gator Drugs, 'Gator Bank, 'Gator Cleaners. The town, mostly famous for the University of Florida, is proud to cling to its local successes, some Lynyrd Skynyrds and TP And The Heartbreakers.

Petty sits in a hotel room in one of Los Angeles' nastier suburbs, Inglewood, having just completed the third of a series of sell-out shows in the Forum. 60,000 people saw the concerts and pronounced them wildly satisfying. The first night Petty invited his audience to dance at the front and all hell broke loose; riot cops were on the verge of intervening and the fire marshalls threatened to pull the juice. For some minutes the Heartbreakers' casual smoothness was badly jeopardised as thousands of Los Angelians swept to the stage. Some were injured and many invaded the boards; confrontations with Forum authority were ugly.

Petty lost that night and he knew it.

He told the crowd, "My mistake, I'm sorry, I thought it could work and it can't. You'll have to clear the aisles or we'll all be in big trouble. Please, go back to your seats quietly. For me."

He didn't make that mistake again. But the fact is that Petty's 1981 tour and the album — 'Hard Promises' — that accompanies it, have hoisted his group in to the limelight of megastardom. They don't yet sell quite as many seats as Springsteen and REO Speedwagon, but their record sales are double platinum.

As the old guard of American supergroups starts to lose steam it's the Heartbreakers and the E Street Band who are there to take over. Americans are starting to believe in them as real homegrown rock'n'roll bands.

It doesn't even matter really that they are not the only genuine article (whatever that is) because the further entertainment becomes removed from reality in the USA the more they lap it up. The arena rock which is anathema to English taste when it suits (Bob Dylan at Earls Court? Crystal Palace? Knebworth? Reading?), goes hand in hand with an American way of life, with wide open spaces, with vast shopping precincts, with massive plates of food, and attitudes that English people will never understand unless they witness it for themselves.

At the Forum a lot of the audience were quite happy listening to the show from the refreshment areas, consuming Strawberry Daiquiris and fast food and slow drugs, not luxuries but necessities. You see more people queue for hot dogs in an American arena while the band is *on* than sit down and watch in the Hammersmith Odeon.

PETTY HIMSELF does not resemble the archetypal all-American hero. By Californian standards he is frail and pale and vaguely androgynous in apppearance. While the new tolerance fostered by English punk will never truly make much difference in the States, at least Petty is living proof that something changed. Six years ago a lot of his

current fans would have called him out for being a wimp. Better still, the Heartbreakers don't play Californian rock of the variety that has eventually sickened even the locals.

Petty hunches forward, friendly and slightly nervous and muses on where he is.

"Nobody is from LA anyway. Did you notice? They're always from somewhere else."

That's true. And not many people in the world's most spreadeagled city admit to liking the place, at the same time they get trapped inside its crazy cinematic atmosphere.

"I'm still glad to be a Southerner, the South is hip, it has roots in music, that isn't true in a lot of the States. Next time I'm gonna record in Memphis because I'll get bored in another studio here. You get the sound so good and all, it's dull. Mind, I think the place takes a lot more flak than it deserves."

Maybe because Los Angeles is obsessed with stardom and iconoclasm. One favourite tourist pastime is to buy a map of the stars' homes and goggle at them from outside heavily guarded gates. So in a place like Los Angeles Tom Petty is now working hard to preserve some semblance of privacy.

One of the most specific songs he's ever written — given that they mostly deal with abstract characters and imaginary relationships — is called 'Nightwatchman'. These days Petty not only has a bodyguard to protect him from the teenyboppers but also a man who sits outside his house all day.

"This feller looks after me, he keeps the traffic moving. 'Cos he's up all night we get to talk a lot. I thought it was funny that he was there when he didn't really know who I was. He came to see us play the other night for the first time and he said, 'Jesus, I knew you played in a band but I didn't realise what ya did!' "

Petty is sufficiently well adjusted not to take himself or what he does too seriously; he isn't a pompous artist, but he's worried enough by some of the recent side effects of fame. A knock on the door in the corridor startles him.

"Was that my door? No point inviting trouble."

It's hard to persuade him out of the hotel for some photos. Three hours after the show there are sufficient people around who will demand his attention, not dangerous but unsettling.

"Well, it isn't *that* bad, I'm not the kind who wants to be noticed. The strangest thing is that people suddenly have preconceptions about your character. If I walked down to the lobby now and talked to the kids or the bellman they'd go *oooeeurgh*. . .they'd be nervous. But I'm the same. I met Phil Everley the other day and I couldn't hardly speak because he was one of my heroes.

"It's only really tedious if you're in a hurry. It's much better that people are interested in you than are not. I do miss some privacy and I get embarrassed if they shout after me but Jesus, I don't mind signing sump'n. It ain't like I'm Elvis. Besides I can say leave me alone and they will. . . I hope.

"I used to have a lot of trouble with kids at my house and then I mentioned that somewhere and they must have read it 'cos they stopped."

TO AVOID the dilemma of boredom that has spoilt many musicians Tom Petty keeps himself deliberately busy. When the band isn't touring they are recording and the leader produces, oversees the mixing, the cutting and the album artwork. On days off the band plays a local club or hits a local studio and records for the hell of it, sometimes 20 songs in a day. Petty has a huge backlog of material and never seems to dry up. He goes for different B-sides too, an almost unheard of practise among American superstars.

As side lines to the Heartbreakers own rise, Petty is also involved in an album with Stevie Nicks. Having had her duet with him on 'Inside', the least commercial number of 'Hard Promises'. Petty also gave Nicks a harder rock song called 'Stop Draggin' My heart around' (which he produced of course).

At the Forum concerts Nicks came onstage to sing 'Insider' and an impromptu 'Needles And Pins'.

"After the faster stuff we have to clam the audience down for Stevie, we're singing really country then and its hard to make 'em listen."

'Insider' is reminiscent of Gram Parsons and Emmy Lou Harris.

"Yes. 'Grievous Angel' is one of my five favourites. I always wanted to meet Gram Parsons. It's funny that after all The Byrds and McGuinn comparisons we got people didn't make that connection with The Byrds and Parsons. He had a very believable voice, very emotional in the way it cracked. The Burritos should have happened like the Stones. They were hip before country got horrible and sterile.

"I still love good country music myself but your rock audience isn't acclimatised to it. I don't even think they feel its honky anymore, but people aren't used to listening a little harder. We were all brought up on Southern style country so. . ."

Petty shrugs and brightens up.

"We learned 'Needles And Pins' with Stevie after the Winterland show in San Francisco. We all went into a piano bar and there were just three businessmen at tables and the barman. We persuaded them to let us bring guitars in and a lot of Stevie's girlfriends started singin'. We did 'His Latest Flame' and 'Cathy's Clown', lots of harmonies. The guy behind the bar stopped us and said, 'You should do this professionally around town, you could make some money'. He was giving out requests and eventually he tipped us ten bucks which I took. Stevie told me to give it her back and the guy says, 'yeah, give her the money. I'm in it for the female vocalist'."

The combination of Nicks and Petty must be nirvana for Californian record buyers, eh Tom?

"Well, I dunno. That song isn't a single, it was perfect for the album. Finally the girl appears."

Despite 'Hard Promises' making the top ten, Petty insists that the record is not overtly commercial and there has been a slight change of direction from last year's 'Damn The Torpedoes' set. The album closes on a straight layered ballad called 'You Can Still Change Your Mind' which is cast in the mould of a Beach Boys 'Sunflower' period.

The rest is noticeably in style without seeming too predictable; the Heartbreakers are not a cool band to like in England but they are undeniably exciting and versatile if you can see beyond the West Coast misconceptions, being both fresh and traditional. Petty always has a couple of dynamite rock songs to offer. This time 'Criminal Kind' and 'Something Big' caught my fancy — his eternal schemers and stubborn losers have some big relevance to the singer's own past.

" 'Something Big' is about a lot of the people you find in business, particularly hanging around the rock business. That's the guy who's gonna go to Miami and make a coke deal and open a bar. He'll never make it work."

The songs sound as if they come easily but Petty won't admit to having a formula.

"I like this record a lot but I don't write for the sales. Of course at platinum I stop worrying about success because the rest is icing, it's a blast to my ego but I don't assume anything. If I was concerned with that I wouldn't try certain material.

"As people we're all just as scummy as we were in Florida, it's a hoot. The success and the money is great and it's also a pain in the arse sometimes. . .I'll take it over not being popular. It's better than when we were broke and I never pretended I didn't want to be famous. When we started here it was — well one day we'll headline the Whiskey instead of opening, and then we'll play the Santa Monica Civic."

You're still not so popular in Europe though.

"True, but I'm so far removed from what is liked in England. It took Bruce Springsteen a while didn't it? This country is so huge it takes months to visit every region. Now we have the luxury of being able to break up a tour otherwise it's drudgery. You spend all day gearing up and all night unwinding. After a while it's hard to relax. Drugs don't work, maybe a joint or two to calm me down. Pills don't work 'cos they put me in a lousy mood. I'm so charged up I'd rather not sleep.

"What isn't understood about playing in front of a lot of people in a big room is the *energy*, I know that sounds very Californian, *energy*, but you do feel like someone charged up your battery. We don't always play well either and that puts me in a bad mood.

"I won't play to festival seating anymore because I can't deal with kids getting mashed up and taken to hospital. I'm revolted if people get hurt. Some nights there are so many girls running round the stage we get knocked over and the amps get knocked over. I hate it, I can't see 'em running at me out of the lights."

Petty's stature at present leaves him on a tightrope. He's become a sex symbol. In some places in the Union it's better not to get too close to the audience. In San Francisco, not usually noted for aggressive women, he leant down towards the front seats and suddenly found himself being hoisted into the crowd by his straight blond hair.

29 is too young to be a bald pop star.

ALTHOUGH Tom is a perfectly sane sort of character he is bound to become more cocooned from the rigours of everyday life that more ordinary mortals lead. His time is therefore not really his own. The rest of the Heartbreakers are lucky to have a greater degree of independence.

Keyboard player Benmont Tench, another amiable type, is under no illusions that the group must be based around Tom calling the shots. In their original form, as Mudcrutch, Mr. Tench was the leading light. He doesn't care.

"If we were billed as Benmont Tench And The Heartbreakers I don't know that we'd sell many tickets. I'm not a star and I'm glad.

"We were in a hotel in Chicago and three guys came running up to me and said, 'Where's Benmont? All the others have signed, we can't find him'. That's OK by me, I can stay incognito and get into less trouble. Except when I'm drunk under a table, then everybody knows who you are."

Petty appears to have his strongest professional relationship with guitarist Michael Campbell which led to the rumour that 'Hard Promises' would be called 'Benmont's Revenge', actually a line that was fed to *Rolling Stone* who believe anything.

Tench is less concerned with maintaining an image of band perfection than some of the folks around Petty.

"Last year people thought we were getting too schlock, sometimes it felt that we were running through the material. We have to fight that at all costs."

Audiences aren't always willing to see faults though. Having paid out aren't they determined to be satisfied regardless?

"Could be. I know we have to excite ourselves. If we play anywhere larger than the Forum it gets absurd. It's alright if you do an outdoors show where a lot of the people are there to score chicks, get drunk, and the music is inconsequential. But this is as big as we should go."

Tench recently played some sessions with Bob Dylan.

"For an album I hope ('Shot Of Love'). We played a lot of songs, older material and new stuff. Dylan has this trick of teaching you a song in a fast 'Blonde On Blonde' vein and then completely altering the tempo to a blues or gospel. He keeps you on your toes. I got involved through our co-producer Jimmy Iovine. Him and Dylan were feeling each other out for a record. I wasn't gonna pass and say no.

"His office calls at 8 am and tell you be here by noon. Then he shows up at six in the evening and you play 'til 4 am. We did a great version of 'Mystery Train'."

The obvious connection between Tench's organ style and the playing of Garth Hudson or Al Kooper may have been what attracted Dylan to the Heartbreaker but Tench isn't sure.

"I mainly listened to Booker T. when I started as a pianist. Now I'd enjoy getting into more R&B with the group and more country. Tom's a good country writer but there's a problem getting unfamiliar songs over to large crowds. For example even the 'Hard Promises' songs we played on the last tour didn't go down so well.

"We cut some Jimmy Reed tunes in Denver recently, and some Wilson Pickett tunes."

The Heartbreakers always pay homage to their soulful past, using the Isleys' 'Shout' as a crowdstopper and sometimes an authentic version of James Brown's 'Good Lovin'. I suggest that a lot of their younger audience might think they wrote those tunes as their crowd is pretty exclusively white. In Los Angeles the only blacks in the place were the security guards and they all sported ostentatious earplugs (an irony that ought not to be lost on Elvis Presley's aficionados).

"The kids here may think we learnt 'Shout' from *Animal House*. I learnt it from a British TV special on The Beatles when each one of 'em sang a bit of the song. That was great, not as good as the *Tami Show* but . . .

"The kids didn't take it so seriously then. The bands did, but the fans were there to dance. It helps us a lot if they dance too. I appreciate that some people want to sit and watch the show but if everyone did that you might as well be up there on a screen."

IT IS ENCOURAGING that Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers, like Springsteen, are anxious to preserve some of the integrity associated with the innovative American musical forms, blues, soul and rock 'n' roll. Petty was prepared to champion a supposedly lost cause like Del Shannon's to produce and offer the Heartbreakers services at a time when he was on the verge of bankruptcy — the result of a protracted legal dispute with MCA Records.

This year Petty fought tooth and nail to have the list price of 'Hard Promises' reduced a dollar. He won't allow himself to be pushed around by his own success.

The Heartbreakers may be based in Los Angeles now but they aren't ruled by the city's selfish lethargy. Without finding God, Petty is driven by some Southern fervour that's innocent and honest.

"I called the record 'Hard Promises' because that's what people worry about. Anything that's worth living up to is a hard promise. But that sounds kind of serious. I got into a strange state of mind exercising the stuff and getting it out of me. Also, as a band I knew we could do sump'n different, more than just twelve strings and organs."

A lot of people, especially in England, are still under the impression that Tom Petty is some kind of spoilt brat who spends all his time chasing women and sniffing cocaine. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"I've got a kid, a little girl. She's a good kid, I'd like to spend more time with her, I haven't been able to lately . . ."

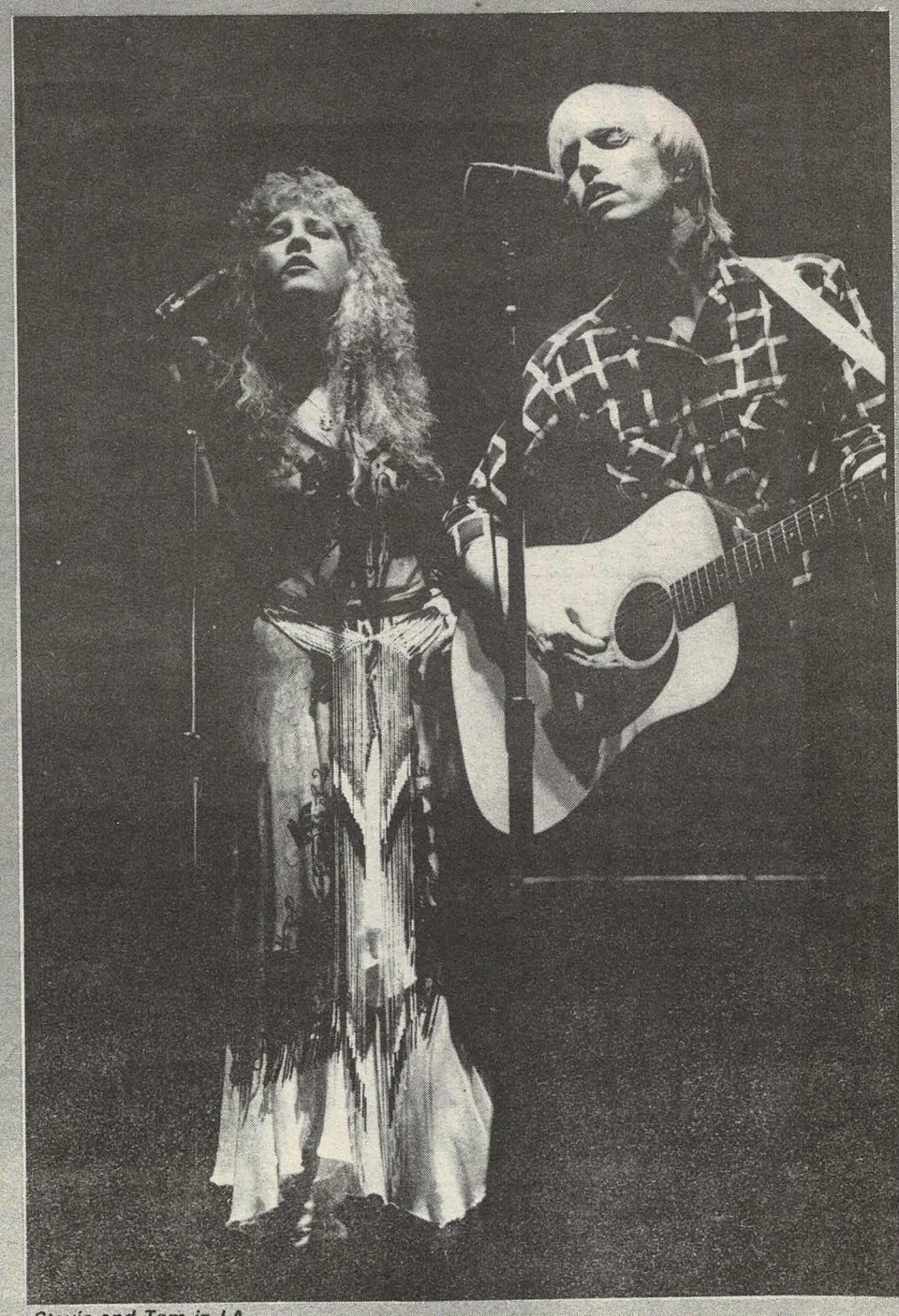
And those Southern roots still hold fast.

"In the seven years we've been here the band never has played in Gainesville, now there's no place big enough. I want to play there badly. I'd like my dad to see me play 'cos he hasn't yet. He doesn't do much now except he gambles, this game called Highlights. My parents were in a car wreck a few years back. My mum died this year on my birthday and dad hasn't done much since then. He's partially disabled so he can't work. He loves it when the kids come around, loves being with our fans."

For a few seconds Petty looks isolated and sad. The phone rings and saves us all. Tom goes off to the parking lot with Anton for some photos and the fans are waiting. It's two in the morning.

"This isn't gonna work," he mutters and waves shyly at the squeals.

In Florida the 'gators are sleeping in the mud, with their eyes wide open.



Stevie and Tom in LA.

ICE CREAM» the body electric!

teenybop takes a trite turn for the better.

Paul Morley compares socks with DURAN DURAN

SO I'M surrounded by the five fluffy Duran boys, blinded by their bounce, dazzled by their cheek (bones), and I do what any responsible star-writer would do. I ask to look at their socks.

Simon, Andy, Nick, John and Roger lift up their trousers: Simon the singer are the worst — woolly!! — Nick the synthers are the best — sheer! *"Music Life* from Japan asked us what our favourite cars were, and what kind of girls we liked."

This is the sort of challenging poser these lightweight poseurs love. So I ask them what are their favourite ice lollies.

"Strawberry mousse. . . Cornetto. . . 99s with flakes. . . Funny Faces. . ." emerge out of a bubble of Brum and Geordie accents.

Do they eat cornflakes after sex?

"I eat Thornton's Continental chocolates after sex," says Simon, or was it Nick.

"I always have a cigarette after," admits Andy, to jeers of 'cliche!' from his Duran-maties.

Now the Duran Airy are poppy stars is their love life better?

"Do you mean do we get more shags? Of course."

Dear, dear, dear. Does it vary throughout the country?

"No. . . the girls all look exactly the same and they wear the same clothes. . . we've had quite a few Lady Di futurists. I'm into Lady Di Futurists," says Nick, or was it Simon. "When are the *NME* going to put Lady Di on the cover?"

How long do Duran Trifle want all this pop starlight lark to last — a quick thing over in a year, ravishing and wonderful?

"We want it to last and last!"

Because you're greedy?

"No, because we enjoy it," says Roger, or was it John.

"I don't want to be a has been by the time I'm 21," says Nick, defintely. "That's two years away. . . I'm dreading being 20. . ."

I think I want to be cynical to Duran Frill's faces.

"No, it's alright, you don't have to bother. . ."

You're surrogate Moody Blues.

"Cliche! That scores five out of ten."

Are you surprised with what you get away with?

"I choose to ignore that remark," says Nick, earnestly.

Is it difficult being five boys so close to each other?

"If you mean are we up each others bums — no we're not!"

How are you going to avoid becoming fat and rich overnight?

"We're going to be rich and when we're rich we'll buy a gymnasium and that'll keep us fit. Also when you're rich you can eat really nice food like smoked salmon 24 hours a day. That won't make you fat. One of the perks of this job is getting rich!"

A quarter of a mile away from where we're sat, there's a riot going on.

SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS in HMV record stores is a thing that has to be done, it seems. It's expected, it's now part of the day when you tour.

At 3 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon at the Birmingham HMV in New Street, Duran Smile are squeezed behind some tables faced by scores of young girls and a handful of young boys holding out armfuls of record sleeves, posters,

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Inside, you are surrounded by a new and even more luxurious driving environment.

Almost everything you see is trimmed in finest hide, enhanced–on the dashboard and doors–by the beauty of genuine elm burr veneer.

And the interior, like the body, is available in a complete new range of colours.

There are many other improvements: but one thing we haven't changed is the unique Jaguar blend of searing performance and uncanny smoothness and silence.

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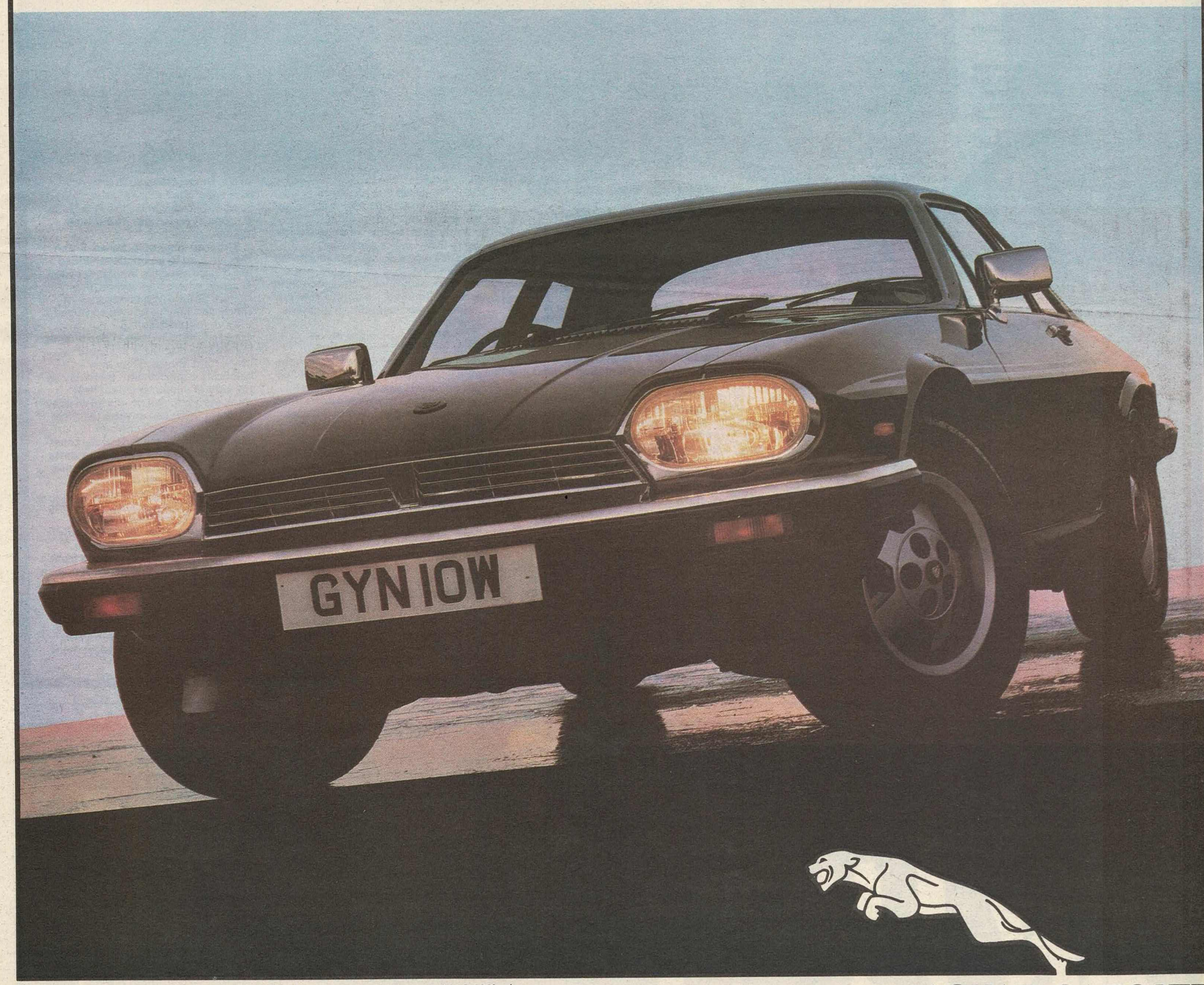


Official fuel consumption figures for Jaguar XJS-H.E.: urban cycle 15.6 m.p.g. (18.1 L/100km); constant 56 m.p.h. 27.1 m.p.g. (10.4 L/100 km); constant 75 m.p.h. 22.5 m.p.g. (12.6 L/100 km).
*23% improvement over 1980 model at constant 56 m.p.h.

JAGUAR CARS LTD
In pursuit of perfection.

articles, tickets. . . Girls with blood red lipstick, white faces, frizzed black hair, drowned dreamy eyes, wearing waves of black, take snaps with cheap cameras. Duran's handlers have trouble keeping the crowd orderly; Duran Teeth soak up the pleasure-pressure with warm pride, adoring to be adored.

Duran Scream embody the new age of teenybop. They say that the demands and desires of the consuming teenager have not altered over the last ten years: punk, if anything, aggravated the lust for the made-up pop star, the wanting to look up and beyond, perchance to dream.

"It's coming back to what it was like before punk. . . During punk and just after there were no bands like us or Adam playing Odeons that any age could go and see. . .

"I've got two sisters," says Andy, who's interested in guitars," aged 13 and 15, and they're just the same about pop music as I was at that age. Posters on the wall, off to see Adam; their appreciation of pop is exactly the same as mine used to be. It would be a big loss for kids if they couldn't go to Odeons to see groups.

"In the record shop signing away, it's ridiculous the way we were all horrible and sweating by the end and getting crushed and everything, but it's worth doing because all the kids obviously got something out of it. If they didn't want to they wouldn't be there yelling and shouting, and it's great because it makes them happy. They'd enjoy it all, and they will be at the show tonight."

Duran Suave are commited to dragging glamour and fun and games into pop music: simplistically and selfishly, not so much Ze as BCR.

"The whole idea of show business had been torn to shreds by punk, but at the end of the day what I always remember was I wanted to go out and be entertained from the second I walked in the hall. I wanted a big show. Things got out of hand when you had to spend £7.50 to see Pink Floyds and plastic pigs in a big barn. That's crazy, but there is an intermediacy between scruffy clubs and arenas."

Where will Duran Bigwig draw the line?

"Well, for this tour our tickets didn't cost more than £3. We're losing out but I don't think we warrant charging more than that. Last night in Oxford the whole bloody theatre was dancing, and it was a seated hall. Every night on the tour people in the balcony have been standing up, and I've never seen that at gigs. Especially Hammersmith. . ."

Duran Ditto love playing live: the new nightclub latitude is just a part of their act.

"The groups we tend to get bundled with might not like playing live, but we really enjoy it. We're a concert band. When Chic come over to play here they don't do Top Ranks, they play Odeons. You can dance to our records every night of the week in clubs, but come and see us and it's something different. You pay a little more money than you would down the Locarno so we try and put on A Show."

Are Duran Distant aloof?

"You can be close to your audience and personal with them which is what we do on stage, we talk to them, we're there in the same building as them, but they haven't got great big spotlights over them.

One of the main reasons Gary Numan took off so much was that he was the first guy to come along who actually placed himself under the spotlight as pop star.

"This appeals to us. . . the Hollywood untouchable thing. I think kids like that too. There are plenty of bands catering for people who want to hear about how bad life is. We're not interested in that. The entertainment is escapism really."

As the Duran fans peter out and the five fop-tops prepare to sign off, someone mentions, as casually as if it was raining, that it's rioting.

Outside in New Street packs of Rastas and bald boys are marauding. The small batch of fans left in the shop are hurried out and Duran Shocked slip quickly into the Odeon a hundred yards away. Gangs of youths line the pavements around the theatre, the shopping centre becomes a no-go area protected by railings and police, straggling shoppers walk down New Street a little uncertainly. Saturday afternoon's sport is over within a couple of hours, leaving faint traces of tension. On the 5.30 Radio One news bulletin it's announced that 400 youths have stormed New Street. It was more of a jog than a storm. Duran's manager despairs: "No one is going to turn up tonight now."

Because it's their home town show, Duran Spoilt are brutally disappointed. A life's ambiiton is being disrupted by what they term "irresponsibility".

"I've always wanted to play the Birmingham Odeon," John tells me. "I saw all my first gigs here — Roxy, Ronson — and now this."

Do Duran Butt think about things other than lolly pops, girls and money?

"I hate people slagging us off for us saying that it's only entertainment. They think we're naive and so we musn't consider things outside. We do think about important things but to ourselves. We all have our political views but they haven't got anything to do with what we're doing now. If we were working in banks it really wouldn't have anything to do with that job. You'd get the sack if you started giving people the heavy vibe.

"I think it's bad to preach to kids because we've got a really young audience, they're at a highly impressionable age, and it would be rough on them if we started lecturing. We have a responsibility *not* to tell them things. The main responsibility we have is to give people a good time, to give them what they pay for."

Do they find the rioting exhilarating?

"It really annoys us that it's our home town and we've got a gig tonight. . . you come down home after a really hard tour and then this happens. . . It's so irresponsible. . . it reminds me of Baader Meinhof, they don't even know what they're doing.

"Hey, let's stop this. It's getting political. . . we avoid political interviews, they're so boring. This is getting smutty. Let's talk about bottoms."

INSIDE THE Odeon just before Duran Daft's soundcheck I walk with John to the front of the theatre to see how the riot's getting on. Two girls, maybe sheltering from the storm, are in the foyer and run delightedly towards the bright bass boy. Little squeals, sparkling eyes. . .

"Have you got anything for us?" they ask.

"You can have him," says John pointing at me. The girls are totally unimpressed and prefer a twopenny piece out of John's pocket (imagine) to me. What do they want that for, I wonder?

"Because it's his!" they exclaim abruptly.

What's so special about him? A gasp or two is supposed to explain it for me. John walks back inside the hall, leaving the two girls' lives in the balance.

I tell him Duran Dandy's appearance on the *Whistle Test* was appalling, that it confirmed all our best fears that Duran Pomp - It - Up - Like - Suckers - In - The - Night are gummed up glammed over techno-rock twits.

"It's difficult to come out good on that programme. . . And every time we're on the BBC they use dry ice — they seem to think we're the perfect group to use dry ice on."

It's not often the BBC are right.

Later Simon tells me that one of the best things about being in Duran Vain is the dry ice between the legs. "But what's the point in turning the offer down?"

Duran Unsated are open to all - offers. They have little objection to anything so long as it gets them out to more people.

"We want more and more people to know about us. . .we've done *Cheggars Plays Pop*, the *Whistle Test*, *Top Of The Pops*, we're doing the new Peter Powell thing. . .and I've always wanted to do the *Test*. It was nice to give the badge you get to me mum."

For a lot of these new teen tarts the game is enthusiastically copying out all the antics of previous generations because it was what they dreamed of at the time. Like playing the Birmingham Odeon for Duran Dream: it's an inexorable process. It's inevitable.

I get John on my own on a back row in the stalls and!!!! ask him if the group, officially a year old on July 16th, anticipated the recent shifts away from rock, grey independence, submission, austerity towards pop, disco, colour, lights, action. . .

"We must have done, but not consciously. We were just never really into that grey small time independent thing. Our heart was in the early '70s. Quality, big studios, sophisticated production, all of this has become important and that's great. For us the whole thing is a total concept, it's not just making crappily produced singles. . .the image, the recording, the presentation, the clothes, the whole lot is very important. Some band just want to be single groups or album groups or live groups — we want to be everything."

It's easy to talk abut it, and easy to imitate it — this grand dream of quality. It's harder to achieve, or enhance. But there's been no failures, no black spots, to suggest to Duran Ownway that their definition of show business, their entertainment aesthetic, is in any way flawed. There has been nothing to tell them that their judgement is distorted, their music and presentation obvious or lightweight. Just a rash of reviews from *clever* rock writers whose value is rapidly diminishing — Duran Precious are heroes of the movement away from reading the self important words to looking at the pictures.

As far as Duran Jelly are concerned, and it's not far, pieces in the rock papers can be packed with sharp cynicism: as long as they're accompanied by clear photographs, preferably in colour, then that's their equivalent of a good review. Photographs can turn people on, words just get in the way. Words are an ordeal, photographs possibly a temptation.

"We can't stand negative journalism."

Have they ever received what they think is constructive criticism?

"Not in the press. I mean at first we get this image in the press of being created by EMI to battle Spandau. . .they'd picked out the five prettiest polaroids sent into their office."

I thought this was true!

"Shit no. But there are too many people who do think this. You didn't really think that did you?"

No. I was fiddling about. Would have been lovely, though.

"You little liar! We have to prove something on that score because there are those who still say that we were to Spandau what The Clash were to the Pistols. We hate that. . .then again The Clash are still around."

After I've been talking to John for a few minutes the rest of the group gather around: they can't bear to be apart, or can't stand the thought of not featuring in the interview. Five smooth faces, five lush hair-dos, ten lively eyes. . .the Duran Hearts laugh and play, the Duran Pussycats jest and pester. They've never had it so good. They confidently think their audience has never had it so good. . .

So how frivolous is all this?

"It's all of our lives, it's all we've ever wanted to do. We enjoy what we're doing obviously and it's all that we've got. So it can't be frivolous. It's very important to us. Obviously there are frivolous things, we can be frivolous. Like putting Dairy Box on our contract rider, and prawns."

Three Duran Lads totter off to see how the riot's doing: two stay put, putting it all out of mind. It's all a lot of play, though. Is Duran Love a lucky escape? The three strays return to tackle this problem.

"I feel incredibly lucky that I've got this job to do, "Simon says.

Andy gets touchy. "If people think we're lucky, we're not really, because we're doing a job in a sense that we have to work."

Simon continues: "I feel incredibly lucky. . .thankful. . .I dunno, that I'm doing this and not putting dustbins on dustcarts."

Do Duran Diane place much emphasis on clothes?

"This is another thing. . ."Nick the pussycat snarls. Slightly. "What I've got on now is what I wear when I wake up in the morning. I don't think anyone in the band overly dresses. We're all very much ourselves."

You're taken to be clothes-pop.

"I don't mind people thinking we dress up. You can't object to people putting labels on you because they're going to whatever."

Has being associated with cults with names helped Duran Right-time-right-place?

"To a certain extent, expecially in the early days. We were surprised to be tagged new romantic or futurist because we're not like that at all. . .it's pop, and more Blondie than Led Zeppelin. . .Give us that hour on stage we can convince people that we don't need to be labelled to help us. I think honesty wins through in the end. I think honest is something we'll always be."

How can people appreciate this 'honesty' — how does it manifest itself?

"People think we can't be honest because we've had success so quickly. . .how can we have integrity if we're so successful? I think that is just sour grapes. Perhaps we were lucky that we came along when all the record companies were looking to jump on the futurist bandwagon and we'd been put in that niche, so from that respect the look helped us. But the honesty is there, and it manifests itself as people going home after they have seen us having really enjoyed it, or listening to our records and loving them.

"That's all people ask of a group, to get enjoyment out of it. And we believe that the product is really good. On this tour the audience has been incredibly young, they're all really enjoying themselves, and as long as we can play to people enjoying themselves and if we're enjoying ourselves, I don't see any harm in what we do. Because it is honest. You'll see later."

HOURS LATER Duran Din dish out what is paid for. Despite the day's troubles the Odeon is almost full: hundreds of Duran-kids kept off the street. Modern Duran are an '80s Osmond family: wholesome and kind of holy, but it really depends on how you define 'honest'. Hard working? Duran Damp are not timid or lazy.

If you've never heard Magazine, Simple Minds, Japan. . .then Duran Fun Fun must be mighty and magnificent: Duran Flash In The Pan as a first love must be brilliant. I'm twice as old as most of the audience, months away from the pension, very possibly the wrong sex, and too familiar with the grand Magazine things. . .I even know about the very beginnings of Roxy Music.

It's simple to criticise the Duran energetic attraction, to moan about the implications and complications of Dilute To Taste, but no words can cripple its force. Its promise, its prettiness. Only The Time or The Revolution can halt Duran's darned drive. Duran Efficacious are a symbol of the futility of attempting to control or organise the Pop Mass. It seeps everywhere: it saturates reason.

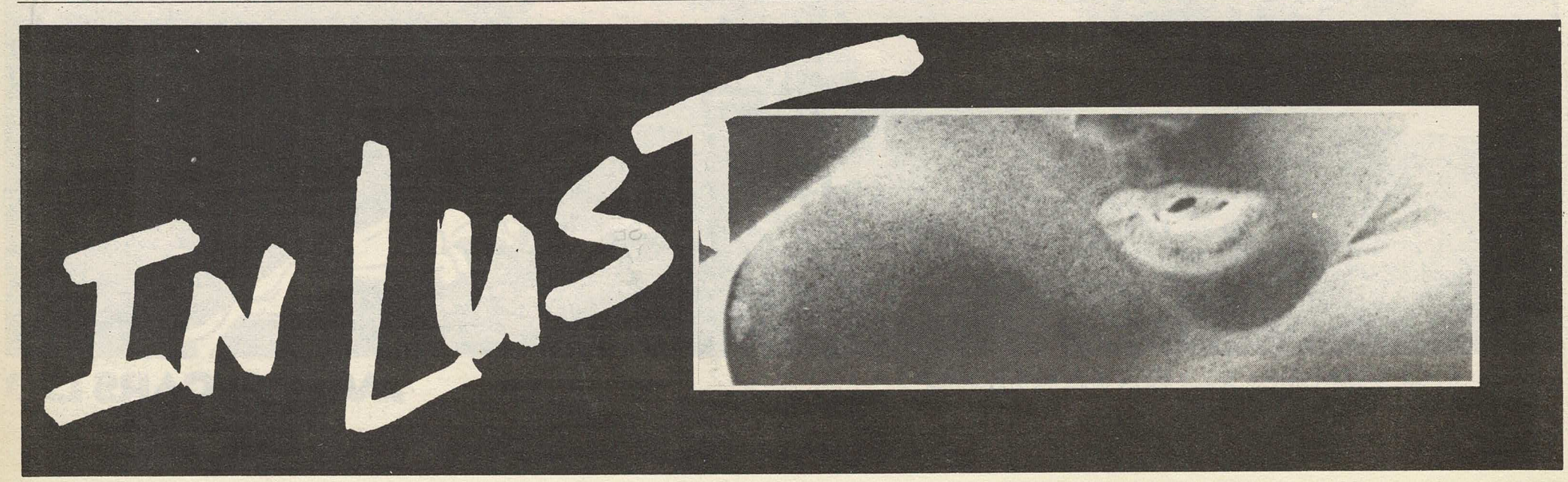
The teen stars of today are smart: they've a lot to go on. Duran Fluke are classic effective innocents. They succeed where their elders and betters Simple Minds fail, they're pretty and they're not yet confused: they've reduced it all to entertainment instead of deciding or pretending that there are more 'important' things. They may celebrate superficiality: they may be the kind of encouragement they think *their* pop can be. It's all so easy for them: how can anyone tell them it's not? They won't shorten anyone's life. In the face of darkness they glow and grin with a happiness lighting up the lives of the little girls. As the fighting gets closer their resolve to escape gets firmer.

"I want to thank you all for turning up," singer Simon says from the stage after a few songs. "We know it must have been difficult for you."

The crowd crushed up to the front having one of the first times of their lives scream as is for murder. Here we go. . .

"I want you to remember what's happening out there has nothing to do with what's heppening in here."

He could easily have said let them eat smoked salmon.



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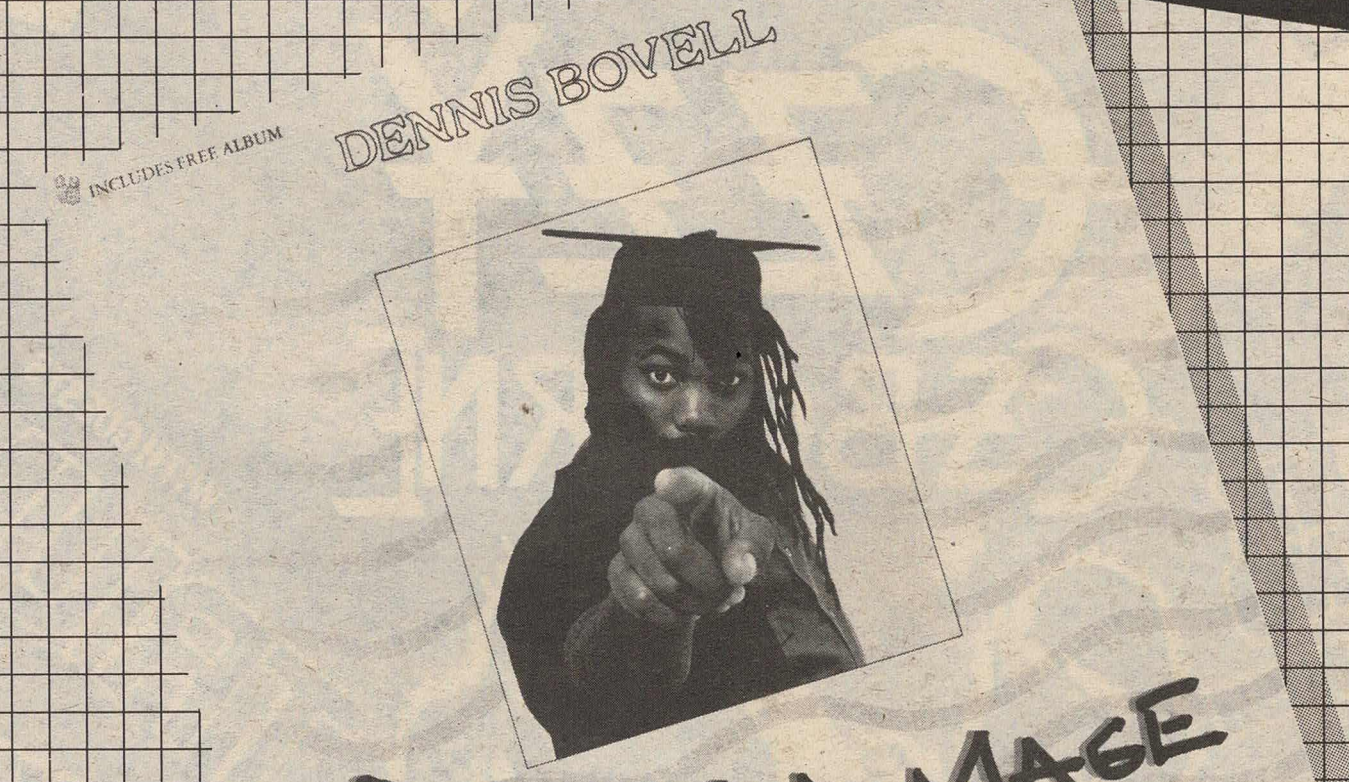

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TONY PARSONS WRITES
YOUR AGONY UNCLE TO THE STARS

DEBBIE HARRY: Backfired (Chrysalis). If there's two things that Deborah don't need at this stage of her career it's brown hair and svengalis. 'Backfired' is written, produced, arranged, pressed and distributed by Nile and Bern for the Chic Organisation Ltd and those bad ass dudes haven't penned anything above par since Sheila's 'Spacer'. That her Harryship should surrender herself to their flagging aesthetic judgement is a woeful miscalculation on her part. When she puts half a mind to it — or even Chris Stein's half a mind — Debbie can knock out a lovely little tune, the kind of stuff that is sealed in a time capsule at the end of Phil Spector's rainbow. But on 'Backfired' she uses Rogers and Edwards as her Sherpa guides to the street — though what *they* know about the street God alone knows, since they only nip down there once a year to mug Grand Master Flash — and all our brave chums bring back from their expedition is an irascible rap that needs a course of iron pills and a funky backbeat that could come out of a can.

Et tu, Koo Koo?

TENPOLE TUDOR: Wunderbar (Stiff). Terrific times for tinies! Young and bubbly but scrappy and unsatisfying if you're in the big playground or beyond. Like licking out an ashtray and washing it down with Pruneade Corona. I'm too old to listen to stuff like this and in a couple of months Eddie, Old Bob, Dick, Gary and Munch will be too old to play it.

BENNY MARDONES: Into The Night (Polydor). Maudlin Humbert Humbert crying into his tight white trousers.

BOB DYLAN: Heart Of Mine (CBS)

THE BOB BUTTONS BAND: Wee-Pop-You-Bop (Eskalstar Tapel). It's that man again! Dylan sounds fresh from morning mass at the detoxification centre, making a caterwauling pass at Dr Christian Barnard when the good quack just does not want to know. Zim sings like the most mawkish lush who ever had a comatose sing-song in the gutter below one's bedroom window. Music to chuck a bucket of cold water at. In the words of the profit and loss margin, it is easier for a Camel filter tip to pass through the eye of a needle than for a Yawn Again Christian to enter the hit parade. Don't follow leaders, follow THE BOB BUTTONS BAND!

The Bob Buttons Band have the kind of vim and verve that Bob Dylan only mustered when he was on amphetamine and Allen Ginsberg, Springsteen sniffs like this — if The Bob Buttons Band were American then J. Andy Hernandez apron and hallucinates X-Ray Spex. Put it P. McEnroe would have all their albums (that John is Cars crazy). Call Dave Spark on 03743-68721 if you're an A&R man.

HAZEL O'CONNOR: We're All Grown Up (Albion)

ALTERNATIVE TV: The Ancient Rebels (A&M). Up against the wallflowers. Hazel weighs in — a little over the two ton mark, in case you're interested — with a maudlin middle-aged moan mourning the passing of time and the onset of mucky pup personal problems. It's the usual O'Connor party trick, getting her body odour all over a nice clean analyst's couch, but she definitely has the edge on the insufferably smug Toyah "Born To Be Queen" Willcox, the most staggeringly mediocre thing that ever came out of the Midlands (and that's going some!).

Like Haze, Alternative TV's bouncy offering is a retread of the Val Doonican classic 'Why Must Our Children Grow Up To Be People?' but their beef is somewhat more legitimate than 'We're All Grown Up'. Hazel asks *why can't we be nice young pre-pubescents again?* while Mark Perry wants to know *why can't we be nice angry young punks again?* The Big P don't need a recording contract, he needs a problem page:

Dear Anna Raeburn,

Although still only in my mid-twenties I find myself on the shelf. *Please* don't tell me to go down Le Beat Route and make new friends — I couldn't trust another movement yet and anyway I don't have the legs for a kilt.

Yours, Depressed of Deptford.

Both these records are like a pulpit on a — boom-boom, boom-boom — like a pulpit on a shoestring.

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS: I Am (Ze). I ain't Mine's a rhumba and coke. You getting 'em in, Errol? the great plebian public will be sitting out.

GRACE JONES: I've Seen That Face Before (Liber Tango) (Island). A Scott Fitz short story on a slow cruise to nowhere. Grace Jones has everything — the looks, the bones, the French — except the LINK. She may be a big black babe in arms where communications are concerned. She should be as much a part of our mass consciousness as the Hairy Amazon to you but she's a Monster or Mr Ant — it would be *unhealthy*. I'm not trying to cook up a *manifesto* here, you understand, but this here's a gilt-edged *habenera* that I fear be fun, it would be *unhealthy*.

GARY GLITTER: When I'm On I'm On (Eagle). Have that boy washed and brought to my tent.

After failing to penetrate the Zionist market with 'Israel' those ice cool, capricious Banshees come up with a cornball Koran chant that sounds like a casting call for a Rennie ad. I understand that for a promo video Sioux is going to have Spunker stoned outside the city gates for allegedly winking at the drummer and leaving his horrible hair uncovered. Oh, Sioux girl, why bother? It's time to open up that poodle parlour (I know how much you love animals).

You can usually rely on Stevie to put on a real good costume drama, leaping about like Ophelia on angel dust — more ham than Mattesons, my dear. But here all she got is a standard Tom Petty dirge — you know, I Want To Be Happy, But I Can't Be Happy, Because Then I'd Have Naff All To Write About. But since Mick Jagger ticked Tom's card, everybody wants a bash at that thang.

OVER PAGE

STEVIE NICKS: Stop Dragging My Heart Around (WEA)

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: Arabian Nights (Polydor). I realise Stevie and Sioux have had their differences in the past but I know for sure that if they met up eye to eye over a ouija board or two they'd get on like a crypt on fire. Both of them have a muddle-headed mystic streak a mile wide, both pounce on any old myth like a duck on doughboys, both would rather elaborate than investigate, both are fully paid up members of the Uri Geller fan club. Stevie Nicks may fade away and gravitate to the Mabinogion scheme of things — it's an ancient Welsh tome, prannet — while Sioux sticks to her collection of the Pan Book Of Horror series, but for the pair of them a dream date would be prancing around Stonehenge in the swilling grey mists of Midsummer morn with Kate Bush playing gooseberry.

SINGLES

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

SPROUT HEAD UPRISING: Throw Some Water In (Stiff). HERMINE: TV Lovers (Human Records). Hermine could be Francois *Mind Your Language* Pascal in the process of slowly but surely swallowing the medicine chest as she laments the sham of modern romance marketing devices and all that trite jive. Piaf with a puncture.

Alternatively you could purchase Maria Louise Jackson playing her French polish for laughs, all Disque bluegrass and wry eyebrows, frivolous fun all the way as hinky-dinky parlez-voo meets the U.S. Mael brothers. I especially like the line about buying a piece of rope.

THE BELLE STARS: Slick Trick (Stiff)
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS: I Was A Rich Man's Plaything (A&M). So po, the hellish Belle Stars, so very pony. Here we have peabrains only visible under a microscope. Here they make like the moral majority in mini-skirts bleating about bar girls like a posse of second wives bemoaning the high cost of maintenance to hubby's former spouse. It's truly staggering — the permanently below par Belle Stars getting in a sweat about something so overwhelmingly innocuous as some girl on a bar stool guzzling gratis brew when — COME ON NOW, MORONS, surely there's one or two things happening around this man's town, this woman's planet, more worthy of having a little caustic spleen vented all over it.

So much small-minded pap from so many wretched saps — someone should take away their expensive musical instruments and give them a garden fence to gossip over, you know, something they could really get their petty little molars into. The "song" itself is a rush hour rap when anything emanating from that genre should surely be slow, sleek and deliberated. Also — and it gives me a pang in my Lion Heart to say so — it should be AMERICAN. It's the one and only thing our health-bore, death-wish colonial cousins do well.

You have to laugh at the Belle Stars. If you didn't they would bring a lump of bile to your throat. They'll ponce as much press coverage as is humanly possible on the strength of their rather ropey pins but let some working girl cadge a couple of G&Ts off of some creep in a bar and it's case of bring back the stocks. Shoo, you shrew, shoo.

True Life Confessions, on the other hand, are the type of girls who sleep in their earrings — and are proud of it! It's a Gold Diggers celebration where the only face you recognize amidst all the Busby Berkely squarebashing belongs to Lana Turner. It has charm, humour, what the Frenchies call *chien* — spicy, tart, amusing, pungent, tempting, in the immortal wordplay of Judith Krantz.

"I say girls, why don't you slip into my jacuzzi?"

"WOW!"

"You make me want to 'eeve."

"He was a nice man."

"Yes, he was very riche."

"Stupide fat man — I tried to put him on a diet — but it didn't work."

True Life Confessions are the type of girls your best friend is fooling around with; the Belle Stars are the type of girl your best friend is fighting the alimony case against.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Green Door (Epic). As J.R. once remarked to Sue-Ellen: "The worst thing that could ever happen to anyone had happened to you — *you've lost your class.*" Shaky once had so much, so very much — he was a man admired by Joanna Lumley, he was a man who played Communist benefits, he was a man of Harlech. But what's behind the greasy bore now? Not a lot. A lacklustre parrot fashion parade, lame and limp, tediously tame no matter *what* it does with that right hand. This is no swinging single, just a sagging swinger; this ain't no heart throb, merely indigestion.

Give me the moonlight, give me the girl, give me Frankie Vaughn every time.

NOELE GORDON: After All These Years (EMI)
BILL BUCKLEY: Meg Is Magic (Grandstand). Worried about mash mail from Hell's Angels? Troubled by psychotic normals who just can't tell the difference between fact and fiction? Frightened that you may even have to keep the tedious old sow on the payroll? Don't worry about it, ATV, there must be fifty ways to lose your luggage. Here's what you got to do — Diane The Waitress becomes Emperor of the Western World, the Brownlows drop dead and nobody notices, Benny becomes Home Secretary and nobody notices, Meg makes a record and everybody notices, she is ostracized by the rest of the Gnomey Oak community when her name is linked with rumours of chemical bacchanalia and carnal payola in connection with Tim and Keith, the Atack twins, ex-Child. Chris Hunter finally shaves off his feather cut and becomes a Trappist punk who walks around saying, "I say, have you heard this new stuff by these Clash chaps? It's really rather good." When he is working on the reception desk one day a coachload of hermaphrodite groupies check in asking for a Mrs Richardson it is just too much for the motel's long suffering producers, it's — let's not beat about the bush here — the veritable final straw . . .

Meanwhile, back at the playlist, Shughie McPhee comes home unexpected to find Noele biting off more than she can chew and Bill Buckley being so dang gratuitously zany that he should be a Stiff.

STARTRAX: Startrax Club Disco / More Than A Woman / Night Fever / Tragedy / Massachusetts (The Lights Went Out In) / How Deep Is Your Love / Stayin' Alive / Nights On Broadway / Saved By The Bell / Words / Jive Talking / If I Can't Have You / New York Mining Disaster 1941 / First Of May / You Should Be Dancing / Startrax Club Disco (Picksy)
DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES: A Medley — Stop! In The Name Of Love / Back In My Arms Again / Come See About Me / Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart / Where Did Our Love Go / Baby Love (Tamla Motown)
DIONNE WARWICK: Hit Record Medley — Walk On By / Anyone Who Had A Heart / The Look Of Love / Make It Easy On Yourself (Arista). Oh, well! If the modern world has got an attention span that makes the average size centimetre look like Moon River then CHOP IT ALL DOWN! Reduce everything to economy sized pinpricks that the cretin at the bus stop can digest with spit on his chin and without disturbing his endless slumber! WE WOULDN'T WANT TO KEEP YOU UP! Let's have the Sistine Chapel on a postage stamp! Stick Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot* out as a grubby little fanzine! Has anyone ever told you you've got great bare bones! I'm sorry, I'm sorry — I don't know what came over me. I'll try to precis my next ten singles pages into a couple of paragraphs.

No wheels on the bandwagon and they're still rolling along; that day of commercial judgement is after them, but they're singing a happy song, singing hippity-hoppity, hippity-hi, dragging everything down to the lowest common denominator so the slug in the street gets a chance to soak it all up . . .

It's records like these unchained, *painfully* unnecessary medleys that give egalitarianism a banal name.

How's that for brevity?

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SHELLEY LONG · JOHN MATUSZAK · AVERY SCHREIBER and JACK GILFORD
Written by RUDY De LUCA and CARL GOTTLEIB
Produced by LAWRENCE TURMAN and DAVID FOSTER · Directed by CARL GOTTLEIB · Music by LALO SCHIFRIN
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For LONDON CINEMA GUIDE and THEATRE GUIDE see Page 47

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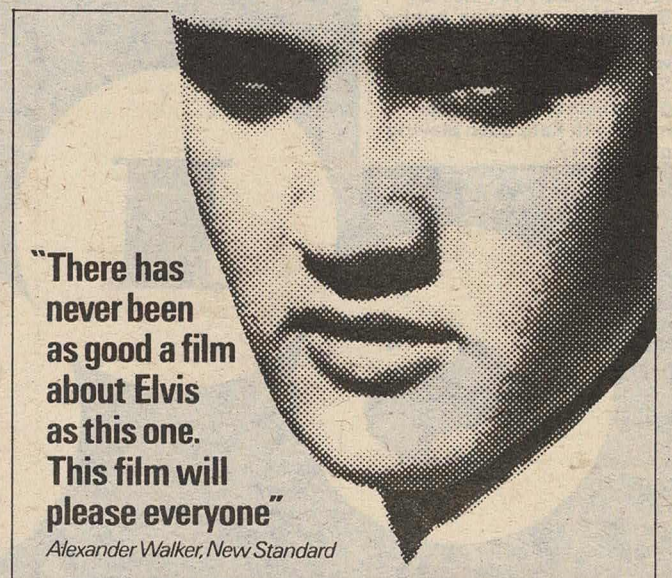
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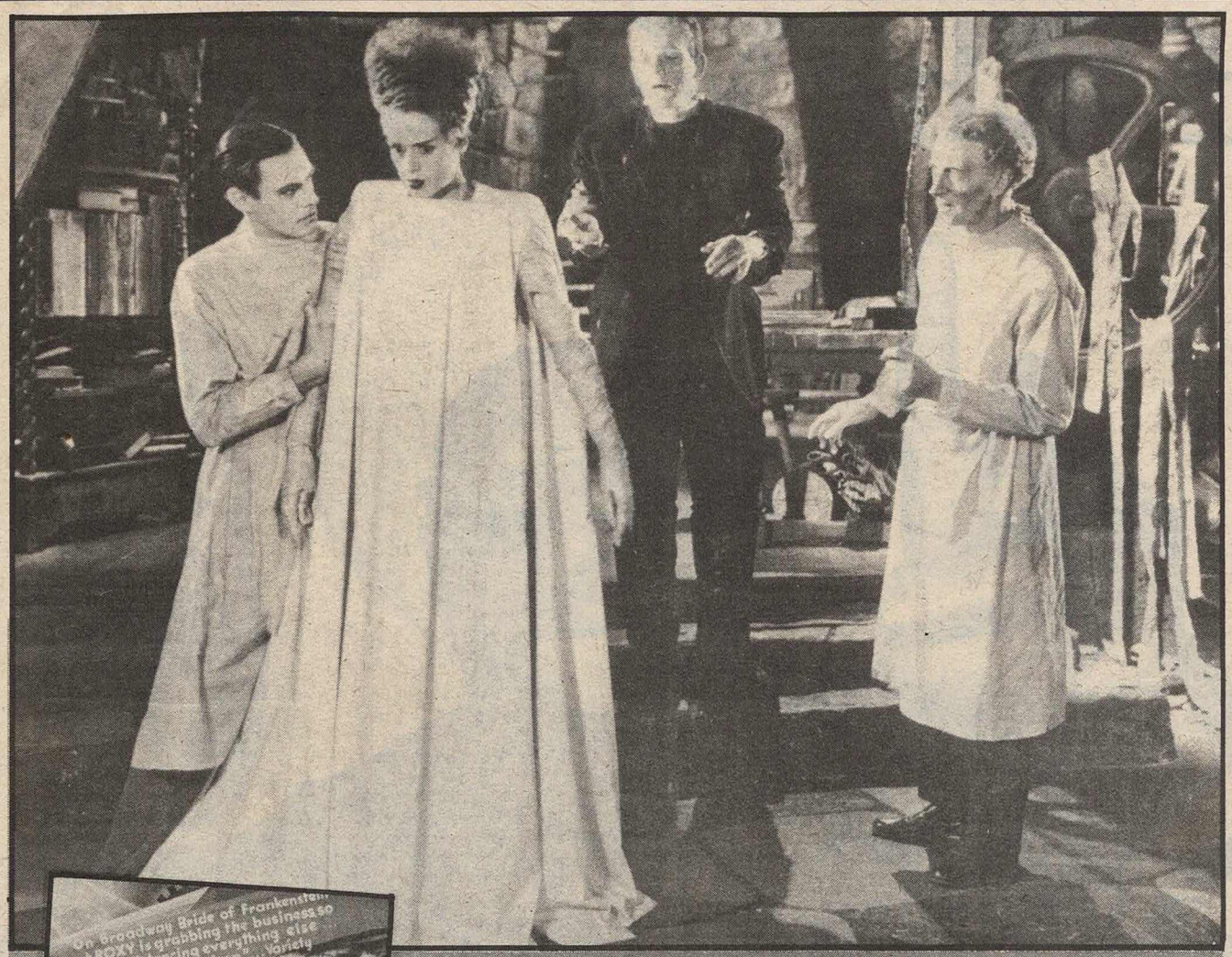


On Broadway Bride of Frankenstein at ROXY is grabbing the business so far outdistancing everything else there is no comparison" ... Variety
Carl Laemmle presents
KARLOFF
in a Universal picture
Bride of FRANKENSTEIN

LAND OF DOPES AND TORIES

As the entire nation plans to shut down next Wednesday, July 29, in an orgy of celebration in honour of our editor's seventh cousin's marriage to that nice chap from Windsor, *Picture Parade* offers ways in which to escape the blanket media coverage of this hysterical event: there aren't any. But for those miserable killjoys who think "Sod that for a game of Ruritarian soldiers!", London's Scala Cinema will be showing a Royal Wedding Special double bill of James Whale's 1936 classic *Bride Of Frankenstein* (Elsa Lanchester mangnificent as the intended mate for an understandably agitated Boris Karloff) and an intriguing B film from 1958, *I Married A Monster From Outer Space* (Gloria Talbot suspects hubby Tom Tryon of something a bit worse than bigamy). Yvonne will be taking collections in the foyer for the International Year of the Single Parent Family.

Monty Hamilton

"Don't make such a fuss, Di — his breath isn't that bad." Colin Clive, Elsa Lanchester, Boris Karloff and Ernest Thesiger hold their own garden party in Bride Of Frankenstein (above); (left) the original poster.

Picture Parade

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A MISERABLE OLD BUGGER

From The Life Of The Marionettes

Strings pulled by Ingmar Bergman
Starring Robert Atzhorn, Christine Buchegger and Martin Benrath (ITC)

THE LATEST page from Dr Bergman's unsufferably bleak casebook only confirms the suspicion of him being a gloomy Scandinavian more content to wallow in the misery of the human condition than escape it.

The move to West Germany hasn't cheered him up any, but then the shift from one socially secure state to another was hardly likely to shock him out of his lifelong *ennui*. He's been tapping that seam far too long to change now, even though to the majority of cinemagoers his kind of ennui just means plain boredom.

Where once his morbid introspection gave life to some compulsively watchable, painfully honest dramas, the sheer repetition of his pessimistic worldview has converted his truths into elaborate cinematic truisms; in other words *Soap*-styled melodramas, but without the bubbles. All that is left to admire in Bergman is his technique and artistry as a film-maker; and that — that professor Art Garfunkel ravished a drugged and dying girl. In comparison *Marionettes* pales into insignificance, Roeg's film being not only dazzling virtuoso cinema but also a moving investigation into the nature of the Garfunkel character's sensual obsession. Bergman, on the other hand, plays the part of a typically mysogynistic Freudian analyst; he outlines the deed and then mathematically arranges the evidence to act as mitigation of the crime.

Firstly, there's the wife Egerman can neither love nor leave; secondly, there's the protective mother still pulling strings, and lastly there's the homosexual Tim, who inadvertently offers up the whore as a human sacrifice in a doomed attempt to disrupt Egerman's marriage and win him for himself. If this all sounds like the stuff of intriguing melodrama, it is laid out with all the emotional intensity of a police report in which Bergman deliberately avoids engaging the viewer's baser attentions by prefacing each flashback with factual crossheads.

The one neat trick is to film the opening murder sequence in full colour, thus suggesting the momentary "Wholeness" without characters strong enough to exist outside Bergman's void — reduces him to the role of puppet master.

None of the marionettes of his latest film is invested with any will or hope of his own, they are all completely and irreversibly lost. Recognition of the fact proves unhelpful, as chief puppet Peter Egerman (Atzhorn) reveals to psychiatrist Mogens Jensen (Benrath). He tells him that neither his success as a businessman nor sex with his wife (Buchegger) spurs him anymore. On the contrary, he is gripped by inertia, and what's more knowing it only deepens his sense of futility. His sole stimulus comes in a dream in which he murders his wife.

The dream becomes reality when on a whim he murders a prostitute (Rita Russek) who bears superficial similarity to his wife. In that brief moment of true feeling, he sodomizes the corpse. I'm not giving anything away as the film begins with the killing and goes on to piece together its motivation via flashback.

In both plot and technique it resembles Nicolas Roeg's *Bad Timing*, in which a Viennese police inspector tries to prove of the murderer, and the flashbacks in black and white — as if monochrome more accurately matched the hollow state of his mind before his most decisive act. That the film reverts to colour to view the now crazed Egerman in his cell implies that, unlike Raskolnikov (the senseless killer of *Crime and Punishment)* he is incapable of feeling remorse over his deed; but the sense of inertia has been erased by the murder.

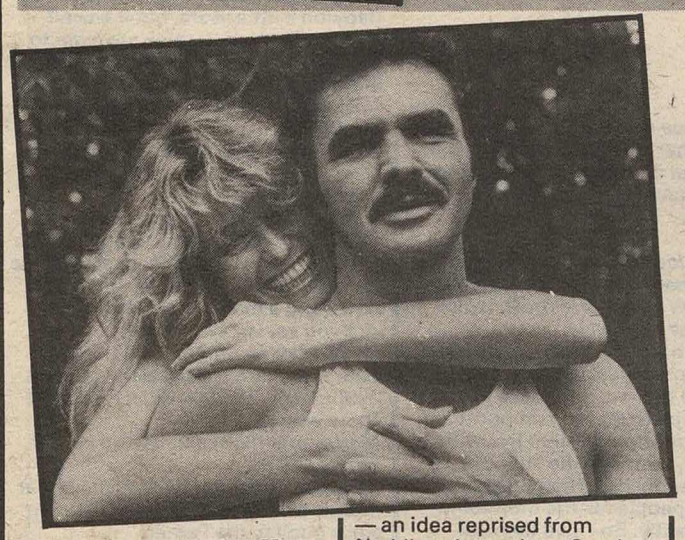
Unfortunately Bergman leaves the film there, thus forcing Egerman to conform to the director's pessimism. At least Raskolnikov's creator Dostoyevsky allowed the murderer to survive his deed, see its futility and discover real life and love.

Which is why Dostoyevksy was a far more valuable artist than Bergman is ever likely to be. The Russian took us down the lowest depths of the human spirit and showed us the way out. Bergman simply resigns us to them, denying that there is an exit. Those who don't know it only partly live, those who do might as well give up.

In *Marionettes* he virtually admits that the struggle isn't worth it.

Chris Bohn

Rita Russek in Marionettes, about to crack up at one of Bergman's on-set practical jokes — the great man has just balanced a bucket of custard on Sven Nykvist's camera.



The Cannonball Run

Directed by Hal Needham
Starring Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, Roger Moore and Farrah Fawcett (20th Century Fox)

AN INFANTILE orgy of insensible destruction, *The Cannonball Run* has been wowing the rubes in America. It takes the *Smokey And The Bandit* formula — shit-kicking hick heroes and girls with big tits being chased up and down the highways by nincompoop cops — and grinds it into the ground.

The Cannonball Run, apparently, is an actual cross-country race that was instigated, illegally, by a bunch of speed freaks in 1971. Director Hal Needham, a former stuntman, took part in one with scriptwriter Brock Yates in 1979. This film is their 'tribute' to the fun-loving drunk drivers who take part.

It's about as funny as a room full of Mormons, and the motley cast respond to the imbecilic gags (about girls with big tits, mostly) with wan grins and strained backslapping (even the closing selection of out-takes — an idea reprised from Neddham's previous *Smokey And The Bandit Ride Again* — are stubbornly unfunny).

Bianca Jagger makes a surprising appearance (surprising because she doesn't have big tits) and says two lines, both of which keep the roof firmly in place. Dean Martin makes an even more surprising appearance (surprising because he somehow manages to keep upright *and* slur his two lines at one and the same time) but it isn't remotely amusing to see a man so devastatingly bloated and blotched through alcohol abuse *(Steady on, Mr Pot — Ed.)*.

Everyone mugs away furiously, to debilitating effect, and late on Peter Fonda leads in his slack-jawed biker friends for a jolly old climactic ruck; nothing like a bit of choreographed violence for a good laugh, especially when on of the sight gags involves a gang rape.

I hose morons who took to the similarly puerile *Death Race 2000* may well take to it, but I find this kind of mind-numbing garbage offensive and unfathomably stupid. No sense of humour, that's my trouble.

Monty Smith

"Bloody hell! Burt Reynolds wears a silly wig and gets Farrah Fawcett hanging off him — me, an ex-Beatle, gets lumbered with bleedin' venus fly traps. I knew we should've reformed the group, sod it."

Caveman

Directed by Carl Gottlieb
Starring Ringo Starr, Barbara Bach and Dennis Quaid (United Artists)

PRAY that *Caveman* is a one-off and not the herald of a whole new genre — troglodyte slapstick. Directed by Carl Gottlieb (who scripted *Jaws* and *The Jerk)*, it's basically a comedy version of *One Million Years BC.* But two or three gags stretched over 97 minutes don't run to a lot of laughs.

There's little dialogue apart from grunts, groans and The First Ten Words Ever Spoken, so the humour depends a lot on the clowning and miming abilities of the cast; it's not immediately apparent that they have any. The talk (?) is nothing as urbane as the old cartoon Flintstones, relying rather on 'ca-ca' and other things that six-year-olds soon tire of discussing in the school bogs. These moronic trogs — including a pygmy cross between Gene Wilder and Bob Dylan — are big farters and belchers, too. Ha ha ha . . .

The special effects aren't exactly a barrel of fun either. You soon get used to a dinosaur baying at the moon and crowing at the dawn. Still, the way one of its eggs is turned into a massive tribal fry-up is vaguely amusing, and the other joke's when a giant fly is swatted on a hapless cave person's nose.

The plot concerns an ongoing primordial lust conflict situation. Shy, retiring cave(rn) dweller Ringo Starr is expelled from the tribe for fancying the boss trog's woman, a sort of low-rent BC Raquel Welch played by Barbara Bach. Although Ringo finally gets his prize by impressing her with his accidental inventions of fire and roast chicken, he decides she's a fickle groupie and drops her, literally, in the shit; he prefers virtuous prehistoric home-maker Shelley Long.

Though *Caveman* performs no useful entertainment function, in real life it's performed some kind of social one; Ringo and Barbara's love proved to be more than temporary off set and now, of course, they're married . . .

Paul Tickell

Curse Of The Vampires

Legendary Jamaican producer Lee "Scratch" Perry raps and rants in New York. Richard Grabel listens to his method and madness. Picture: Joe Stevens

DESPITE his recent inactivity, interest in Perry hasn't waned. His old material is continually being recycled, a touchy matter with Perry since it is usually without his permission. Recently Trojan in England and Clocktower in the U.S. have brought out Perry compilations, and Island released a good one last year, 'Scratch On A Wire'. But Perry dismantled Black Ark, his backyard Kingston studio, about two years ago, in a fit of anger against the record business "vampires", and he has released very little new material since. Some press reports at the time suggested he had lost his mind.

Perry uses the "is Scratch crazy" controversy to his advantage, to keep people around him in awe, and out of his way. He is an impressive figure, short and wiry but very strong-looking, even ferocious. When we meet, he fixes me with a stare that really does leap out of his eyes like lightning. The word intense could have been invented to describe him.

Lee Perry surfaced in New York a few weeks ago. He showed up one night at a gig being played by The Terrorists, a group of white New York/New Jersey kids who have been playing reggae for six years. Perry did some impromptu singing with the band, and agreed to produce a single for them.

The result will be out soon on a new label called Spliff Rockers: 'Love Is Better Now', lilting, romantic, hummable, but nothing special. The B-side is a Perry talkover, and very odd. Perry yelps, exclaims and rambles with little regard for customary toasting technique. It's not classic Perry, but it's good to hear him working again.

After recording the single, Perry and The Terrorists played some shows around New York. Perry would come out after the Terrorists' set, elaborately decked out in a space cadet costume, and together they would run through old Perry favourites like 'Roast Fish And Cornbread', 'Soul Fire', and 'Babylon Cookie Jar'. Perry's voice is really more a scratchy growl, but his way of declaiming, his authority, turned the music into a gripping drama.

Then, on a trip to Boston with The Terrorists, Perry was shown a video of The Majestics, a white reggae band based in Rochester. He decided he would rather work with them, announced to The Terrorists that the association was over, moved to a farm owned by one of The Majestics and began rehearsing with them. Latest report has Perry and Majestics coming to New York for a support slot with The Clash.

I spoke with Perry twice, the first time before a show with The Terrorists at the Mudd Club, the second time by telephone from Rochester.

At our meeting Perry played with two props, one a spliff, the other a wire mesh ball filled with roaches, bits of string and old junk. Perry handled it constantly, like a magic talisman.

'Interviewing' Perry is a mad experience. He has a habit of launching into mile-a-minute tirades that bear little relation to the questions.

Perry's rap is all cosmic bravado and shameless self-promotion, but there is meaning in his madness. He very rightly feels short-changed in the rewards, especially financial, that have come his way in return for the incredible work he has done.

WHY did you come to New York?
Well, to make a new life. To finish up my studies. I am not just a producer. I am a teacher, I am a prophet, I am a writer, I am a master, I have four million billion changes in miracles. I have 144,000 saints which back me up all the while in magic, and I have the powers of science.
How did you hook up with the Terrorists?
Miracles; I say I've got 400 million miracles, changes, I can do anything.
Why did you decide to record with them?
Well, I do them an honour, I do them a pleasure. Is a new group I want to see move. Anything I do, I know it will work. Any music the guy wants to hear, they will have that, once they are clean. You understand?

My name is Syntax, I come with Syntax, with the power of art. I am against thief who rob the innocent, charging with people.
People are bound to wonder why, after all the great Jamaican singers you've worked with, you've come to work with a white, American band. Can such a band really convey the feeling, the roots?
It's a pleasure. I want to change my life. I work with the black so long, and they give me a hard fight. I want to live a cool life, no problem, easy going. I'm a lover, not a warrior. I give thanks. Thanks for the little birdie that sings me the cool songs, gives me ideas. Thanks for the simple things in life. But I can destroy any warrior, because love is a power over any evil. And I've got it.
What's happening with your Black Ark studio at home?
The studio? It's remodellin', it's being remodelled for a new future with some cleaner people, honest people worthy to step into the Ark of the Covenant to sing. I have locked it away from parasites and vampires.

In the past the people I have dealt with are thiefs, criminals, parasites and vampires. Not one is there that I can say 'This is a good one'. None. All I see in this business is singing parasites, singing lies, singing something which they don't mean. It really bothers me, man. It really get me mad.
What about the records that were released on the Dutch label Black Star Liner?
That's a bad movement. They were in a haste, haste to catch a flight which isn't ready. Them trying to rip me off, but them are fools.
They released things you didn't want released?
Of course, I don't even hear these things. If I have an album I have to be there, I have to mix my album. They come in Jamaica and ask some singles from me, and they give me a little advance. So I give them some singles to put out on disco. So they come with the idea they want to do an album with me. But they don't find the money. And so many demands they make upon the album, the cover and everything. So I told them I wasn't interested. So they figured that's it now, and put an album out. So it's a bad spell me a cast upon them — them fall into the twilight zone.
When you're here in America do you miss the inspiration of being back-a-yard?
No, because we travel together, I am in New York, I am in Jamaica the same time. I'm a spiritual madman palace, the best. I'm in the Black Ark still while I'm standing here because I'm speaking through universal telepathic communication. Deep sea underground roots. Magically, miraculously, scientifically.
Will you return to Jamaica soon?
Yeah, why not? Well, I will be here till they release collie weed legally.
You may be here a long time then.
No man. Tell me who can canter like the Centurian? Can change things. You don't believe in history?
But the forces on the other side are powerful.
Fuck them. No problem. Me can destroy a guy by speaking. Me a prophet and a teacher. My name is Gabriel the Archangel, you know. I am not interested in you speak to me about reggae singers and all that. I am a philosopher, a legend, a surity. The only truthful man on earth. That make me can do anything 'cause truth defend me.

When you look back on all the records you have made and produced, which ones do you remember most, which ones are the hardest?
The whole of them is the hardest. Me defend them all because me no wan' defend one of them and make the other ones jealous. Them support me, them are my angles. Them live with me forever, them are the shadows of my companionship. Them never fail me. When people fail me they stand by me perfectly. So I love them all equally. Them are different vibrations, different touch, different movements.
About two years ago, when you took apart the Black Ark, people started to say you were crazy.
Of course, I am the maddest. You have witnessed it. Why, you think me wan' deny it? Then if me see some guy who try to get mad like me and I have some competition me think it's your fault.
If people think you're mad they stay out of your way.
Right! I don't mind 'pon that. Ha ha ha.

But me keep myself in the fire so the man that wants to know me can know me. My Father gave me five million zillion changes in miracles, different faces, but all them faces belong to me. I am Mount Zion. If I want to be a monster I be a monster. Look out.

They kill you, the vampires and bloodsuckers, take away your diamond. Stab you in the back and take away your girl. I'm talking about bloodsuckers. They kill the prophets, one by one, because every prophet come to tell the truth. But tell them they can't kill *this* bloodclot because him can't dead.

TWO WEEKS LATER I am on the 'phone to Perry in Rochester.
So, Scratch, you've changed groups now. What happened?
Well, I'm here with the boys. We wan' put something together solid. I want to be like a universal orchestra, look like a ball of fire. I wan' take them back to Jamaica and put it in the Ark together.

Me no deal with a story. All you have to know is that I am here with them. The thing with The Terrorists was just part of the action to terrorize Babylon a little more, but it wasn't anything firm. You think me want to go terrorize people all the days of my life? I'm here to cheer people up, man.
How did you feel about Bob Marley's death?
Well, me tell you this about this thing. I'll make myself clear. In the laws of the Almighty, in the ten commandmants of right, His Majesty said the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. In eternal life him can't dead. So, in the life it must be a thing a man die why him dead.
Are you saying that Marley. . .
Me not say anything. I make myself clear man, don't criticize my speech. Hear what I say. If he dead him must know why him dead.
Marley and the Wailers were sort of pupils to you.
He was a pupil? Let people know that he was still a pupil him dat lived. 'Im still a pupil to the Father.
Do you think that the Jamaican government is using his name for political advantage, giving him so much honour after his death?
Well it happen in all the bibles. They always give honors to the wrong king. What else would them business politics for? Fuck off with the dead and fuck off with politics. I'm only here to defend the living.
Will Marley's death make a difference in how reggae will go forward in the world outside Jamaica?
Reggae's gonna capture the world. The reggae bandwagon must travel on because me alone have the key. Me can open the door and let a man in or me can lock him out.

If it don't work for me, if I am serving a God that don't answer me I would never serve him. He must answer me speedily. Otherwise I am not dealing with him a fuck. I wouldn't call him Father. If him is asleep, keep sleeping. My Father has to be on the fucking ball. I salute lightning, ball of fire. Move this finger instantly, that's the power of Allah.
What are your plans now?
Me naw gawn give you a secret. Me naw making no words to say when me go and when me stay. We are moving. I don't know where I'm going next because I don't create myself. I don't rule myself. He that created himself must be a terrible man.

Siouxsie And The Banshees

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The Tour

JULY

*Thur 23rd	WOOLWICH	Odeon
*Sat 23rd	IPSWICH	Gaumont
*Sun 26th	CHELMSFORD	Odeon
*Mon 27th	SOUTHEND	Cliffs Pavilion
*Wed 29th	TORQUAY	Town Hall
*Thur 30th	ST. AUSTELL	Cornwall Coliseum
*Fri 31st	BRISTOL	Colston Hall

AUGUST

Sat 1st	BRIGHTON	Conference Centre
Sun 2nd	POOLE	Arts Centre
*Tue 4th	CARDIFF	Sophia Gardens
*Wed 5th	GLOUCESTER	Leisure Centre
*Fri 7th	MANCHESTER	Apollo
*Sat 8th	LANCASTER	University
*Sun 9th	LIVERPOOL	Royal Court Theatre
†Wed 12th	GLASGOW	Apollo
†Thur 13th	EDINBURGH	Playhouse
†Fri 14th	INVERNESS	Ice Rink
†Sat 15th	ABERDEEN	Capitol Theatre
†Sun 16th	PERTH	City Hall
†Tue 18th	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
Thur 20th	BRADFORD	Tiffany's
Fri 21st	DERBY	Assembly Rooms
*Mon 24th	LONDON	Hammersmith Palais
*Tue 25th	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
*Wed 26th	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
*Fri 28th	PETERBOROUGH	Wirrina Stadium
*Sat 29th	COVENTRY	Theatre
*Sun 30th	OXFORD	New Theatre
*Mon 31st	SOUTHAMPTON	Gaumont

SEPTEMBER

*Wed 2nd	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD	Pavilion
*Thur 3rd	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
*Fri 4th	BRACKNELL	Sports Centre

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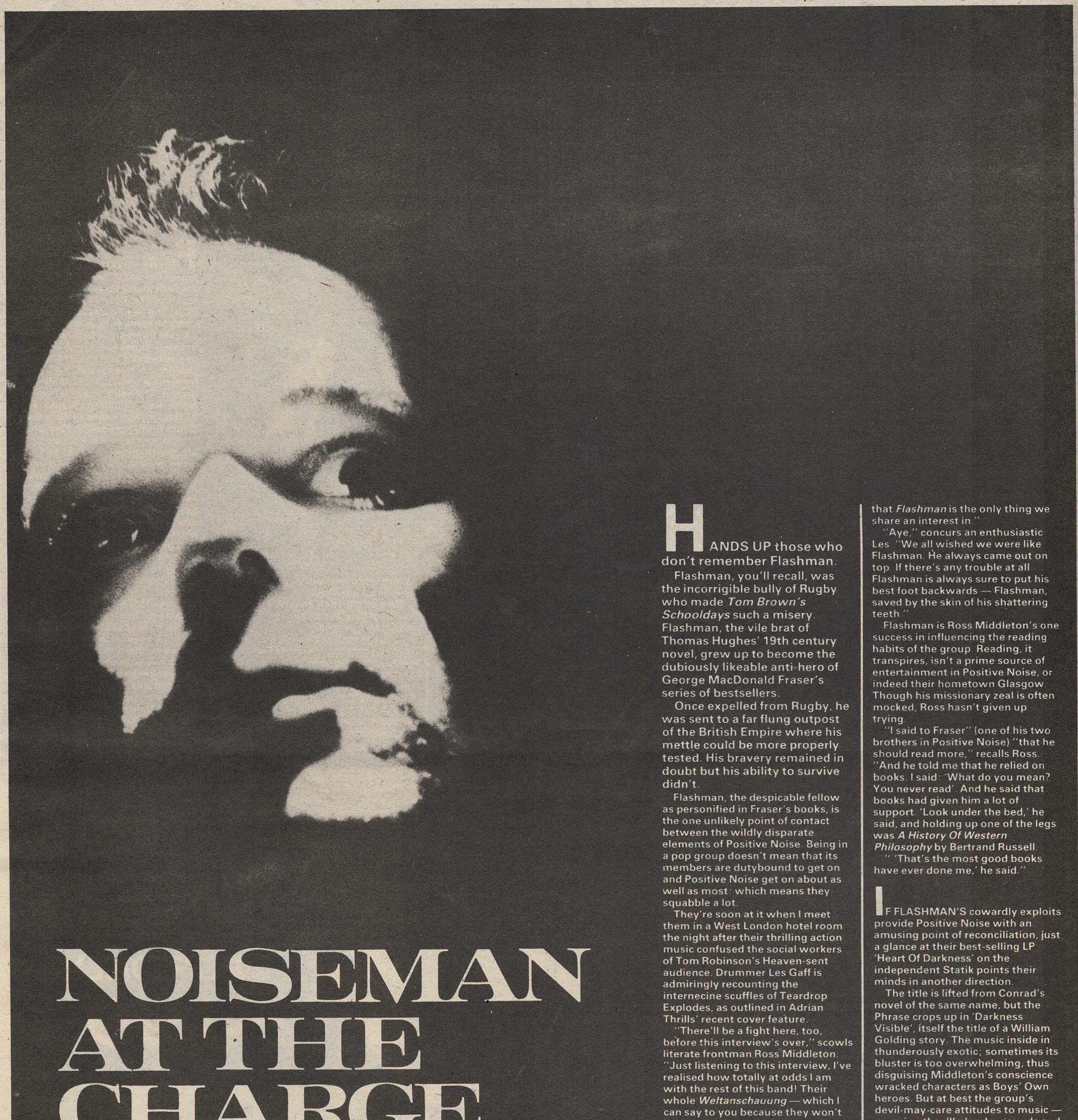
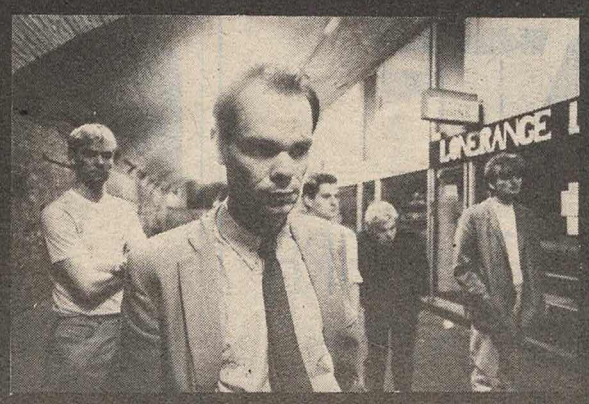


NOISEMAN AT THE CHARGE

The dastardly Ross Middleton tries to impose his literary interests on Positive Noise while they remind him of his drunken, debauched days as a pop singer

Edited and arranged BY CHRIS BOHN
Photographed and flattered BY DAVID CORIO



HANDS UP those who don't remember Flashman.

Flashman, you'll recall, was the incorrigible bully of Rugby who made *Tom Brown's Schooldays* such a misery. Flashman, the vile brat of Thomas Hughes' 19th century novel, grew up to become the dubiously likeable anti-hero of George MacDonald Fraser's series of bestsellers.

Once expelled from Rugby, he was sent to a far flung outpost of the British Empire where his mettle could be more properly tested. His bravery remained in doubt but his ability to survive didn't.

Flashman, the despicable fellow as personified in Fraser's books, is the one unlikely point of contact between the wildly disparate elements of Positive Noise. Being in a pop group doesn't mean that its members are dutybound to get on and Positive Noise get on about as well as most: which means they squabble a lot.

They're soon at it when I meet them in a West London hotel room the night after their thrilling action music confused the social workers of Tom Robinson's Heaven-sent audience. Drummer Les Gaff is admiringly recounting the internecine scuffles of Teardrop Explodes, as outlined in Adrian Thrills' recent cover feature.

"There'll be a fight here, too, before this interview's over," scowls literate frontman Ross Middleton. "Just listening to this interview, I've realised how totally at odds I am with the rest of this band! Their whole *Weltanschauung* — which I can say to you because they won't know what I'm talking about — is completely different."

"And this is the man who gets barred from pubs for singing," scoffs Gaff. "We left him sleeping in the pub once he was so drunk.

"This is our *art* man," he rubs it in further. "Go on, tell him the other aspects of yer literary interests — tell 'im you read Flashman!"

"I already did," explodes Ross triumphantly. "I told Chris last night that *Flashman* is the only thing we share an interest in."

"Aye," concurs an enthusiastic Les. "We all wished we were like Flashman. He always came out on top. If there's any trouble at all Flashman is always sure to put his best foot backwards — Flashman, saved by the skin of his shattering teeth."

Flashman is Ross Middleton's one success in influencing the reading habits of the group. Reading, it transpires, isn't a prime source of entertainment in Positive Noise, or indeed their hometown Glasgow. Though his missionary zeal is often mocked, Ross hasn't given up trying.

"I said to Fraser" (one of his two brothers in Positive Noise) "that he should read more," recalls Ross. "And he told me that he relied on books. I said: 'What do you mean? You never read'. And he said that books had given him a lot of support. 'Look under the bed,' he said, and holding up one of the legs was *A History Of Western Philosophy* by Bertrand Russell.

" 'That's the most good books have ever done me,' he said."

IF FLASHMAN'S cowardly exploits provide Positive Noise with an amusing point of reconciliation, just a glance at their best-selling LP 'Heart Of Darkness' on the independent Statik points their minds in another direction.

The title is lifted from Conrad's novel of the same name, but the Phrase crops up in 'Darkness Visible', itself the title of a William Golding story. The music inside in thunderously exotic; sometimes its bluster is too overwhelming, thus disguising Middleton's conscience wracked characters as Boys' Own heroes. But at best the group's devil-may-care attitudes to music — meaning they'll plunder sounds and jump-start styles and fads at will — is ideally suited to the tempestuousness of Ross's tales.

Positive Noise play a dangerous game which sometimes takes them perilously close to making the same mistakes as Francis Ford Coppola did in his film based on Conrad's novel, called *Apocalypse Now*. For all that film's noisy impressiveness,

Continues over

NOISEMAN

From previous page

it ultimately submerged the book's original psychological journeys beneath the visual gaudiness of the battle scenes. And just by calling their debut LP after the same book might have been misleading.

"Aye, Paul Morley actually told us not to call it 'Heart Of Darkness' because people will say we got it from *Apocalypse Now*, but I don't care at all," challenges Ross. "I was not particularly impressed by that film anyway. I don't think Coppola was at all sensitive to the issues of the book; he totally misread the whole idea of the heart of darkness, and probably thought he could make it into something lurid and brilliant. It hasn't got any heart at all, never mind a heart of darkness. He just veers off into all these tangents, like those books scattered around on Kurtz's table. And suddenly it had become like a Tom Stoppard play, meaning it was all about backslapping — I recognise that cultural reference!"

But don't Positive Noise leave themselves open to that same complaint, what with all the clue dropping in both their titles and musical references?

Ross denies this. "With Stoppard, the whole point of his plays is that people recognise his subtle references to Beckett or to Eliot, or his jokey references to the logical positivists. In Stoppard's plays people can recognise the intellectuals they'd like to be by spotting the references.

"But our 'Heart Of Darkness' was assembled in much the same way as Eliot's *The Wasteland*," he extravagantly claims. "That too used what went before. It's just that some people cover their tracks better than we do, because we're not interested in covering them. So instead of a smooth, finished work of art, you've got a patchwork quilt. Well, that's alright . . ."

ROSS is nothing if not an agile talker. These days he's taken to dressing like Jack Nicholson's detective Giddes from *Chinatown*, with whom he shares a sussed, weather-beaten cool and the darting quick wits that help him talk his way out of scrapes he's just talked himself into.

In Ross' case he learned to look out for himself early on, as he ran away from his comfortable Glaswegian home at 14 to scramble together a living of sorts in London. He got a job in an office until they found out he was under-age and then he worked odd jobs like washing cars. Sounds romantic?

"No," replies Ross. "I'm not proud of my past, I caused a lot of worry and wasted a lot of time. In retrospect it was probably a good thing that I did it, but it was a good three years off my education for a start. When I came home I started worrying about my future. Graham (his second brother in Positive Noise) was working in a fairly good job, as a trainee manager for a supermarket earning good money — had a sports car, stereo, a girlfriend, and I thought, 'Fuck me, I'd never actually done much'. It's all very well saying, 'Well, I'm reading a lot'."

Eventually he caught up on his education at nightschool and finally got to study at the Sorbonne in 1978. He returned to Glasgow the following summer to find his brothers forming a group and decided to stick around. This was about the time Scotland had become the latest territory to be colonised/patronised by the London-based music press; a point that irks bassist Russell Blackstock.

"Funny isn't it how in England it's always Manchester, Liverpool or Birmingham, but up here it is all one lump called Scotland!"

Though they were one of the first groups in the wake of The Skids and Simple Minds to benefit from such exposure, they were also the earliest to suffer the backlash of bitching from local rivals. Edinburgh's Postcard label planted the seed with *Sounds* Dave McCullough that Ross Middleton was notoriously unreliable, and ever since he's been struggling to shake off the unfair slur. Then, Middleton is not about to be drawn into any chauvinistic slanging match.

"I've never been attracted to the idea of having roots, or being part of a certain culture anyway," says Ross. "I would much rather float — as a cosmopolitan. I don't particularly like Scotland and I've spent most of my adolescence away from there. I only like Glasgow now because it is possible to live an un-Scottish existence there. As soon as this tour's over I'm going to Switzerland (home of his girlfriend) to become the neutral man!"

Middleton has a greater affinity with ex-Skid Richard Jobson or Simple Minds' Jim Kerr than the spate of Scottish groups whose roots are steeped in rock. His prime interests lie elsewhere, in literature and in European culture, as opposed to the Velvet Underground and the trash aesthetic that seemingly infatuates Postcard's unholy trio Orange Juice, Josef K and Aztec Camera.

"I've never been very impressed by pop culture and the trash aesthetic," points out Ross. "To me, trash is trash. Warhol could be quite funny, but he didn't make great art. It's a bourgeois thing. Julie Burchill, whom I usually agree with, gave him far too much credit in her *Face* article, though she was right in saying that nobody forced the rich kids to buy his stuff.

"To me a lot of modern art is the same as the chocolate box art of the 19th Century that young ladies used to paint as a hobby. It doesn't really interest me at all. The last modern art I liked was done by people like George Grosz.

"Taken in a European context, his art was defiantly brash, vulgar and low, with much exposing of private parts, but it is still grittier than most abstraction or modern art."

True, except that Ross' view doesn't account for pop art's historic role as a rejection of traditional European icons and values, replacing them with the objects and styles of a fresher, more fickle culture. But it is pop art's emphemeral nature that Ross doesn't like, believing that art's true worth is proven partly by its endurable qualities.

How come, then, that he's drawn to something as ultimately disposable as rock?

"It's the easiest thing to do," Ross readily concedes. "Vic Godard once said something about always wanting to be a writer, but it was much easier to be in rock and roll. More people buy records than books, but drama still interests me a lot, as you can still make a living from it, which is important. Money always comes first. If you're going to devote yourself to any one art form, you're only going to do it properly if your material worries are out of the way. Writing novels — I mean *real* novels, not Harold Robbins stuff — is dead."

Isn't his attitude a bit opportunistic, a touch dilettantish

"I think anybody working in rock is a dilettante, it's a dilettantish thing, it's not art, and that's the whole point. But you can still do a lot within that limited ground. Like 'The Idiot' for example. That lasts, but for how long? You can't make a final judgment on rock as to its validity as an art form, because it has not been tested by time yet. But it is getting on quite nicely as it is."

FUNNY HOW the best rock and pop of the last decade has been made by those least interested in music per se. Roxy Music, Bowie, Wire, The Sex Pistols and even The Clash all came to rock with stronger outside interests. The tensions between those same interests and pop conventions creates that vital charge which separates the best from the worthier, musicianly groups. The same goes for Positive Noise. Ross Middleton would rather be Hemingway exiled in Paris than Chuck Berry holed up in Memphis.

He's got the confidence (and arrogance) to believe that he'll ultimately be in a position to ditch rock and earn a living from writing. In fact he's already written two radio plays, one of which he says has been accepted, and the first draft of a story called *Nostalgia*. Its plot outline is revealing.

"I think it's really good," admits modest Ross. "It's about a guy who grows to detest the modern world and everything about it: its plastic qualities, the rise of terrorism, the texture of food, everything. So he creates for himself a '20s world in which he hides himself until he meets a girl who is exactly the opposite. She's managing a rock band, has written to Andy Warhol, things like that. It's like a clash of two cultures, and though they manage an uneasy reconcilation, he realises they can't really be reconciled. You have to let something go, you have to grow up."

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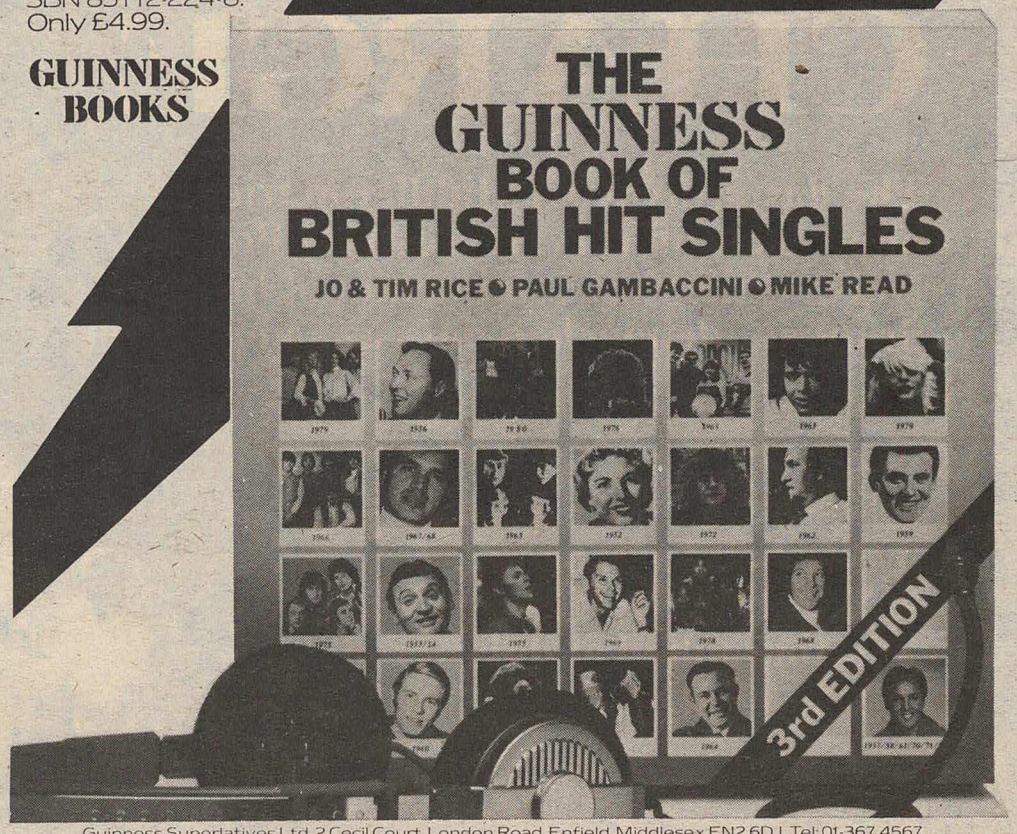

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"Movies nowadays are all high technology and no brains, no imagination. What do you call it when you do something real good and you didn't expect it? No spontaneity . . . Not enough instinct. All those movies all look the same. There's no more fuzzy things!"

— Lux Interior

THE CRAMPS HAVE a song called 'I Was A Teenage Werewolf'. Back in the days when teenagers and werewolves were more or less synonymous terrors that caused palpable tremors in the minds of God-fearing citizens, somebody had the bright idea of combining the two in a film called *I Was A Teenage Werewolf.*

Mixing liberal sympathies with outright shock, it argued that one unhappy juvenile's delinquency was simply the result of an incipient case of *Homo Lupus*. The film is a piece of sentimental fiction but The Cramps song is autobiographical fact. Lux Interior *was* a teenage pariah. And his teeth were *soo loooong* . . . But they told him it was 'growing pains'.

And then there was a film called *The Fly,* about a scientist who inadvertently transmutates into a human fly. It caused quite a scare in 1958. That was long before The Cramps wrote a song called 'Human Fly', which is about being a human fly, who cries 96 tears with his 96 eyes.

"SOME GUY had just climbed the World Trade Tower and the headline in *The Post* that day was: HUMAN FLY CLIMBS TOWER. I was out walking along the street at about six in the morning. It felt like *Night Of The Living Dead* the way all of the people were wandering around. Somebody had jumped off the roof of the building next to ours and they were scraping him off the sidewalk. All of that made me go home and write the song . . .

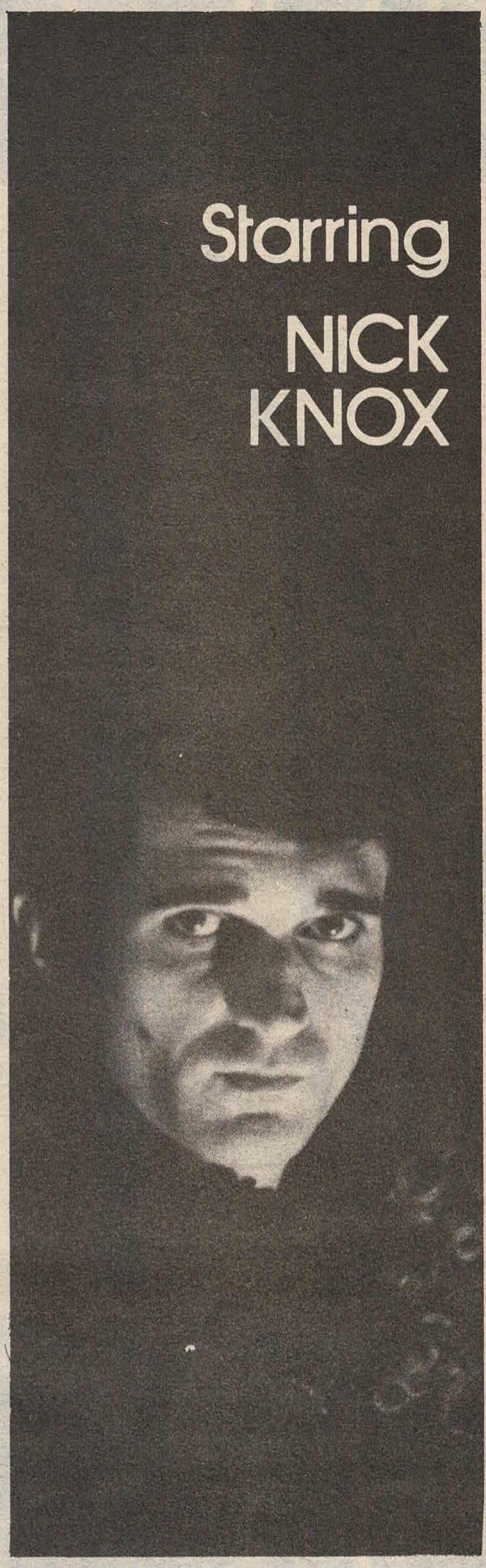
"People sometimes say our songs are about horror movies but none of them is. 'I Was A Teenage Werewolf' has nothing to do with the film of the same name. That song is absolutely *true*. I wrote a song called 'Man With The X-Ray Eyes' once after seeing *Man With The X-Ray Eyes* on mushrooms, but we never did it."

— Lux Interior

ONE OF THE things I like about The Cramps is the imagery on which they feed. A midnight snack in the twilight zone of American culture. The Cramps pick their way through the discarded junk of another generation — the garage records and the B movies — like savages scavenging in old ruins where the gold has all been looted and all that's left are the totems.

The age old Cramps

Starring
NICK
KNOX



I asked the members of The Cramps to choose some of their favourite films. Most of these, it turns out, are horror films. Some are lurid teenage *exposes*. None of them is famous, though some are infamous. All of them are raw, heedless attempts to rattle an audience somehow.

It may seem like a morbid selection, but The Cramps aren't morbid people. No more so than the millions of people who regularly go to see — and are amused as much as shocked by — such films as *Friday The 13th*. Oddly enough, you need a sense of humour to really enjoy horror films. Or at any rate a sense of the absurd.

I like to think that one day The Cramps will connect with all those millions of people. Their music isn't just the soundtrack to a horror movie. It is a horror movie. A horror movie without a budget, which is often the best kind.

Idols

IVY RORSCHACH: I like Peter Lorre, especially in *M,* but my favourite is Barbara Steele, because she doesn't have to do *anything*. She just stares. She's got a great aura, so breathtaking. She's made tons of horror films, although I think *Black Sunday* was the best. She's just incredible because she looks like a vampire anyway. She's got these really weird teeth, and she always plays that kind of role. I'll watch the whole of *The Pit And The Pendulum* just to see her for five minutes. And it's just the way she looks, it's not make-up or anything . . .

KID CONGO: I like James Dean, an obvious choice. I like Vincent Price . . . Let's see . . . I like all those cheesy blondes like Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield. Mamie Van Doren I like a lot!

NICK KNOX: I like those blonde actresses too. And I like Clint Eastwood because he's so cool. The way he handles a gun: *"I got five bullets in this . . . Do you feel lucky?"* The way he kills all the bad and the ugly. That's what I want to do, kill all the bad and the ugly.

TO TEENAGE MONSTER MOVIES

LUX INTERIOR: I always have an impossible time picking a favourite because I don't like actors or actresses too much. I like things that get completed without any stars or things like that . . .

Films
Note: Dates and production details have been given where possible, but some of these films were doomed to obscurity. The only remaining copies are probably rotting away in the store rooms of Southern drive-ins where they once got a week-long feature run before making way for a Budd Boetticher western or a re-run of *Invasion Of The Bodysnatchers.*

Mother's Day (1980)
Directed by Charles Kaufman
Starring Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce
KID: It's one of the new wave of cheap horror films that are making the rounds in America. It's sort of like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre,* but more up-to-date. It's about this mother and her two sons, Ike and Adlai. There's these three college buddy girls who go on a fraternity hike. They're heading off into the mountains and all the townspeople are saying: "Oh . . . You don't wanna go up there. It's not safe!" and so on, and of course they ignore them, as stupid college girls would do, and of course Ike and Adlai get hold of them and terrorise them.

Ike and Adlai have the best house in the world. I would *die* to live in this house. It's completely covered in graffiti, inside and out. Great words like 'Bread' and 'Milk' . . . all this really good stuff on the walls. They eat their food out of garbage pails — dog food and rice crispies and stuff. It's too cheap for anybody to put their name to it, but I think it was made in New Jersey. Anyway, I haven't got to the good part yet. One of the girls gets killed, and then the other girls get their own back. They get Ike and put Draino down his throat and then smash his head through the TV set, and then Adlai gets an axe in the crotch. It all looks like a home movie, and the dialogue is great, so *funny.*
IVY: It's called *Mother's Day* because the two guys are both murderous assholes but they're absolutely terrified of their mother. All through the film the mother is saying: "Don't go out in the woods, boys, because *Queenie's* out there!" Queenie's supposed to be some sort of bogeywoman, but the two guys think there's no such thing as a bogeywoman. Then after the girls have killed the family and you think it's all over, this thing called Queenie arrives, and that's the end of the film.

There was a real epidemic of these horror movies just made by amateurs. None of them ever gets a feature run. They get shown in bills of three movies and it only costs two dollars to get in. A lot of them are just miserable but that was a good one.

Ship Of Zombies (1972)
LUX: That's a really great one, though it would probably be pretty hard to see. It just consists of these people that are shipwrecked out in this boat for some reason; they're in this boat and they come across a mist-shrouded ship, so they get on board. Most of them go below deck and then one by one the girls come on deck in bikinis and these Zombies come out of the hold and chase them. They chase the first one for almost 15 minutes, and the whole time she's screaming at the top of her lungs and cutting herself as she runs into things. By the time they finally catch up with her she's covered in blood from head to toe from continually running into things. The zombies are real wild too. And it's all human being noises backwards! And one after another they get killed off. Nothing else happens. It goes on for an hour and a half.

I think it was made in the early '70s. In LA they show a lot of these Mexican and Philipino movies of which maybe only ten prints were ever made. These sick LA TV stations buy them and show them. LA is much better than New York was for horror movies. New York has this standard thing of showing only the kitsch favourites. LA gets the real raw junk!

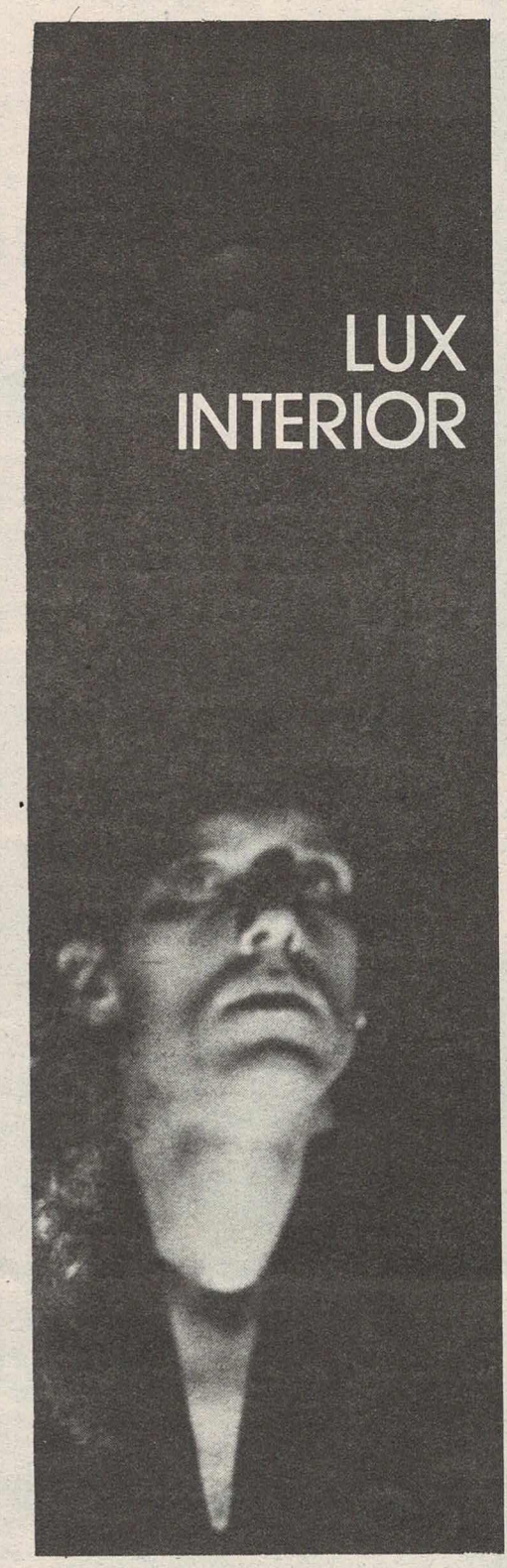
Death Race 2000 (1975)
Directed by Paul Bartel
Starring David Carradine and Sylvester Stallone
NICK: It's a sports movie. The Death Race is the national sport of America in 1999. It's a race from New York to the West Coast and you score points by running people over. It's a real neat movie because they race around in these souped-up cars and some of them have guns that come out and some of them have daggers and there's a cowboy who's got these two big long-horns on the bonnet that he stabs his points with. When they stab somebody or run someone over the blood is so crimson red, and it just gushes out of the wounds. If you like colour you'll like this.

Stallone plays a driver called Machine Gun Joe Kelly. He should have got an Academy Award. At the start of the race he pulls up to the line and there are all these people in the stands with big white 'F's on their sweatshirts because Frankenstein is the top driver. Stallone pulls out a machine gun and starts

shooting into the audience. That's my favourite movie. That's why I like to drive so much. . .

The Cool And The Crazy (1958)
Directed by William Witney
Starring Scott Marlowe, Gigi Perreau and Dick Bakalyan.
"A few weeks ago a Brooklyn school principal committed suicide because he could not suppress the rape and hoodlumism in his institution. The Cool And The Crazy is a badly written, sloppily edited, poorly directed, low-budget film that may well inspire more such tragedies."
— **The Hollywood Reporter.**
Filmed on location in Kansas city, where Dick Bakalyan and another actor were arrested for their delinquent appearance. Bakalyan also made a film called *Hot Car Girls* that year, and Richard Staehling in an essay called 'The Truth About Teen Movies' calls him "one of the teen-flick greats".
IVY: It's kinda like a *Reefer Madness* of the '50s, where all these teenagers are whacked out on pot. All these cool and crazy '50s teenagers get high on pot and crack up their cars. There's dialogue like: "Oh, you don't know what it's like being hooked on the smoke!" The whole movie's in slang. It's ridiculous, Daddy-o!

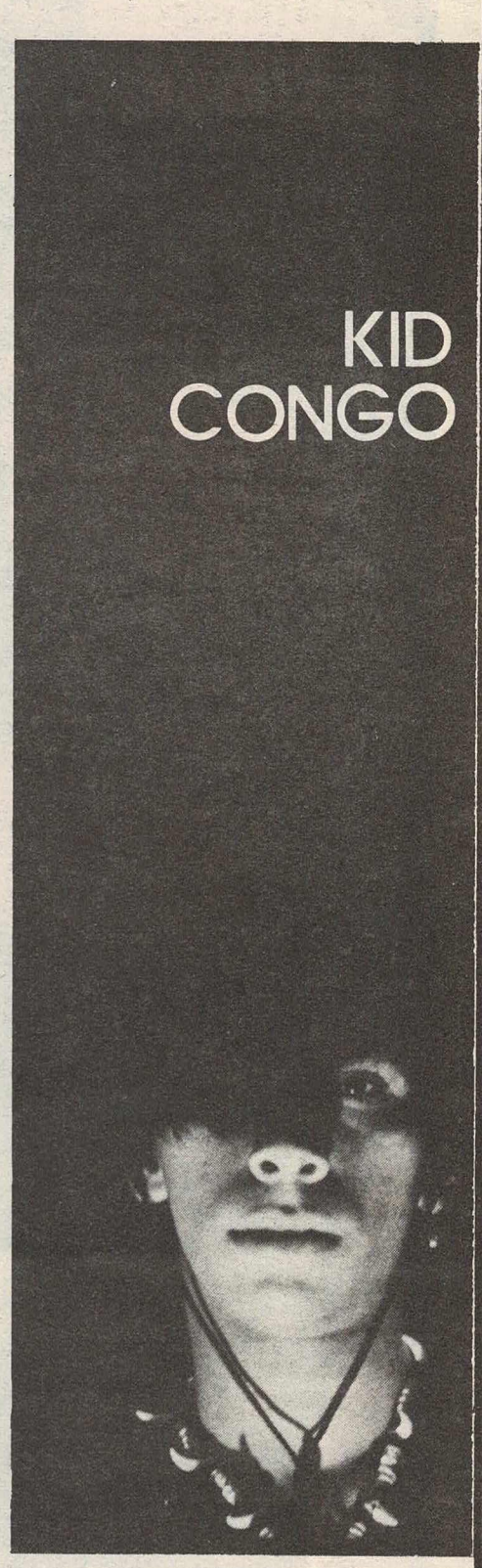
The Devil On Wheels (1947)
(Lux carries a cassette of the soundtrack to this one around with him.)
LUX: Forget about all that other stuff . . . *'Teenagers rack themselves up on the highway!'* It's great! They all talk like Ed 'Kookie' Byrnes from *77 Sunset Strip.* It's from 1947 and everything they say in it is rock'n'roll talk. It's all new language. Junior builds a hot rod and Dad says: 'Now don't race this. It's alright to build it but I don't want to catch you racing it." And the kid says: "Oh, I *never* would, Dad . . the next thing you see is *vroom!* He's taking off at ninety miles an hour with his girlfriend next to him saying: "Come on, you chicken!" It's just the greatest; The kid's putting more and more carburettors on his hot rod. It goes on and on and all the time



he's promising not to race. Towards the end of the film he hits a woman on the street and then he goes home and finds out his Mom was knocked down that day by a hit and run driver.

Hot Rods To Hell (1967)
Directed by John Brahm
Produced by Sam Katzman
(Legend has it that Sam Katzman coined the word 'Beatnik'. Other legends have it that he overheard one of his technicians using it and put it in a film pronto. In 1956 Katzman made four films. The titles: *Rock Around The Clock, Earth vs The Flying Saucers, Rumble On The Docks, The Werewolf.* What a legacy!)
KID: *Hot Rods To Hell* is about this gang of kids who terrorize a small town. There's this one scene where the guy's driving around in this convertible hot rod and his girlfriend's sitting on the ledge behind him, almost on his shoulders. She's got her hands in front of his face so he can't see and she's shouting:

The Teenage werewolf



"Faster! Faster!" After that, how could you want to watch anything else?

Death In Small Doses (1957)
Starring Peter Graves and Chuck Connors
Directed by Joseph M. Newman
NICK: That's another real good one. It stars Chuck Connors who was *The Rifleman.* It's kinda like a documentary about truck drivers and speed. Y'know, the Bennie kind? And Chuck Connors is a beatnik truck driver who's on the road and on the go 24 hours a day. Every town he hits he just pops more pills and he's got a girl on each arm. His lingo's real way out, like gonesville, Daddy-o! He ends up hallucinating and crashing his truck. It was made in 1957. I like it a lot.

Blood Feast (1963)
Two Thousand Maniacs! (1964)
Directed by Herschell Gordon Lewis
LUX: There are all these movies that were made by this guy named Herschell Gordon Lewis who owned a chain of drive-ins in the early '60s. He made them to show at his drive-ins. *Blood Feast* is about this weird guy who has an Egyptian temple in his basement where he sacrifices people, and *Two Thousand Maniacs!* is real great. It's about a Southern town, and the first thing you see is a bunch of people putting up a detour sign at the crossroads. It turns out the whole town is full of people who came back from the grave after the Civil War. They were massacred by the Union soldiers and they came back from the grave after a hundred years looking for revenge. They lure all these vacationers into the town and get them to join in all these quaint backwoods sports like rolling down a hill in a barrel; except the barrel's lined with knives. Eventually they just return to their graves for another hundred years. That really is a great movie, and it still gets shown from time to time.

The Creeping Terror (1964)
Directed by Art J Nelson
LUX: The monster in that one is actually a rug; a rug over a car! It sort of looks like a turtle

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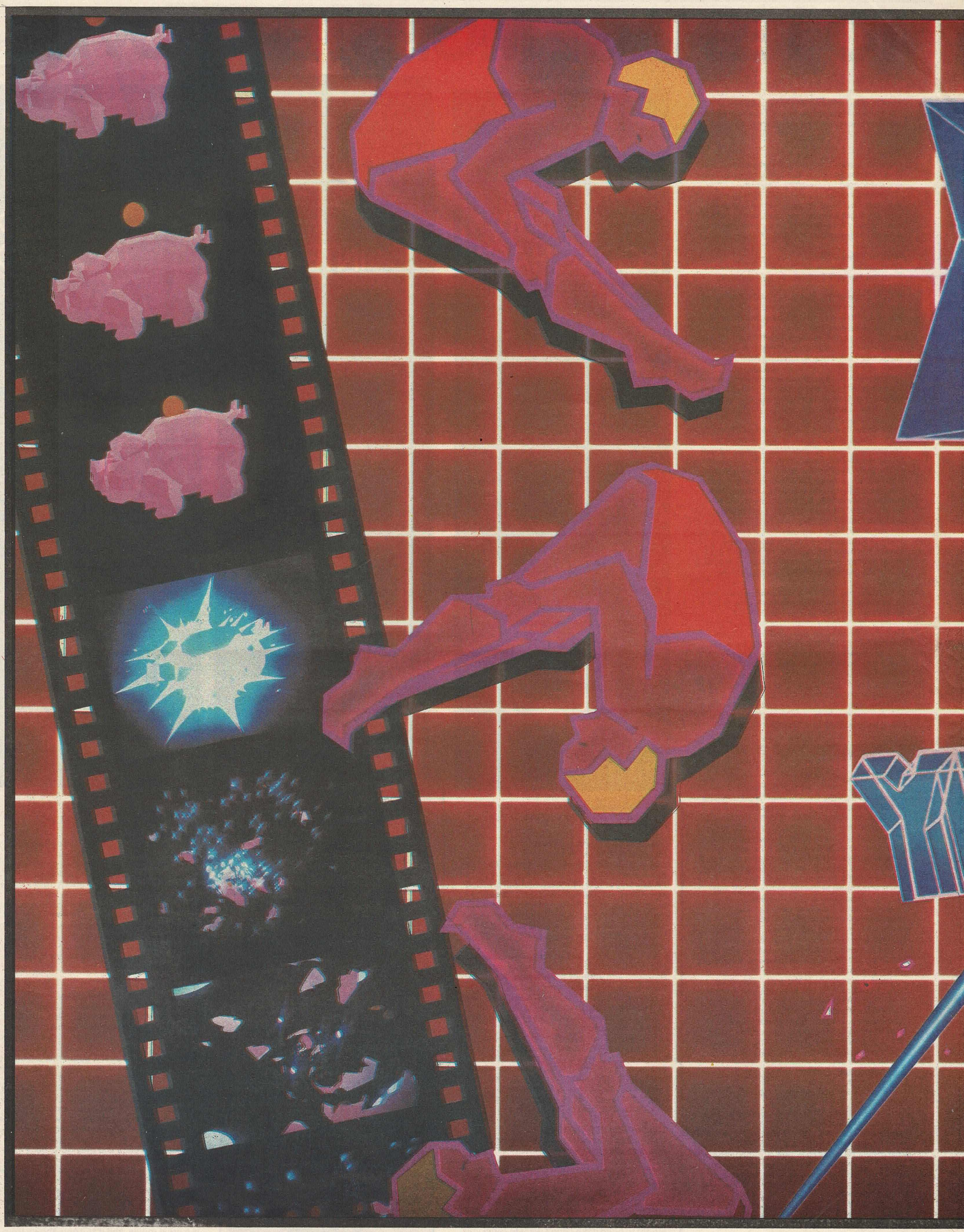

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AT LAST She's not free

DEBBIE HARRY
Kookoo (Chrysalis)

IF IT hadn't been for the partition of a single wall — though admittedly quite a thick wall — it may be surmised that 'Eat To The Beat' and 'Risque' would have been one and the same LP. And it was just this historic coincidence that led, by a not uncircuitous route, to the making of 'KooKoo'. Bear this concept in mind as you read on.

Now Diana Ross was one thing, but Chic's abducting Debbie Harry smacked of cleaning up competition — if not rewriting history. Blondie, sinisterly slick analysts of too many forms for comfort, both black and white, sixties and seventies, were being deconstructed. Debbie, icon and housewife, was prised free of the group by hubby and offered as willing, interpretable subject to America's ultimate name producers, those guys who, too well-trained to be superstars, had become backroom legends instead.

Edwards and Rodgers remind one of Phil Spector's stated (but unrequited) desire to produce Dylan, Presley, and Sinatra. They are also a new superstar drug on a par with cocaine. Next stop one Johnny Mathis. With La Ross, their masterplan ended in fear and loathing, but a very strong album emerged which was no more or less than the space of that struggle. Edwards and Rodgers had avenged themselves for Chic's curious decline.

But 'KooKoo' is different — this is not a surrogate remake of Chic's 'Risque'. Just as Gordy and his stooges doctored 'Diana' (even if signally failing to turn it back into the Motown record it never was), Chris Stein is almost possessively on hand to ensure that the essential Blondie vision isn't compromised.

In fact, what neither 'team' appears to have realised is that Blondie and Chic are not only very different but they inhabit totally incompatible sound-worlds. Where with Sister Sledge Nard and Nile revealed a hitherto unknown beauty beyond all discos and all souls, the convergence of their style on the Harrysteins', a convergence in which their sound scarcely brushes across the icon which is Debbie, is an unnecessarily forced attraction of opposites.

Nobody is denying for one moment that 'Rapture' is a cool summary of a minor but energetic sub-genre. Debbie has danced amongst black people. However, as if in panic at the proximity of these Chic blacks, 'KooKoo' has a rap called 'Military Rap' in which Harry plays a kind of high-stepping statuette of tyranny, inveighing on the touchline, like an androgynous cheerleader, "Come on all you niggers, git up, tell me you love me!" My point is: can you imagine the lead Sledge being so goddam arty-farty?

It's possible 'KooKoo' has kitsch quirks like this because God (the producer) never actually reaches the hand of man (the singer).

More drastic, the sound is neither Blondie or Chic — as the two worlds draw back from one another, a kind of inert, visionless drone grows between them.

Again, the once unmatched Edwards-Thompson nerve centre is not even a ghost of its former self. Should it come to coping with the demands of token sub-'Tide Is High' reggae outing 'Inner City Spillover' (as it does), you might almost feel the drums blushing. Of course that bass still sits tight as a heart at the sound's core, but it should be slipping around the ribcage as well. As for the textural quality of suet evoked in the mind by the drums (the apparent departure of Tony Thompson's brilliance to be lamented with much loud grief), it cannot be predicted whether frequent playing of 'KooKoo' will cause them actually to disappear from the mix.

And what of the astral curves, arcs, dives, and charges of that unsurpassed soul guitar? Well, when it isn't washed out of the sound altogether, it actually has to suffer the humiliation of *competing* with noises made by a certain Chris Stein, noises which are always wildly off the mark and hopelessly unChic.

One is forced to assume that by the time it got to the master (Dennis King) at Atlantic Studios, it was too late to even contemplate salvage.

The confusion clearly lies in the tact with whic the two couples have divided up the necessary work. Collaboration between all four is only to be found on two of the ten tracks, but each couple tries (fatally) to blend the other's style into its own. 'Surrender' and 'Backfired' may ring faintly of 'My Old Piano' or 'Chip Off The Old Black', but 'The Jam Was Moving' shows Edwards and Rodgers desperately rooting for thick-eared Stein-style rock music — quite possibly out of politeness alone. Similarly, the Blondies' 'Chrome' is straight autoWasp American, but 'Jump Jump' is a terribly misjudged compliment to Chic the dancemasters.

Worse still is the co-written 'Under Arrest': it must suffice to say it is simply one of the year's very worst rock songs; or 'Now I Know You Know', a Nard'n'Nile number, on which Debbie wanders condescendingly and disastrously into the territory (forbidden to all save Robert Wyatt) of 'At Last I Am Free', 'Will You Cry' and 'Somebody Loves Me'. Sure, compared to a lot of white gals, Debs' voice is "rich", but . . . but you take the point.

As for 'KooKoo's' flowery-powery orientalist finale, 'Oasis', if I might simply refer you instead to Severin and Budgie as they return in the fullest glory possible after the second chorus of 'Arabian Knights'.

Perhaps all we are required at this point to recognise is that the real greatness of Blondie as a venture — entirely separate from the question of Harry's visual status — lies, or even lay, in the ironic exploitation of sixties pop styles in order to redirect the course of white chart music in the late seventies. At her best, Debbie Harry was an artificial icon of pop history, a parody of the dumb blondes torn from their peaceful New Jersey homsteads and thrust onto the stage of *American Bandstand*.

The true home for that voice will never be anything but the palatial space and electro- Spectoresque muscle hustle of Clem Burke's premier drum kit, and the epic pulp plastic of Destri's Farfisa and beyond. Blondie haven't written very many good songs but so what? 'Slow Motion' is so good that Spector (knowingly or no) actually imitated Mike Chapman on the instrumental break of the Ramones' 'Danny Says'.

Debbie Harry destroys Chic with what one may call knowingness — child of Chris Stein's self-importance — that sense of the whole Blondie enterprise as the American pop dream's new testament. Chic, even when they played most subversely with the components of that dream, were never "knowing". For all its covert cynicism, isn't 'He's The Greatest Dancer' still one of the most rhapsodic records of our lifetime?

As fundamentally inauspicious a 'debut' as her first film performance, 'KooKoo' can only confirm what we should surely have guessed — that Debbie Harry is not "Debbie Harry". She really is, by the subtlest sexist twist, the "blondie".

Finally, the album's sleeve, with its revolting cover courtesy of H. R. Giger (he worked on 'Alien', for those who admire that inane piece of film-making), has a curious quote from Poe's 'The Raven' — " *'Doubtless'*, said I, *'what it utters is its only stock and store.'* "Could this possibly mean Debs is Lenore and we shall see her *"nevermore"*?

Barney Hoskyns

A Postcard from Scornland

Just out of their GRASP

JOSEF K
The Only Fun In Town (Postcard)

'THE ONLY FUN IN TOWN' is the LP of guitars, signs, sources and wonder I should be talking about in the same love-breath as 'Empires And Dance', 'Affectionate Punch', 'Kilimanjaro' if not 'Real Life', 'The Scream', 'Unknown Pleasures' . . . Instead I can barely talk about *it* AT ALL. But, you must be waiting, with all the care in the world, your own love-breath bated . . . But it does sound like the weakest folk music to me!

There are 57 possible reviews of K's second debut LP: select one that celebrates the plastic panic, choose one that condemns its maudlin merriment. All the reviews begin with the word SCORN. All the reviews end with the decision — it's plain to me! what is wrong with 'Fun'. It's plain! I don't want to have to say it again. Scorn? Forlorn! For why?

Jay Kai are, all at once, hesitant, smug, overawed and underpaid. When 'Fun' is concerned, justice doesn't even get a peep at The Door. Jay Kai were far too sure of what they wanted, what myths were there to compliment, what traditions laid bare to complement: sure of *that* but cautious of their real role as calculated realists.

'Fun' is too much concentration yet too little consideration: a lot of awareness but not much bravado. Just a 'Fun' whisper, because Jay Kai think (too much) about the wrong little things.

You can see that Jay Kai were over concerned with dotting i's, crossing t's and sharpening q's with the inclusion of a writhing handful of previously released songs — 'Revelation', 'Crazy To Exist', 'Heart Of Song', 'It's Kind Of Funny', 'Sorry For Laughing' are listlessly-meticulously reviewed. The Jay Kai brothers had to get these songs real or right or whatever it is: it's a precious persistence but it doesn't help us!? here. Their self-criticism is just a form of self-denial.

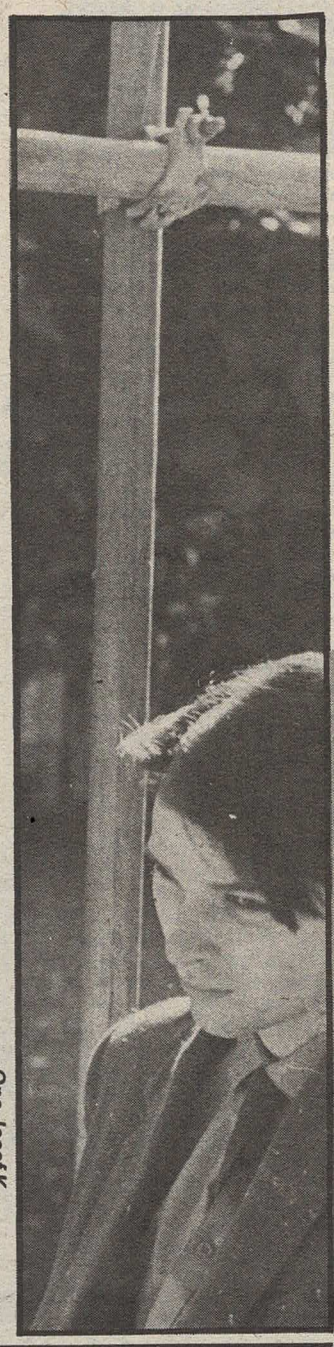
Jay Kai, you see, I know, they think, needed to fulfil their purist punk idealism and represent their static-changing songs as impartial surrealistic variations on a Spiral Scratch/Rebellious Jukebox theme: they've ended up up-ended, ruining the poignant greatness, sad cheer and awkward grace of their songs with a grief-grey and stubborn dependence on the now useless premise of independence. The fundamental problem, the basic mistake, the overall stupidity of 'Fun' is that it does not GO FOR IT. The power of starkness, the chaos that can rule, the sound of the heavens — it is all denied in favour of canned guitars ringing out the hull of dead and suppressed laughter. Within grasp is the great magic, the tempting power of sensuous derangement, but Jay Kai cannot be bothered to grasp and make do with a pleasant painless canter through their miniature fairy tale world. This 'Fun' is a period piece. They don't fall underground into a liberating darkness: they trip into a little rabbit hole and hurt their ankle. Cry, baby.

There are glimpses . . . a little suffering tease . . . but . . . BUT — the dominant thing: 'Fun' is an artificial paradise totally bungled. Wait; more! Fun is not much at all chasing itself in dizzying circles. Somewhere between the chunky Echo beat and the wound down punk bleat, through a large door and down a shady lane, in the hands of a world famous producer, lies smart and shirty and splenetic The Josef K Sound that would present their songs with CLASS. Songs that I've loved live, lived in love with, as cursed exclamations carrying connotations of restrained enthusiasm, hallucination, intoxication and mild insanity here grouse, jiggle and prick along their sarcastic way supported by just a gentle sense of play.

The precarious balance between reality and reverie is lost, lost, lost, the reduced production degenerates rather than glorifies the escapist desires and poetic fancy. 'Fun' is subdued not sublime: an errant substitute for WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN. Says I!

Singer Paul Haig is brilliant: the rearranged descriptive irascibility, the petulant portrayal of some things and others, he is the cool blue star of this standard show. He acts rich — as the group should do, as the production should be — but he alone cannot stop 'Fun' being scruffy. I! am appalled. Will there be a third time? Can they forget their past? Is what's lost ALL? Josef K have cheapened themselves and cheatened the world: not bad for a first LP.

Paul Morley



One Josef K

Nice cuppa Bovell

DENNIS BOVELL
Brain Damage (Fontana)

"Who says a jazz band can't play dance music?
Who says a rock band can't play funky?
Who says a funk band can't play rock?"
—George Clinton for Funkadelic

. . . and a who seh a reggae man can't play anything he pleases?

BRAIN DAMAGE is the first album by Dennis Bovell as Dennis Bovell. His credentials as a producer are impeccable (LKJ, Slits, P. Group, Janet Kay, etc., etc.) and his Blackbeard dub albums 'Strictly Dub Wize' and 'I Wah Dub' are the finest items of a dubonic nature manufactured thus far in the U.K., and Bovell played a dazzling variety of instruments on these albums as well as juggling with the noises. In addition to all this, he has functioned for vast tracts of time as guitarist for Matumbi . . . and here he is as Dennis Bovell, vocalist and songwiter (and bassist, guitarist, keyboard player, drummer, producer, etc. etc.)

The new album is a nominal double: one volume of songs in a variety of idioms and a companion set of pleasant dubby instrumentals. The instrumentals are just fine, particularly when you get to hear the plangent trombone of Rico set against the exemplary drum/guitar team of Angus Gaye and Brinsley Forde from Aswad, or some Julio Finn mouth-harp, but it's the songs we deal with here.

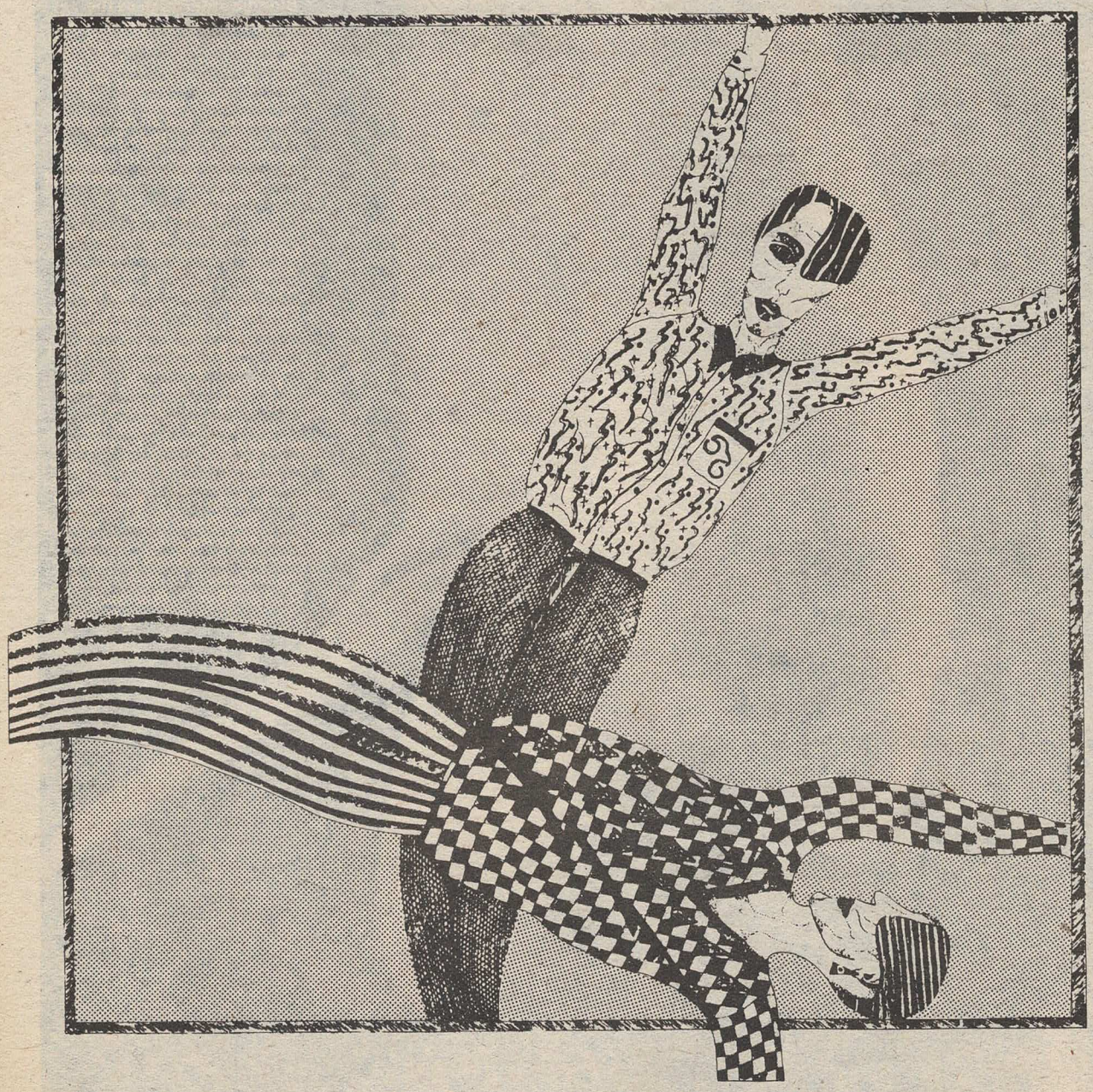
Said songs demonstrate the breadth both of Bovell's skills and awareness and of

THE BROTHERS JOHNSON
Winners (A&M)
JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON
And The Family Clone (DJM)

MORE turnover from the industry, stockpiled into your shops in quantities to reach the sky-a platinum tower of Babel. Hooray for Hollywood. The real Factory that Tony Wilson can dream of. These albums are as usual faultless in production and technique — never a note or sound out of place. Remember to some virtuosity is a virtue. But despite the fact they slid off the assembly line together there is a vast difference between the two records.

On 'Winners' the old gang is out in force, all having worked with Louis and George Johnson sometime in the past. Jeff Pocaro and David Paich who have also worked with George Benson and Michael Jackson all aided by Rod Temperton who strangely isn't present on the disc. Maybe he's dead.

We start with a Yip Yippee party down atmosphere which must by now be recorded off a BBC sound effects record and automatically fills me with complete distrust. No screams, no bottles smashed, maybe they should have invited the Lobsters from Athens. Instead we get waves of contrived and controlled dross all totally unmemorable except the track 'Teaser' which for once actually manages to resist the temptation of using every musical instrument known to man, thus creating gaps into which the listener can ease his or her body. As you know with Funk the important thing is



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Ice cream clones

reggae music today. The range of 'Brain Damage' is extraordinary: from the hard, rolling Grove Rockers rhythms of the title cut to the smooth Lovers Rock of 'Our Tune', from the Roxy-Music-play-Motown soul-rock of 'After Tonight' to the subversive disco of 'Heaven', from the exuberant Fats–Domino-goes-bluebeat of 'Run Away' to the truth-and-rights toasting of 'Bah Be Lon' and the Eddy Grant-goes-militant demands of 'Bettah', Bovell appears as a latterday Anything Man, playing any music he wants to play on any instrument he wants to play, saying exactly what he wants to say in a manner simultaneously warm, powerful and extremely direct.

Bovell ranges far and wide in his choice of subject matter as well: from the romantic to the boastful, the flippant to the angry. 'Brain Damage' itself is an ode to the music that's *"too much fe them manage"*, which threatens to *"mash up the discotheque"*, and it's followed straight up with "Bettah" which states just as clearly as it has to (which, judging by the behaviour of the government and its various agencies, is *very* clearly) that the people want exactly what the title says. From there, it's an old Matumbi number done up to rock (as in '. . . and roll' rather than 'strickly') and pure gooey *lurvers* rock before the hilarious New Orleansy 'Run Away.'

Most of side two is taken up with the sardonic 'Heaven', which will definitely *'mash up the discotheque'*, the massive, squelching beat underneath the hard, angry toasting on 'Bah Be Lone' and the . . . calypso???? . . . fun of 'Bertie.'

Apart from anything else, the vocals — lead and background almost entirely by Himself — are more than fine. It would be interesting to find out why Bovell hasn't done something along these lines before, but it's quite sufficient that he's pepped up the month by doing it now. 'Brain Damage' should be more than adequate to pulp the preconceptions of the three or four remaining turkeys who still think that all reggae sound the same — don't laugh, they still exist and I *know* two of them — and whether it mashes up the discotheque or not, it'll be mashing up I and I turntable until further notice.

Charles Shaar Murray

Denis Bovell

not what you put in but what you leave out.

There is nothing on 'Winners' to compare with 'Stomp' from the 'Light up the Night' album, as all of it is weighed down by mounds of extraneous additives . . . even the hand claps are credited. Music for Reactolite Sunglasses, and their pets.

Uh one, uh two, uh three, uh four. A wop bop a-lu bop a bop bam boom, can ya dig? Ah said oops upside the wall, my backs upside the wall, a cool rap, I say excuse me this is the groove, smooth and slow, Who are we? Don't you know? We're the Family Clone! Ho Hum.

The payback crawls over your abdomen, almost irresistible jive, Time to forget the Joneses and slip down into the soul. *"Can't afford a Jet Plane but a Greyhound bus gets you there just the same."* Yes its J. G. Watson time again the doyen desire of J. Peel the wrapped rapper. This album is much simpler than 'Winners' and benefits greatly.

As he is the only instrumentalist on the record, apart from Emery Thomas who drums on one track, the instrumental arrangement is kept to a relative bare minimum. The bass and drums are thick beating mud tempting the hippopotamus in you. There is a lot of strolling humour, confident and laid back like a limbo dancer. *"Like a tatoo on a sailors arm. Like the traffic when the red lights on. . . I just ain't gonna move."* Seriousness equals dreariousness. The songs just come and go and provide sublime stoned hedonistic pleasure for the slob in you.

'Come Dance With Me' which starts side two opens with the use of a voice box, a bloody stupid noise distorting the meaningless lyrics beyond aural comprehension so they become ridiculous sounds, creating ambient funk. However the humour is pervasive and most persuasive and lulls with the powers of the Sirens, no doubt I'm to be dashed on the rocks.

It is music for holidays, sun, swimming pools and avocado dips if you can bear the guilt, you tortured people. It is infinitely preferable to the Radio or Test Card. A Liberace for Funkateers, Johnny Guitar Watson is a charming idiot whose concept of the family clone complete with molecular models and test tubes has far more personality and individuality than the carbon copies churned out by the Bros Johnson.

Simon Fellowes

LIGHTNING STRIKES

CHAMPAIGN
How 'Bout Us (CBS)

FROM Chicago they may be, but Champaign aren't gangsters of the groove, more like purveyors of sugary MOR soul, which I'd rather take completely white and weepie REO Speedwagon sophisto rock style. Although most of the songs on 'How 'Bout Us' are more uptempo than the title track (and top 10 hit), they're still incredibly bland and soporific. Champaign? — ten ton mogadon . . .

Paul Tickell

LET THE THUNDER CRY Jim Capaldi (Carrere); PLANTATION HARBOUR Joe Vitale (Asylum)

ABSOLUTE nonsense. Retrogressive complacent crud. Capaldi sits back on his reputation for what that's worth and blathers about the plight of the Red Indian. Even Louis Lamour has more insight. Why do record companies even bother producing irrelevant and tedious dross such as this? . . . Only if it's a choice between Capaldi and the debut album from Joe Vitale, I guess. Listening to these two albums is akin to being thrown unconscious into a lake and on waking suddenly finding you've got lead weights attached to your feet. A pair of losers.

Simon Fellowes

POINTER SISTERS
Black and White (Planet)

THEY look good and I like the idea around which The Pointer Sisters seem to be built but seldom do they rise above a shallow mediocre muzak. What's the point, sisters?

Gavin Martin

TRIMMER AND JENKINS
Live From London's Fabulous Comic Strip (Charisma)

SOME RECORDS are just so *bad*, they're good. Some records, on the other hand, are just so bad they're boring. Trimmer & Jenkins, the perennial support-spot domedy duo, have made a contribution to the latter category. First time around, it's about bearable — moderately funny little songs, patter and gags, haw-hawing audience noises — but after that . . . totally unplayable.

Paul Du Noyer

THE ACTION
The Ultimate Action (Edsel)

STYLISH, Paul Weller approved and George Martin produced, red, white and blue-eyed soul from the mid-'60s. If, like the Dexys, you're still searching, you might find what you're looking for right here.

Fred Dellar

THIRD WORLD
Rock The World (CBS)

SUBLIME Keyboards from Michael Cooper and spot-on punctuating drums from William Stewart don't save Third World's sophisticated reggae-disco criss-crossed-over textures from immaculate (no sweat!) in-groove stupor — just what you'd expect from a Miami studio. The lyrics imply that music and spirituality will save us all from socio-economic evils. I don't mind the band talking through their collective spliff, but what irks is that they probably think they're making statements on behalf of 50% of the globe's population — Third World and all that . . .

Paul Tickell

TWITCH
Twitch And Shout (Bomb — Import)

MAPLE leaf rock from Toronto, Canada. Fairly bright, snappy and good humoured, but you'd have to live in Toronto really to like this group.

Edward L. Fox

pith taking **rickity** **furious fun**

maximum **out of step** **Bearsville**

MAX ROMEO
Holding Out My Love To You (Shanachie)

MAX ROMEO comes on like a kamikaze pilot with an album sleeve which proudly proclaims, "Featuring Keith Richards — Free Colour Poster of Keith and Mick inside". And just so as there's no confusion about which Keith Richards, there's even a photo on the back, this time with co-producer Geoffrey Chung.

But where's the pix of Earl Chinna Smith — the third producer listed here and to this reviewer's mind the most crucial, if his scorching hits on his own High Times label are anything to go by? (Remember Freddy McGregor's 'Natural Collie' or Dennis Brown's 'Blood City'?)

But this is Max's album after all and a fine job he's made of it too. His voice is all soft and gentle seduction — this guy is the original Mr Smoothie, whether he's telling his girlfriend to look at her heart to discover that she still loves him or whether he's beseeching all turn back rastas to take the vow of a Nazarene *"and don't let no barber razor go on I and I head"*.

He's backed to the hilt in this exercise, not only with the illustrious Keef baby, who somehow gets lost in the mix (that's the beauty of having three producers) but also with the aforementioned Earl Chinna Smith, on rhythm guitar; the dynamite horn section of Barry Rogers, Selven Powell and John McFadis with Sticky Thompson on percussion and Sly & Robbie on drum and bass. Sly and Robbie incidentally share songwriting credits for four of the 10 tracks on this album — mostly Grace Jones style disco hits. Totally addictive.

Roz Reines

RICK WAKEMAN
1984 (A&M)
ANTHONY PHILLIPS
1984 (RCA)

GEORGE ORWELL'S *1984* was such a terrifying complete vision of a totalitarian future that it has more often been read as fatal prediction than the serious warning it was intended to be. The title has become synonymous with the oppressive state, it is dropped so often that it has become devalued through over-use. Worse, it is bandied about with a hysteria totally at odds with Orwell's deliberately dry, anti-sensational style.

That the evocative title is adopted so frequently is understandable, if immensely lazy. Far less forgiveable is reducing Orwell's original concept to flabby musical entertainments such as these.

Quite how Wakeman can even begin to tackle the subject of totalitarianism from his rarefied position is beyond me. Remember, this is the man who threatened to quit A&M when the Sex Pistols were signed. Very tolerant, Rick.

His '1984' is typically fluffy, almost cheerful keyboards nonsense with woolly platitudes attached courtesy Tim Rice. Wet.

At least ex-Genesis man Anthony Phillips spares us the bombast and the verbal inanities, but his vision of '1984' is hardly more enthralling: a whining dirge of synthetic drones that manage to shape up briefly into one short, affectingly melancholy whim of a tune before the whole thing fizzles out. Worthy.

Whither resistance? More a whimper. Why bother?

Chris Bohn

URBAN VERBS
Early Damage (Warner Bros)

DAVID BYRNE dons a pith helmet and stalks off into the jungle. A job is vacant. Now that David wants to play funk, his spiritual sons and daughters are clamouring to become America's premier "intelligent", "literate", "New Wave" songwriter. And our next contestant is . . . Roddy Frantz of Atlanta, Georgia, who is the singer and lyricist of the Urban Verbs.

Roddy is to Byrne what Numan is to Bowie. He has the vocal style down pat — you know, sing two lines deadpan, one line raving, next line deadpan again — and his lyrics read like something Dave might have knocked out when he was 14.

And here we hit the root of the problem — "His lyrics *read*", right? It is a rule of thumb NEVER TO TRUST A RECORD WITH A LYRIC SHEET. Leaving Lydon aside, the *best* people (Beefheart, Wahi, Velvets, Costello, and of course, God, Robert Wyatt) never include them. What are they for? Are we meant to sit and ponder their profundity? If so, Roddy's are pretty profound, know what I mean? *"Velocity has taken over / Hang tight, it's just beginning / Controls collapsed, I sent them spinning."* Rock 'n' roll! Phew!

Roddy's problems are compounded by the fact that he doesn't write the music (the guitarist does). So there aren't any songs, as such, on the album, just Roddy getting all het up about *"austere environs, darkness and sirens"* while the bass and drums plod like no rhythm section has ever plod before, the guitarist plays like "hey man can I join the Grateful Dead now?", and the synthesiser sort of cruises. After all, it's got nowhere to go.

I have listened to this record four times and I still haven't spotted a single TUNE. There is, actually, one bright spot on this Steve Lillywhite (read: messy, no sense of contrast) production job, the finest moment the Urban Verbs are ever likely to achieve. On 'Terminal Bar' *("You pay your bill, go up to your room / You want to end your miserable life"*. Yes, Roddy, I see what you mean), the synthesiser makes a kind of whinnying noise when Roddy sings the word *"cowboy"*.Terrific! Yeah Yeah Yeah! More Animal Noises In Rock!

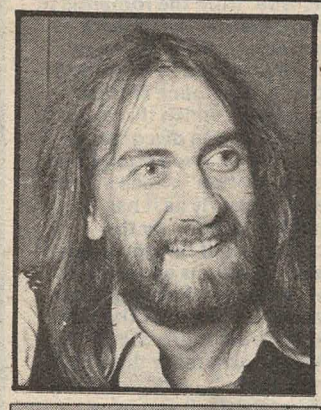
Frank Key

BOBBY CHARLES
Bobby Charles (Bearsville)

A LOUISIANA levee lounger with a voice that swirls like Mississippi mud, Charles first cooked this one up at Woodstock, back in 1972. Already a good ol' boy of rock, with a tally of discs that dated back to '55 and a name that hung neatly on writing credits to 'See You Later Alligator, 'Walking To New Orleans' and a whole batch of similar life-changers, Charles then hooked up with Garth Hudson, Rick Danko, Richard Manuel, Levon Helm (where were you, Robbie?), Dr John, John Simon, Amos Garrett and a gang of other ease-on-downers, cutting an album that many hailed as a classic.

Today it still sounds a beauty, casual like crazy, laconic but lethal, kinda J. J. Cale meets Fats Domino at the roots of blues'n'cajun, with Charles' smooth Southern Comfort of a voice acting as the perfect nightcap for any riverside summer night you may care to dream of. If a warmer, friendlier, more musically engaging reissue comes our way during the remainder of '81, I'll be pretty surprised.

Fred Dellar



MICK FLEETWOOD
The Visitor (RCA)

IT MIGHT be unfair to write this off as Rich Man's Indulgence, but who says it's a fair world? The prospect of a Mick Fleetwood solo album sets my pulses slowing along with yours, I suppose. But the cover does give some promise, lots of shots of MF living it up in Accra, Ghana, where the LP was recorded, and a musician list that includes plenty of local talent: old white bluesman digs for deepest roots?

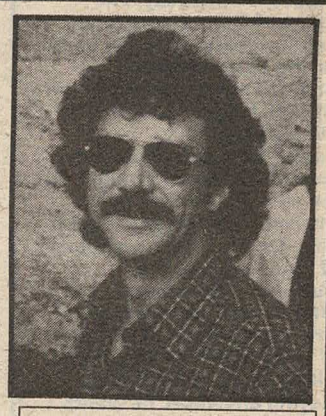
Well, no. Half the record is given over to pallid F. Macisms, culminating in a pointless 'Not Fade Away'. Buckingham's 'Walk A Thin Line' also turns up, no improvement over the 'Tusk' version. George Hawkins sings and basses, Todd Sharp guitars, and slumber is undisturbed. The interest instead centres on four tracks by various Ghanaian groups augmented or otherwise by Fleetwood's trio.

'O'Niamali' is a sunny work-out by the Adjo group but fades out before it gets going; likewise the roisterous 'Super Brains' sounds like it ought to sprawl over 20 minutes but is butchered to four to make way for Sharp's soppy 'Don't Be Sorry'.

'The Visitor' itself starts out as a promising shout-up, but the vocal group are all but drowned by an irritating synth line and Fleetwood's own drums, which are mixed way over the others'.

It's compromise, and a shabby one at that. If Fleetwood wanted to make an African record, why not give the players their head instead of jamming ethnic snippets alongside a truckload of mainstream floss? Unfair.

Richard Cook



PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE
Something In The Night (Casablanca)

THIS is the tenth album by Pure Prairie League, a country rock outfit that has had several personnel changes in as many years. This is less an album of songs than a sound, a smooth and digestible 40 minutes of southern California FM radio. The songs have a restrained American street energy about them, and are sung in southwestern accents that add a twang to the vocal parts.

The guitar work is good and strictly within the bounds of traditional rock session professionalism. They draw from a number of musical sources: note the choked soul guitar sound on 'Love Me Again'. 'Tell Me One More Time You Love Me' uses grand piano and strings to garnish the one slow romantic number; and on 'Still Right Here In My Heart' we get an intimate club atmosphere from the production device of zooming in on the sound of the drummer tapping the rhythm on the rim of the snare drum. 'Don't Keep Me Hangin' On' has a sax solo by David Sanborn which raises the track to a kind of Steely Dan cool. Eclectic, slick, but nothing to get excited about, even as mellow marijuana music.

Have you noticed that Americans often finish what they are saying with, 'Know what I mean?' It's hard for two American dreams to communicate, and the resulting emotional superficiality is what these songs are all about. Love affairs that stop and start. "Possession". Demands. Flight without direction. Know what I mean?

Edward L. Fox

BILLY FURY
The Sound Of Fury (Decca)
TOMMY STEELE
The Tommy Steele (Decca)
Stage Show (Decca)

ONE FROM 1960, two from '57 — three 10" elpees, re-released in their original formats. Dig those tacky covers, silly sleeve-notes, and labels that say "Instrumental accompaniment" and "ffrr — full frequency range recording". They just don't make them like this any more — which, in the case of Tommy Steele, might be just as well; but where Billy Fury's concerned, it really is a pity.

In its own way, 'The Sound Of Fury' is a classic of the time, and still a delight to listen to. Pre The Beatles, English rock'n'roll was not a lot to shout about. Apart from Cliff's 'Move It', a couple by Johnny Kidd & The Pirates, well, only Billy Fury rescues the period from total historic write-off. Sure, much of this is down to his image, which was mean and moody and magnificent before that phrase became a cliche. But the best of his music, rockers and ballads made between '60 and '62, cuts it on its own merits.

Pictured under a shadowy, cheekbone-enhancing light — sinister quiff, lopsided grin, silver suit, shirt-collar turned up — Fury looks the part to perfection, the way that nobody else outside the States ever managed to do.

The ten tracks here, all self-penned, point to the Liverpool Lad's instinctive rock'n'roll talent: no lame covers or twee little ditties or showbizzy excesses. His songs, unfortunately, don't get the production or the musicians to match the potential of the raw material — he was, after all, working in an industry that was yet to develop any sort of rock tradition. But don't let that put you off. Fury transcends all the limitations.

Where Fury was sensual and obsessive, Tommy Steele was merely cute. Steele's rock'n'roll was not much more than a stepping stone to all-round family entertainment. Everyone "knew" at the time that rock was only a teenage craze, to be swept away when proper music re-asserted itself, and the idea was to get in there and out again before the bubble burst. The 'Story' film soundtrack and 'Stage Show' albums confirm and conform to that syndrome.

'The Tommy Steele Story', mostly written by the lovable ex-seaman from Bermondsey with Lionel Bart and Michael Pratt, is the soundtrack to a film of the same name. The film, so far as I'm aware, hasn't gone down in the annals of cinematic legend, and the record really deserves an equivalent fate.

All good clean fun and thoroughly unbearable.

Paul Du Noyer

New Age Steppers

(Action Battlefield (Statik)

THE ETERNAL circle — seventies reggae was created by rebellious third world folkies on western technology and rockart. Now 80's rockart rebels look to 70s reggae to boost sagging interest in 'their' music. But this LP proves the old adage "you have to go backwards before you can go forwards" isn't always true.

New Age Steppers welcome you to a world full of kooky Karma and ikentikit packets of self awareness. In their airy fairy environment the rumblings and resonances of the sound should reveal inner primal urges and an earthiness that is the essence of existence. Imagine, the heartland of a sub-continent beating in the dark belly of grubby London town. Reality, to work it needs far more care and attention than it gets on 'Action Battlefield'.

New Age Steppers are basically the tatty and tempestuous Slit Ari Up with an assortment of dread-end friends. They play reggae standards — plain love songs personal and human observations. Thankfully Ari's penchant for inane sexual politics is absent (though I still await the day when someone writes a song called 'Boys And Their Fannies' as a reply to the momentous 'Girls And Their Willies'.

What is prominent, however, is Ari's vocalese. Perhaps her style of singing is an acquired taste, if so it's one that I haven't yet acquired. I find it impossible to draw an ounce of emotion from the haphazard changes of timbre and inflection she goes through on each song. On 'Whole Wide World', a magical song with an intense and perceptive lyric, she ruins it and her performance by not knowing what pose to strike next. Here as elsewhere she's running a gamut of mannerisms from Kate Bush histrionics to lickle gurl whining and preparatory school choral wailing.

Her domineering and overbearing presence may be because of a genuine wish to articulate the pleasure and passion the music gives her.

That's not to say that Ms Up is wholly to blame for all the record's badly constructed and half baked performances. The Steppers themselves work on a very low level of inventivity, 'Action Battlefield' sounds like it was created in a gaping void. The abrasive texture of the sounds succeeds only in blurring intentions and clouding over ideas rather than giving the record ethnic authenticity (whatever that maybe). Messy and disjointed each sparkle and flurry (and there are quite a few) remain isolated from each other. Leaving the listener to conclude that the Steepers are Statik by label and static by nature. And bye bye.

Gavin Martin

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TOUR NEWS

FRANK MARINO

Mahogany, Riot for Port Vale Motorhead gig

THE FULL LINE-up has now been confirmed for the 'Heavy Metal Holocaust' at the Port Vale Football Ground, Stoke-on-Trent — headlined by Motorhead — on Saturday, August 1, with the addition of leading Canadian outfit Frank Marino & Mahogany Rush and U.S. metal specialists Riot. As reported last week, the Ozzy Ozbourne Band have replaced Black Sabbath on the bill, which also features another Canadian band Triumph, plus British group Vardis.

This will be the first U.K. visit since 1978 by Marino & Mahogany Rush. They've just re-signed to CBS worldwide, and will have their new album 'The Power Of Rock And Roll' rushed out to coincide with the concert. Their current line-up comprises Frank Marino (lead guitar and vocals), brother Vince Marino (guitar), Paul Harwood (bass) and Jim Ayoub (drums).

Riot will have their third album 'Fire Down Below' issued on August 7 — it's on Elektra, with whom the band recently signed after leaving Capitol. They were last here for the 1980 Castle Donington concert, and the previous year toured Britain with Sammy Hagar.

Promoters Straight Music and Camouflage started building the stage at Port Vale on Monday, and are installing the P.A. system this weekend, to allow a full week in which to achieve the best possible sound quality. It's claimed to be the largest area of speakers ever assembled in this country, and two extra P.A. wings are having to be built to accommodate it.

The running order of the show, starting at 1.30pm (gates open at noon) is: Vardis, Riot, Frank Marino & Mahogany Rush, Triumph, Ozzy Osbourne Band and Motorhead. Advance tickets are £7.50, but they'll be £8.50 on the day.

DAVID ESSEX IN 23-DATE TREK

DAVID ESSEX, currently appearing at London's Young Vic Theatre in *Childe Byron,* headlines a 26-date concert tour in the early autumn. With his new Mercury single 'Sunshine Girl' currently on release, he'll have a new album titled 'Be-Bop The Future' issued to conicide with his outing. His schedule comprises:

Edinburgh Playhouse (September 12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Sheffield City Hall (14), Coventry Theatre (15), Leicester De Montfort Hall (16), Ipswich Gaumont (17), Chelmsford Odeon (18), Poole Arts Centre (19), Southsea Kings Theatre (20), Brighton The Centre (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (24), Cardiff New Theatre (25), Bletchley Leisure Centre (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (29), Manchester Free Trade Hall (30), Liverpool Royal Court (October 1), Leeds Grand (2 and 3), Croydon Fairfield Hall (4), Canterbury Odeon (5) and London Hammersmith Odeon (6 and 7).

Minds lose drummer

SIMPLE MINDS have lost their drummer Brian McGee, who left the band last week when they finished recording their new album, their first for Virgin following their split with Arista. There was no differences involved in his departure — it's just that he's getting married next month and wants to give up touring, specially as the band are due to start an extensive world tour at the beginning of September.

Manager Bruce Findlay said that McGee will be difficult to replace, though they already have a few candidates in mind — at least as temporary replacement for the duration of the upcoming tour. Front runner at this stage is former Zones drummer Kenny Hyslop, who's recently been working on a temporary basis with The Skids.

Hazel and Joan top autumn outings

HAZEL O'CONNOR, who this week begins her midsummer mini-tour (see *Gig Guide),* has now been lined up for a further 15 concerts in early autumn.

Together with her band Megahype — brother Neil O'Connor (guitar), Ed Case (drums), Andy 'Roots' Qunta (keyboards), Stev Kinch (bass) and Wesley Magoogan (sax) — she completes her summer stint at London Woolwich Odeon on August 10 then, after a month's break (apart from an appearance at Slain Castle in Dublin on August 16), swings back into action at:

Salisbury City Hall (September 10), Bradford St. George's Hall (15), Edinburgh Odeon (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (19), Ipswich Gaumont (20), Sheffield City Hall (22), Manchester Apollo (23), Liverpool Royal Court (24), Brighton Top Rank (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), Portsmouth Guildhall (30), Bristol Colston Hall (October 2), Lancaster University (4) and Cardiff Univeristy (5).

There will also be a major London concert in late September, details to be finalised. Dates have been arranged by Dan Silver of TBA, who has still to name a support act, though local groups will be opening the show at most venues. All gigs are to be broadcast by local radio in the areas concerned.

Another date has just been added to Hazel's summer schedule — it's at Nottingham Theatre Royal on August 2 co-headlining with Steve Hackett, and it's been slotted in because ATV is filming the concert for subsequent screening.

Hazel's new single '(Cover Plus) We're All Grown Up' / 'White Room' is released this week by Albion Records — and there's also a 12-incher with an extra track, a French version of 'Dawn Chorus' from her upcoming third album 'Cover Plus', which is due out in late summer. The LP release will also coincide with the publication of her first book *Under-Cover-Plus* — which, as previously reported, is a semi-autobiographical work.

JOAN ARMATRADING sets out on a major concert tour in October, together with a brand new band, currently in rehearsal. She'll also have a new A&M album on release at the same time, produced by Steve Lillywhite but still untitled. Dates and venues are:

Bristol Colston Hall (October 12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (13), Newcastle City Hall (14), Glasgow Apollo (15), Edinburgh Usher Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (18 and 19), London Hammersmith Odeon (20), Bradford Alhambra (21), Manchester Apollo (22), Coventry Theatre (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (25), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (26), Brighton Centre (28) and Oxford New Theatre (29).

Tickets are priced £5.50, £5 and 4.50 (Bristol and Portsmouth); £5 and £4.50 (Edinburgh); £5.50, £5 and £2.50 (Bradford); £5.50, £4.50 and £4 (Hammersmith); and £5, £4.50 and £4 (all other venues) — and they are on sale now.

AND ELKIE IN AUGUST

ELKIE BROOKS is playing a short series of concerts during the first half of next month, when she'll be previewing material from her next album, due for release by A&M in the autumn. She visits Taunton Odeon (August 4), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (5), Jersey Fort Regent (7 and 8), Brighton Dome (10), Nottingham Theatre Royal (11 and 12) and Poole Arts Centre (13).

Records are back

THE RECORDS are back in serious contention for the first time since the departure of their guitarist and king-pin, Huw Gower, who has now been replaced by Dave Whelan. They have also acquired a new vocalist Chris Gent, who boosts the line-up into a five-piece, joining the existing nucleus of Will Birch, John Wicks and Phil Brown.

This re-shaped band can be heard in recorded action for the first time on a new single titled 'Imitation Jewellery', for release by Virgin on August 7, to be followed in the early autumn by the album 'Music On Both Sides'. The advent of the LP will mark The Records' return to the UK tour circuit, but in the meantime they're playing a few occasional London gigs — including Fulham Greyhound tomorrow (Friday).

THE VENUE IS SAVED

THE THREAT of closure which has been hanging over one of London's principal mid-size music centres, The Venue in Victoria, has been lifted. A multi-million pound re-development scheme, involving the demolition of the block where The Venue and a cinema are situated, had been submitted to Westminster City Council for approval. But in its infinite wisdom, the council has rejected the application — on the grounds that the area must not be deprived of entertainment.

Hawkwind in action again

HAWKWIND headline a 23-date concert tour in October, exactly a year after their last UK outing. They've been spending the last few months in Rockfield Studios working on their new album, which will be released to coincide with their gig schedule. The band's current line-up comprises Dave Brock (lead vocals, guitar and synthesisers), Huw Lloyd-Langton (lead guitar), Harvey Bainbridge (bass and vocals) and Martin Griffiths (drums) and they play:

Machester Apollo (October 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Liverpool Empire (4), Derby Assembly Rooms (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Sheffield City Hall (7), Preston Guildhall (8), Glasgow Apollo (9), Edinburgh Odeon (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Hull City Hall (12), Bradford St. George's Hall (13), Coventry Theatre (15), Hanley Victoria Hall (16), Ipswich Gaumont (17), St. Albans City Hall (19 and 20), London Hammersmith Odeon (21 and 22), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (24), Southampton Gaumont (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26) and Oxford New Theatre (27).

Ticket prices are £3.75 and £3.35 (Leicester and Derby); £3.75, £3.25 and £2.75 (Hull); £3.75, £3 and £2.50 (Coventry); £3.75 only (Hanley and St. Austell); £3.50 only (St. Albans); £4, £3.50 and £3 (Hammersmith); and £3.75, £3.25 and £3 (all other venues). They are on sale now everywhere except Bristol, where postal bookings are being accepted but the box-office won't open until September. Tour promoter is Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises.

BOXCAR HEADLINES TOURING FESTIVAL

BOXCAR WILLIE headlines the second Scottish International Festival of Country Music — with Jean Shepard and Roy Drusky among other U.S. artists appearing — which plays four major concerts over Bank Holiday weekend at Manchester Belle Vue (August 28), Edinburgh Playhouse (29), Birmingham Odeon (30) and London Hammersmith Odeon (31).

And in the afternoons prior to the concerts, there'll be a performance of the Maynard Collins play *Hank Williams: The Show He Never Gave,* which has been enjoying a successful West End run.

Ticket prices, inclusive of the play, are £12.50, £9.50 and £7.50 at all venues. Rest of the festival line-up comprises Peggy Sue & Sonny Wright, Suze Raff and Narvel Felts (all from America), Reg Lindsay (Australia), Big Tom (Ireland) and Gerry Ford and Colorado (Scotland).

BOXCAR WILLIE

Free Oldfield show

MIKE OLDFIELD and his new permanent rock band are to play a free lunchtime concert in London next Tuesday (28), as part of the Royal Wedding celebrations — it's at the Guildhall Yard, E.C.2 (1-2 pm), and it will include the first performance of Oldfield's composition 'The Royal Wedding Anthem'. As previously reported, they also play an orthodox concert at London Rainbow on July 30, tickets on sale now.

☐ **JOSEF K** have had to cancel two of their tour dates, announced last week — Middlesbrough Gaskins (this Saturday) because certain elements in the town considered the band undesirable, and Liverpool Brady's (August 1) because the venue has now metamorphosed into a heavy-metal disco. The rest of their gigs are unchanged.

☐ **TRIMMER & JENKINS** — who've just finished recording their new single 'I Come From Brockley', for imminent Charisma release — join The Enid in two Royal Wedding celebration gigs at London Marquee next Tuesday and Wednesday (28-29). The duo are also at Croydon Cartoon (July 27), Plymouth St. Germans Fair (31 and August 1) and Bath Moles (3), with more dates being set.

☐ **EVEREST THE HARD WAY** have been booked for a string of three dates at London Marquee — this Saturday, August 8 and 22. The Scottish band are also in London action at Fulham Greyhound (August 3), Victoria The Venue (12) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (27).

☐ **TV21** have made a couple of changes in their tour schedule, announced last week. On August 6, they now play Liverpool Grafton Rooms instead of Sheffield Limit Club. And on August 8, they're at Middlesbrough Rock Garden instead of Liverpool Brady's.

Sioux London extra

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have added another London concert to their extensive summer tour, which opens this week (see *Gig Guide*) — it's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, August 25. They are already scheduled to play at the adjacent Hammersmith Palais which, due to licensing laws, does not admit the under-18s — sot they have chosen the Odeon for their extra gig in order to alleviate their younger fans' disappointment.

☐ **THE CHEATERS** continue their non-stop gigging at Manchester Riverside Hotel (July 27), Workington Metador Hotel (30), Silloth Queen's Hotel (31), Carlisle Kreeps (August 1), Manchester Rafters with Weapon Of Peace (3) and Manchester Lamplite Club (4).

RECORD NEWS

Action from the League

THE HUMAN LEAGUE follow up their recent 'Sound Of The Crowd' hit with a new single, issued by Virgin on July 31, coupling 'Love Action' and 'Hard Times'. It comes in both 7" and 12" versions, the latter seeming the better value at a retail price of £1.49 — because it features extended versions of both songs from the single on the A-side, with a dub mix of the same songs on the flip, adding up to over 21 minutes playing time.

New Nouveaux

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX have their new Liberty single on release this week, an edited version of 'Inside Out' coupled with 'Every Home Should Have One', both taken from their recent 'Night People' album. On the 12-inch version that's a totally new recording of 'Inside Out', plus a third bonus track not previously released, titled 'We Don't Bite (Come A Little Closer)'. The band aren't planning any gigs to promote it, as they'll be touring abroad for the rest of the year.

● North London six-piece **The Lemons,** recently signed to Race Records (through Spartan), have their debut single issued this weekend — 'My Favourite Band' backed with 'English Summer'.

● An album of tracks recorded 15 years ago by the late **Marc Bolan,** but never previously issued, is to be released by Cherry Red in early October. Simon Napier-Bell, who discovered Bolan and became his manager, originally taped the songs and only recently found them in his cellar — and he's now busy re-mixing them.

● This weekend Trojan release the EP 'Skinhead Classics Vol. 2', featuring four reggae stompers recorded during the first skinheads era around 1969. They include 'Skinhead Moonstomp' by **Simaryp,** '54-46 Was My Number' by **Toots & The Maytals,** and tracks by **Nora Dean** and **The Soul Sisters.**

● **Kim Carnes** has her follow-up to 'Bette Davis Eyes' issued by EMI this week, titled 'Draw Of The Cards' — and on Liberty, **Kenny Rogers** offers 'I Don't Need You'. **The Tubes'** new single 'Don't Want To Wait Anymore' follows next week on Capitol.

● 101 Records, the label run by the 101 Club in South London, are releasing two singles under their new pressing and distribution deal with Spartan. 'Jamaica You've Lost Your Maker' is a Bob Marley tribute by **The Realistics,** out on August 7. And the following week, **Jump Squad** come up with a contemporary version of 'Lord Of The Dance'.

● 'Freemans' is the title of the new single by **Chelsea.** It's on Step Forward Records, contains three previously unissued tracks, and the release date is July 31.

● Oxford band **English Subtitles** release their single 'Tannoy' and Northampton outfit **Where's Lisse?** offer 'Talk Takes Too Long'. Both are on Glass Records, with distribution by Pinnacle, IKF and other indies.

● 'Shots In The Dark' is a compilation album featuring six new bands — **The Graphics** (from Ashford in Kent), **The Stares** (Worcester), **Crowd Control** (East London), **Mystery Guests** (Bristol), **The Predators** (Stockport) and **The Magnetics** (Bournemouth). It's released by Ghettout Music, distributed by Rough Trade, Graduate and Red Rhino.

PRETENDERS' SECOND SET

THE PRETENDERS, currently nearing the end of their first UK tour this year, have their new album 'Pretenders II' issued by WEA on August 7. It contains 12 tracks — nine written by Chrissie Hynde and two by Chrissie with James Honeyman-Scott, plus the vintage Ray Davies song 'I Go To Sleep'. The band are due to start an extensive American tour next month, but they'll be headlining another major British tour — more extensive than the present one — later in the year.

● **Dramatis,** the former Gary Numan Band, have a single out on Rocket this week titled 'Oh! Twenty Twenty Five'. It's taken from their debut album 'For Future Reference', due out in September — and a feature of the LP is that one of the tracks, a song called 'Love Needs No Disguise', has a lead vocal by Gary Numan.

● **U2** have a new single 'Fire'/'J. Swallo' released by Island next week, and initial copies will include a bonus live single featuring two tracks recorded in Boston last March, '11 O'Clock Tick Tock' and 'Cry'/'The Electric Co'. The band have started work in Dublin on a new album with the working title of 'Scarlet', for early autumn release.

● Two new 12-inch singles issued by Cherry Red tomorrow (Friday) are 'Four Movements' by **Thomas Leer** and 'Polar Exposure' by **Five Or Six.** The latter is virtually a mini-album and was recorded recently on a Dutch tour, and the retail price is £1.50.

● Greensleeves Records have scheduled July 31 for the release of **Doctor Alimantado's** follow-up to 'Best Dressed Chicken In Town', one of the most consistently successful of all reggae albums. It's the ten-track 'Sons Of Thunder'.

● South London rockabilly band **The Flat-Tops** have released their debut single 'The Bop Won't Stop'/'Flat-Top Rock'. It's on the independent Mean Records label, distributed by Pinnacle.

● **Susan Cadogan,** who had a UK Top Ten hit in 1975 with 'Hurts So Good', has her self-named album reissued by Trojan this week. The reason is that it was produced by **Lee Perry** and, in view of his new-found cult popularity, the label has decided to re-introduce it after being unavailable for three years.

● Polydor rush release a single by **Jon & Vangelis** this weekend. It's an edited version of a track from their current album 'The Friends Of Mr. Cairo', titled 'State Of Independence'.

● **Havana Let's Go,** the seven-piece London "fun and fruit band", have signed to Polydor and are now working on their debut single for late August release. Polydor have also netted **Jon Anderson,** and he'll have a solo album issued in the autumn.

New Stones elpee

THE ROLLING STONES' long-awaited new album is finally scheduled for release — titled 'Rolling Stones Tattoo You', it's issued world wide on August 31 on their own label (through EMI). The set features 11 new Mick Jagger-Keith Richards compositions: **Start It Up, Hang Fire, Slave, Bulldog (Little T And A), Black Limousine, Neighbours, Worried About You, Tops, Heaven, Ain't No Use** and **Waiting On A Friend.** One of the tracks 'Slave' features Pete Townshend on guitar and back-up vocals. A single culled from the album will be issued in mid-August, though titles haven't yet been decided. The LP is said to be classic Stones raunchy rock'n'roll, back to the tradition of 'Let It Bleed'. And of course, it now remains to be seen if the much-rumoured Stones autumn tour materialises.

ROUGH TRADE, VIRGIN SPECIALS

ROUGH TRADE, in association with Sugar Minott's Black Roots stable, this week release a single by Jamaican keyboards king **Jackie Mittoo** — titled 'These Eyes', it was recorded and mixed in London. Also from Rough Trade this week comes a live album by **Wire** 'Document And Eyewitness', recorded during appearances in Switzerland and at London's Electric Ballroom, and consisting mainly of previously unrecorded material. And there's also the album 'The Egg Stores Ilk' by **Richard Earl** (ex-Swell Maps), on his own Pilot Records label through Rough Trade.

VIRGIN are putting out a series of reggae compilation albums, featuring artists drawn from their Virgin / Front Line series of a few years back. Issued this weekend is Dread Beat 'N Blood' by **Linton Kwesi Johnson,** originally released in 1978 as 'Poet 'N The Roots', when his band included Dennis Bovell, Vivien Weathers and Jah Bunny. Also out tomorrow (Friday) is 'Vital Selection' by **Culture,** though this catch title will also be used on other upcoming compilations — as, for instance, sets by **The Mighty Diamonds** and **The Gladiators** on August 7. This date also marks the release of the **Black Uhuru** self-named LP, which chronologically preceded the first two Uhuru sets released here.

UB40 are currently engaged in a lengthy European tour, but they're releasing a new single on July 31, in order to keep the British market ticking over during their absence. The A-side is 'One In Ten' and it's coupled with a dub version of the title track from their hit album 'Present Arms', both tracks being culled from the LP. It's on their own Dep International label, with distribution by Spartan.

● 'Time'/'The Gold Bug' is the new single by **The Alan Parsons Project,** taken from his latest album 'The Turn Of A Friendly Card' and issued by Arista this weekend.

● Stiff Records have finally got around to releasing the album 'Start Swimming', recorded at the Tidal Wave Music concert in February, when five of New York's hottest bands were featured — **Bush Tetras, Fleshtones, The Bongos, The Raybeats** and **The dB's.** It's out this weekend at a maximum retail price of £3.99.

● Stafford band **Firing Squad** have their debut single out on South Coast independent Shattered Records. It's a double A-sider, coupling 'Night Manoeuvres' and 'Big Red Car'.

● The first solo offering from ex-Soft Boys lead guitarist **Kimberley Rew** is 'My Baby Does Her Hairdo Long', issued this week by Armageddon. Another new single from the same label is 'The Festival Of Frothy Muggament' by **Firmament & The Elements.**

● Veteran blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** recorded a studio album in this country during his recent tour here, titled 'Big Blues' and released by JSP Records. Among musicians featured are Hal Singer, Pete King, Mike Carr and Jim Mullen.

TOUR NEWS

☐ **OZZY OSBOURNE BAND,** who last week took over from Black Sabbath in the Port Vale 'Heavy Metal Holocaust' concert on August 1, have now lined up their late autumn UK tour. They visit Bristol Colston Hall (November 29), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (December 1), Liverpool Royal Court (2), Edinburgh Playhouse (4), Glasgow Apollo (5), Newcastle City Hall (6 and 7), Manchester Apollo (18), Leeds Queen's Hall (19), Stafford Bingley Hall (22) and London Hammersmith Odeon (24 and 26).

☐ **THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG** undertake a five-date mini-tour of the North next week and, because of recording and overseas commitments, these will be their last UK gigs this year. They play Barrow Civic Hall (July 27), Burnley Cats Whiskers (28), Wigan The Pier (29), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (30) and Middlesborough Rock Garden (31).

☐ **JIM CAPALDI & The Contenders** make a rare London appearance on Saturday, August 1, at London University Union (Malet Street W.C.1) with Chicken Shack supporting. It's a benefit for the Anti-Apartheid Movement, and tickets are £3 (advance), £3.50 (doors).

☐ **MICHAEL SCHENKER BAND** have added two more concerts to their previously reported UK tour — at London Hammersmith Odeon (September 14) and Newcastle City Hall (20). In both cases, tickets are £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

☐ **DEPECHE MODE** have now slotted in the last two gigs to complete their six-date schedule, which opens at London Victoria The Venue tonight (Thursday). The extra shows are at Manchester Rafters (August 5) and Edinburgh Nite Club (7).

☐ **THE BUREAU,** who complete their current tour with The Pretenders at London Hammersmith Odeon on July 30, headline in their own right at London Victoria The Venue the next day (31). And this will be their last UK date for some time, as they are then off to the States with The Pretenders.

Three-eighths of Q-TIPS

☐ **AFTER THE FIRE** and **Q-TIPS** have switched the venue of their major London show, which climaxes their current "Summer Hop" tour, announced last week as being in the Big Top in Battersea Park on August 11. It now takes place at the Rainbow Theatre on the same day, and all tickets are priced £3.50. There's also an under-16's matinee at 2pm that afternoon, with admission at just £1.

☐ **HERE & NOW** and Treatment play a No Nukes benefit at St. James' Church in London's Pentonville Road this Saturday (25). Admission is £1.50.

☐ **ACCENT** are a new four-piece, whose line-up includes Gary Numan's younger brother John Webb on drums. They can be seen in action at Feltham The Airman (tomorrow, Friday), London Oxford St. open-air street party (this Sunday), Twickenham The Albany (July 31) and Southend Kursaal (August 4).

☐ **MISTY IN ROOTS** have three dates coming up, in support of their new single 'Bail Out'/'Peace And Love' on the People Unite label — at Cardiff Sophia Gardens (this Saturday), London Victoria The Venue (July 28) and Colchester Essex University (31). The band's album 'Wise And Foolish' will be issued in August.

☐ **DELTA 5** promote their first album 'See The Whirls' at Liverpool Pickwicks (July 29), London Victoria The Venue (30), Edinburgh Nite Club (August 1), York Jaspers (3) and Leeds Warehouse (13). More dates are being finalised.

☐ **PRINCE FAR I & CONGO ASHANTIE ROY,** just back from Europe, are playing a few selected UK dates before returning to Jamaica. First confirmed are at Birmingham Imperial (this Saturday) and London Edmonton Picketts Lock (August 1).

☐ **A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS** come to London from their native Liverpool and do the rounds at Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (tomorrow, Friday), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (Saturday), Hampstead Starlight Room (July 27), Covent Garden Rock Garden (30), Fulham Golden Lion (August 1), Victoria The Venue as guests of The Photos (3), Clapham 101 Club (6), Islington Hope & Anchor (11) and Camden Dingwalls (17). A new single is due out shortly, with an album to follow, both on the newly formed Jive Records label.

☐ **THE GAS** have London dates at Islington Hope & Anchor (August 9), Fulham Greyhound (14), Clapham 101 Club (15) and Euston The Pits (20), and they are also visiting Nottingham Imperial Hotel on August 13. Their new Polydor single 'Treatment' is issued on July 31, with a bonus track 'Getting Mighty Crowded' on the 12-inch version.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
KILLING JOKE
the METEORS
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OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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WITH GUESTS
the BUREAU
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ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·50 ON NIGHT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6
THURSDAY 30th JULY at 8·00
TICKETS £4·00, £3·50, £3·00 INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE,
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PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.

"RUMOUR HAS IT THERE'S A NEW STEVIE NICKS ALBUM"

For LONDON CINEMA GUIDE and THEATRE GUIDE see Page 47

NEW RELEASED FROM TEST PRESSING RECORDS

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"KINGS CROSS / BRAVE NEW WORLD" (TP3)

ERAZORHEAD
"APE MAN" (TP4) c/w "WIPE OUT/ ROCK AND ROLL ZOMBIE"

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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

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BLUE ZOO
(formerly Modern Jazz)
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Fri 24th July — Adm £2.00
JOHNNY MARS
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sat 25th July — Adm £2.00
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
Plues Guests & Jerry Floyd

Sun 26th July — Adm £2.00
MAGUM
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Mon 27th July — Adm £2.00
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

Tues 28th July
ROYAL STAG & HEN NIGHT
THE ENID
Trimmer & Jenkins & Jerry Floyd

Wed 29th July
ROYAL ROCKS OFF NIGHT
THE ENID
Trimmer & Jenkins & Jerry Floyd

Thurs 30th July
Robert Godfrey's BIRTHDAY PARTY
THE ENID
Trimmer & Jenkins & Jerry Floyd
Advance Tickets to Members £2.75
Non Members on the door £3.00

Hamburgers and Other Hot & Cold Snacks Available

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READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

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RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
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LIVE MUSIC.BAR.DISCO.RESTAURANT.VIDEO

WEDNESDAY 22
QUEEN IDA BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND

THURS 23 ROCKABILLY WITH
THE BLUE CATS
SATURDAY 25
JOHNNY MARS BAND
+ ADRENALIN KIDS

FRIDAY 24
DADDY YUM YUM
PLUS- ABIGGER SPLASH
MONDAY 27
FLYING CLUB.
TORY WETS.
DAMP SWAMP.
+ PERFORMANCE
+ FILMS + VIDEOS

TUES 28/FROM U.S.A. A SPECIAL CLUB APPEARANCE
Country Joe McDonald
WED 29/CLOSED FOR ROYAL HOLIDAY
THURS 30/REGGAE NIGHT
BLACK ROOTS

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD. CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 23rd July — £1
Psychedelic Night
THE BUMPES
+ Your Psycho DJ for the night Andy Scott

Friday 24th July — £2
RONNIE LANE MICK GREEN
+ Special Friends

Saturday 25th July — £1.50
NO DICE
+ Splash

Sunday 26th July — £1
SUNFIGHTER
+ Close Ups

Monday 27th July — £1
MODERN ROMANCE
+ Madshadows

Tuesday 28th July — £1
THE SOUNDS INSANE THEATRE CO presents The Opening Night of
CIRCLES

Wednesday 29th July — £2
MODEPECHE RETURN
"Dreaming: Of a: New Life"

Thursday 30th July — £1
DOLLY MIXTURES
+ The Questions

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544 — Open 8 pm — 2 am

Friday 24th July — £3.50 adv
HAZEL O'CONNOR'S MEGAHYPE
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
ICE HOUSE

Saturday 25th July — £1.50 on door
SOUL OLDIES NIGHT
All the best sounds from the 60s and early 70s — DJ's Rob Smith / Denny / Dave Evison

Thursday 30th July — £3.00 adv
SPIRIT
+ SPECIAL GUESTS

Saturday 1st August — £2.00 adv
THE PHOTOS
+ SPECIAL GUESTS

Thursday 27th August — £3.00 adv
STEVE HACKETT

Tickets from: Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 23rd July — £1.50
WRECKLESS ERIC BAND
+ The Outskirts

Friday 24th July — £1.50
THE RECORDS + Afraid of Mice

Saturday 25th July — £1.50
SORE THROAT + GB Rockers

Sunday 26th July — £1.00
THE ALTERNATIVE CABARET

Monday 27th July — £1.50
ALTERNATIVE TV + Kid Freedom

Tuesday 28th July — £1.25
ACE RECORDS Presents:
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
+ The Telegents

Wednesday 29th July — £2.50
ON THE GREYHOUND FROM NOWHERE
Featuring **Keith Allen & Friends**
with special guests Peter Fingh *and The Screaming Pakistanis*

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presents
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July 26th — BRIDGEHOUSE, E16
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JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
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Tickets £3.00 in advance, £3.50 on door
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Woolwich Odeon
JOHN WILSON STREET SE18
Derek Block in association with Dave Woods presents
Siouxsie And The Banshees
Plus SPECIAL GUEST
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
THURSDAY 23rd JULY 7-30pm
TICKETS £3·50 £3·00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01-854 2255) & ALL USUAL AGENTS

TO ADVERTISE 01-261 6153

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MON 27th JULY
109 Green Lanes, N16
DANCING, BOOZE AND REGGAE
with
BLACK MARKET
at 8.30 pm

WEDDING DAY SPECIAL
NON STOP MUSIC FROM 6 pm – Midnight £2.00
SIX HOURS — SIX BANDS
Wednesday 29th July
Mark Ryder and The Heroes
The Arks
The Remipeds
Jumpsquad
The Hit Factory
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Doors open at 5 pm entrance fee £2.00
Nearest tube West Hampstead, Jubilee Line

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

Saturday July 25th 7.30pm
KILLING JOKE + U.K. DECAY
Tickets £3.00 from outlets below or £3.00 at Door on night

Saturday August 1st 7.30pm
FROM U.S.A.
SPIRIT
Featuring **Randy California & Ed Cassidy**
+ LEGION + MARILLION
Tickets £3.50 from Outlets below or £3.50 at Door on Night

Tickets from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Dunstable & Luton, DJ Holland Bletchley & Leighton Buzzard, HI-VU Buckingham, Music Market Oxford or at door on night. By Post (with SAE) to Earth Records, 72A Friars Square, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire. Life Membership 25p. Reservations Aylesbury 84568/88948.
Unspeakable

Tickets available for all of the following

LONDON CONCERTS
JULY
23 Siouxsie & The Banshees
24 Bad Mannérs
25 Def Leppard
26 Killing Joke
26,27 Rainbow
28 The Prentenders
29 Humble Pie
29 Ian Dury
30 Mike Oldfield
30 The Pretenders
AUGUST
10 Hazel O'Conner
15 Oscar Petersen
18 Barbara Dickson
24 Siouxsie & The Banshees
26 Foreigner
SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
13,14 Michael Schenker
17 Desperadoes
OCTOBER
5-10 Andy Williams
10 Sad Cafe
11,12 Steve Hackett
17,18 Sheena Easton
20 Joan Armatrading
24,25 Saxon
30,31 The Shadows
NOVEMBER
7 Styx
21,22 Judas Priest
DECEMBER
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

FESTIVALS
AUGUST
1 Cambridge Folk Festival with Donovan & Steeleye Span
1 Motorhead/Ozzy Osbourne
8 Thin Lizzy/Ian Hunter
15,16 Roots Rockers with Sugar Minott & Errol Dunkley
22 AC/DC, Whitesnake, BOC
28,29 Ian Dury, Elvis Costello, U2, Rory Gallagher, Doctor Feelgood
28-30 Reading Rock with Gillan, Kinks, Wishbone Ash.

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THE Venue
Main Band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 23rd July — £2.50
DEPECHE MODE

Friday 24th July — £3.00
SHAKATAK

Saturday 25th July — £3.50
9 BELOW ZERO
+ THE KEYS

Monday 27th July — £2.00
FLYING PADOVANIS
+ AIRCRAFT ONE

LATE NIGHT: £2.50
Party with RIMSHOTS

Tuesday 28th July — £2.00
MISTY IN ROOTS
+ THE ENCHANTERS

Wednesday 29th July — £5.00
THE ALTERNATIVE WEDDING RECEPTION WITH
HOT GOSSIP, THE PASSADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
+ BIDDIE & EVE

Thursday 30th July — £2.00
DELTA 5
+ THE VISITORS
+ FLYING CLUB

COMING SOON

Friday 31st July — £3.00
THE BUREAU

Saturday 1st August — £3.00
U.K. PLAYERS

Sunday 2nd August — £3.75
SPIRIT

Monday 3rd August — £3.00
THE PHOTOS + A BIGGER SPLASH

Tuesday 4th August — £3.50
KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE

Wednesday 5th August — £2.00
JOSEF K + AZTEC CAMERA + THE MISSING KIND

Thursday 6th August — £2.00
GIRLS AT OUR BEST + MARGO RANDOM

Friday 7th August — £3.50
SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS

Tues 18th August — £4.00
STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL
+ Special guest JANE KENNAWAY

Nationwide Gig Guide

Siouxsie. Pic: Anton Corbijn

A BUSY week on the circuit — highlighted by two major tours getting under way, a couple of important mini-tours, several significant one-off concerts and Royal Wedding specials, as follows:

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees, currently riding high with their 'Ju Ju' album, begin their longest-ever UK tour at London Woolwich (Thursday), Ipswich (Saturday), Chelmsford (Sunday), Southend (Monday) and Torquay (Wednesday). And they say it's their final big-scale tour, as they'll concentrate solely on selected gigs in future. So make the most of it!

HAZEL O'CONNOR & Megahype are also on the road, though they're doing a considerably shorter tour than Siouxsie, because they're planning an extensive autumn outing. First three gigs are at Guildford (Thursday), Nottingham (Friday) and Douglas I.o.M. (Sunday). And they're supported by top Australian band Icehouse.

BAD MANNERS and KILLING JOKE are the headliners of the two mini-tours mentioned above, playing four dates apiece. Manners are doing the can-can, among other extravagancies, at Derby (Thursday), London Rainbow (Friday), Folkestone (Saturday) and Poole (Sunday). And Joke are in action at Sheffield (Friday), Aylesbury (Saturday), London Lyceum (Sunday) and Bath (Tuesday).

THE SPECIALS play another of their periodic one-off gigs, this time an indoor show in Liverpool on Friday. The same evening, JOHN SEBASTIAN is in concert at Reading Hexagon, with THE ROCHES following him there on Saturday — both acts obviously warming up for the Cambridge Folk Festival next weekend.

And so to Wednesday, Royal Wedding Day. And it's to be hoped that there is no trouble at any of the numerous music events around the country, though it seems that nothing is sacrosanct these days. As you might expect, the principal honours fall to London, where IAN DURY & The Blockheads celebrate in style at Hammersmith Odeon, while HUMBLE PIE make their British comeback at the Rainbow. And the GLC, bless its cotton socks, stages a free rock concert at the Crystal Palace Bowl — see page 3 for details.

Ian Dury

Thursday 23rd

Bad Manners

Aberdeen Jay Jay's: **The President's Men/Stereo Exit/Iko Iko/Magic Lantern**
Averham Robin Hood Theatre: **Roaring Jelly**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **The Dealers/Chaos Unlimited**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Airphix**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackburn Cabin End: **The Lulu Boys**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **The Cheaters (for four days)**
Bodmin Jail Club: **The Crew**
Bolton The Gaiety: **J.G. Spoils**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Go!**
Bournemouth The Moathouse: **The Ak Band**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bridgwater Lime Kiln: **Red Factory**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Recorded Delivery**
Chadwell Heath Greyhouse: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Breed**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Brombay Duks/Ex-Celz**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Bargain Basement**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Bad Manners**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Lipslide**
East Kilbride Salmon Leap: **Frenchways**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Byron Band**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Hazel O'Connor/Icehouse**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Mode/The Onlookers**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Splodge**
Leamington New Crown Hotel: **Shader**
Leeds Brannigans Bar: **Talisman**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Leeds Warehouse: **Pigbag/Maximum Joy**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Chase**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Blue Cats**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Bumpers**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **The Kings Swingers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **True Life Confessions**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Alternative TV/Empty Vessels**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Chefs/The Beards**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Mike Westbrook's Brass Band**
London Ealing Three Pigeons: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Euston The Pits: **Buzz/Jump Squad**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wreckless Eric Band/The Avengers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Dirty Strangers/Caper**
London Fulham The Swan: **Strange Arrangement**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Vision Collision/Freehand**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Nightdoctor**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Blue Zoo**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney Half Moon: **Pacific Eardrum**
London Putney White Lion: **Jaxs**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Trummy Young/Brian Dee Trio**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Victoria The Venue: **Depeche Mode**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Crown Of Thorns/Dr. Mix & The Remix**
London Woolwich Odeon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Sister Love/The Equations**
London W.1 (Rathbone Place) Black Horse: **The Faraway Stars**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Johnny Mars**
Manchester Anderton's: **The Passage**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Def Leppard/More/Lionheart**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Paul Davidson/Phil Chapman Quintet**
Manchester UMIST: **A Certain Ratio**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Reasonable Man/Night Of Dub**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Norwich Pennies: **Shakatak**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Apocalypse**
Peterlee The Norseman: **Erogenous Zones**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Marian Montgomery**
Saffron Walden Newport Youth Club: **The Work**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Raven**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **After The Fire/Q—Tips**
Swansea Adam & Eve: **Mike Pratt's Boring Conversations**
Ware College: **Back Door Man**
Whitley Bay High Point Hotel: **Suspicions Confirmed**
Wick Assembly Rooms: **Chevy/Limelight**
Woking The Cricketers: **Recent Fiction**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **The Pretenders**

Friday 24th

The Specials

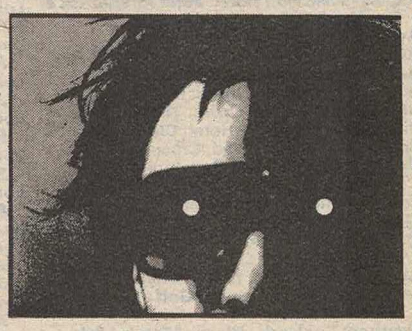
Bath Walcott Village Hall: **Slow Twitch Fibres**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **The Lulu Boys**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Pigbag/Maximum Joy**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Dangerous Girls/Flying Squad**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham (Moseley) New Inns: **Xpertz**
Birmingham New Inn: **The Nightingales/Holt Snax**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackpool JR's Club: **Grace**
Bradford Vaults Bar: **Head Hunter**
Bristol Bear Hotel: **Recorded Delivery**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Night School**
Bristol Green Rooms: **Lunatic Fringe/Court Martial**
Burton 76 Club: **Nicky Moore Band**
Cardiff Arts Centre: **The Papers**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Deep Machine/Victim**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Valhalla**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Magnum/Dark Star**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Feltham The Airman: **Accent**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacy Band**
Folkestone Toby's: **Naughty Thoughts**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Gateshead Trinity: **Total Chaos**
Grangemouth Town Hall: **Chevy/Limelight**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Paris**
Holywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: **Saigon**
Horncastle Church House: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Inverness Muirton Hotel: **Frenchways**
Ipswich Warehouse: **Back Door Man**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Alistair Anderson**
Knighton Norton Arms; **Shader**
Lancaster Records Room: **Natural Scientist**
Leeds Brannigans: **Household Name**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Specials/Night Doctor**
Liverpool The Masonic: **A Formal Sigh**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Daddy Yum Yum/Voo Doo Dolls**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bop Natives**
London Covent Garden Rock Gareen: **OK Jive/21 Guns**
London Euston The Pits: **The Dumb Blondes/The Whizz Kids**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Records / Afraid Of Mice**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Flock Of Seagulls/Que Bono**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **La-Rox/The Nancy Boys**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **A Bigger Splash**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Bumble & The Beez**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The People**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lee The Centre: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
London Marquee Club: **Johnny Mars Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **London Vintage Jazz Orchestra**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The Feelers**
London Putney White Lion: **Wax Effigy/Smuts**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Bad Manners**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Trummy Young/Brian Dee Trio**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Frank Jennings Syndicate**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Imports**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The 45's**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Beat Roots**
London Victoria The Venue: **Shakatak**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Stimulin/Furniture**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Rocket 88**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The D.T.'s**
Manchester Briton's Protection: **Martin Carthy**
Manchester Failsworth Holy Trinity: **Crispy Ambulance**
Manchester Pips: **Panache**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Byron Band**
Nailsea Royal Oak: **Roaring Jelly**
Neath Talk of the Abbey: **Spider**
Newcastle City Hall: **Rainbow**
New Romney Seahorse: **Richard Reyn**
Nottingham Rock City: **Hazel O'Connor/Icehouse**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **FBA**
Plymouth Top Rank: **After The Fire/Q-Tips**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Pretenders**
Ramsgate The Flowing Bowl: **Desperate Measures**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **John Sebastian**
Retford Porterhouse: **Any Trouble**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **The Britz**
Saltburn Philmore Country Club: **Erogenous Zones.**
Seaford Great Dane: **Rok Waltz**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Killing Joke**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Rough Mix**
Southampton Waltham Chase Community Centre: **Dream Sequence**
St. Austell Polgooth Inn: **The Crew**
Wallasey Leasowe Catle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Def Leppard/More/Lionheart**
York Barge Club: **Thin Red Line**

Saturday 25th

Hazel O'Connor

Aylesbury Friars: **Killing Joke**
Balloch Roundabout Inn: **No Entry Band**
Bedford Civic Theatre: **Amyl Dukes/Moving Lines**
Birmingham Barrel Orgam: **Orphan**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Xpertz/Stylex**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham, The Soft Club: **Soft Asylum/Year Zero**
Bishops Stortford Triad Centre: **Shakatak**
Bude Widemouth Manor: **The Crew**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Whipps**
Chadwell Heath Greyhpund: **Blue Zoo/Positive Signals**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Monochrome Set**
Farnborough Recreation Centre: **Prime Suspect/Guy Jackson**
Feltham Football Club: **The Meteors**
Fochabers Public Hall: **Frenchways**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Bad Manners**
Gateshead Saltwell Parl: **Total Chaos/The Reptiles/Model Workers**
Glastonbury Worthy Farm: **The Papers**
Gloucester Brockworth House: **The Jets**
Harlow Town Park: **Q-Tips/The Fix/The Fascinators**
Hastings Subway Club: **La-Rox**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Runners**
Lewes Folk Day: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Wah!**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Byron Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny Mars Band/The Adrenalin Kids**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **No Dice**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Talk Like That**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bumble & The Beez/World Service**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **A Bigger Splash**
London Deptford St. Paul's Crypt: **TV Personalities/The Dalmatians/691-0307 Band**
London Edgware Sparrowhawk: **The Phil-Inn Band/As Above So Below**
London Euston The Pits: **Dolly Mixture/Souls Valiant**
London Fulham Greyhpund: **Sore Throat/GB Rockers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **True Life Confessions**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Ray Warleigh Quartet**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Modern Romance/Top Secret**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Europeans**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Marquee Club: **Everest The Hard Way**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Power Line**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The 45's**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Beat Roots**
London Victoria The Venue: **Nine Below Zero**
London Waterloo Purcell Rooms: **Roaring Jelly**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Alternative TV/Europa Lula**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **J.J. & The Flyers**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Medusa**
Minehead Culvercliff: **The Artists**
Netley Marsh (Hants) Steam Rally: **Sweet Substitute/Pat Halcox — Pete York All-Stars**
Norwich Fairley Technical College: **Back Door Man**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Spoilers**
Portsmouth The Old Canal: **The Motifs**
Preston Warehouse: **Grace**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Roches**
Reading Target Club: **Zitz**
Retford Porterhouse: **Chevy/Limelight**
Salford Moonrakers: **Dead Giveaway**
Sherborne West End Hall: **The Act Drying Out Loud**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Perfect Strangers/Berlin Walls**
Southampton Bishops Waltham Institute: **The Arteks/The Press/Dream Sequence**
Southend Queen's Hotel: **Shades**
South Shields Gypsies Green Stadium: **Budgie/The Piranha Brothers/Cirkus/Burlesque/Geordie/Mendis Prey/Black Rose**
St. Albans City Hall: **Magnum/Dark**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **021**
Tavistock Kilworthy House: **The Metro's**
Thorne Democratic Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Nicky Moore Band**
Trowbridge Village Pump: **Dr. Cosgill**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Shader**
Watford Red Lion: **C-Saim**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtine): **The Pests**
Woking The Cricketers: **Exposed**
Worthing The Swan: **The Kindergarten**
York Forge Inn: **Flying Saucers**

Sunday 26th



Killing Joke

Aldeburgh Jaspers: **Back Door Man**
Banff Fife Lodge Hotel: **Frenchways**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Locarno: **After the Fire/Q-Tips**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bankhall Club: **A Formal Sigh**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chinatown**
Chelmsford Odéon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Chester Northgate Arena: **Chevy/Limelight**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Yakety Yak (lunchtime)/The Brass Monkeys (evening)**
Douglas (Isle of Man) Palace Lido: **Hazel O'Connor/Icehouse**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Eclipse**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Wah!**
Farnborough Old Ford: **'Spider' John Koerner**
Glasgow Maestro's: **The Dream Boys**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Marquis De Sade**
Grimsby Tiffany's: **Josef K**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **New Moon/Through Glass**
Hampton Court Thames Hotel: **Mickey Jupp Band**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Bully Wee Band (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter/The Close-Ups**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Tour De Force/The British**
London Covent Garden Freemasons Arms: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Things In Bags/The Suspects**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Finchley Torrington: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Alternative Cabaret**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Mode**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Rainbow**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park (3pm): **The Ivory Coasters**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Laverne Brown Band/Italian Parcels**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Talk/Tranzista**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **Magnum/Dark Star**
London N.11 Standard Sports & Social Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kevin Coyne**
London Putney White Lion: **Johnny Mars**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jilly Banks/Harold Thomas Trio**
London Southall White Hart: **Mode**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Killing Joke/The Meteors/Talisman**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Local Heroes/Calling Hearts/The Big Combo**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Hefty Jazz**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight Band**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Nicky Moore Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poole Arts Centre Wessex Hall: **Bad Manners**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Pretenders**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Plexus/Peter Hughes**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Monochrome Set**
Southport Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Shader**
Woking The Cricketers: **Zoot Alors**

Monday 27th

The Pretenders

Aberdeen ABC Bowling Alley: **The Metabolites**
Aldeburgh Jasper Inn: **Back Door Man**
Aspley Guise Holt Hotel: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Pretenders**
Barrow Civic Hall: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Bath The Bell: **Recorded Delivery**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Crosswinds**
Bournemouth Maison Royale: **Ronnie Mayor Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
East Kilbride Dreadbeat Club: **Eclipse**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Isle Of Skye Portree: **Frenchways**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Liverpool Kirklands: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Battersea The Cricketers: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Flying Club / Tory Wets / A Damp Swamp**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Modern Romance / Mad Shadows**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Fire Engines / Creature Beat / Event Group / Carpets / Nightvision Video**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Heartbeats/The Big Combo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Europeans / Brunel / Crime Passionelle**
London Euston The Pits: **Animal Magnet / Crosswords**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Alternative TV / Kid Freedom**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Stolen Pets / The Questions / The Rapiers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Rainbow**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Temper / Top Secret / The Rimshots**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **England's National Sport**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A' Beckett: **Legend**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Watersons**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **McCoy Tyner Quintet (for one week)**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Southall White Hart: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London S.W.18 Roundhouse Tavern: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Flying Padovanis**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Rythm Method / Scortch**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **D.V.8**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Gossips: **Back Door Man**
Northampton The Fancier: **Jets**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Stoke Cloud 9: **Sans Culottes**
Swansea Top Rank: **After The Fire / Q-Tips**
Tonbridge George & Dragon: **Nicky Moore Band**
York Jaspers: **Josef K**

Tuesday 28th

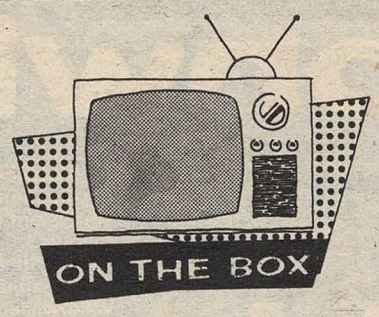
Barbara Dickson

Aberdeen ABC Bowling Alley: **The Metabolites**
Bath Pavilion: **Killing Joke**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blackpool Kings Arms: **The Watersons**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Ammonites / Dick Damage**
Bristol Granary: **The Papers**
Burnley Cats Whiskers: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Bury The Derby Hall: **The Politicians / Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Cardiff Top Rank: **After The Fire / Q-Tips**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Chevy / Limelight**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Support Band**
Hastings Chatsworth Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Hayle Penmore Hotel: **The Crew**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Newtown Neurotics**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Josef K**
Leigh-on-Sea Crooked Billet: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **A Formal Sigh**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Country Joe McDonald**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sounds Insane Theatre Co.**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Suzi Ritz & Steamheat**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Kan Kan / Spoon Faser**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **24 Hours / Quasar / Bonsai Forest**
London Euston The Pits: **The Records / The Sensible Shoes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Screaming Lord Sutch / The Telegents**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Naked Lunch / The Close-Ups**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Pretenders**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Kidz Next Door / The Questions / Blow Up**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Lee Green Eurocentre: **A Bigger Splash**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid / Trimmer & Jenkins**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Prize**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **The Attendants / Spy vs. Spy**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **True Life Confessions**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Idlers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Level 42 (all-night disco)**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Brunel**
London Victoria The Venue: **Misty In Roots**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Electric Guitars / Confirmation Day**
London Woolwich Transhed: **Barbara Thompson's / Paraphernalia**
Maidstone The Ship: **Nicky Moore Band**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Private Sector**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Five / An Itch / Roche-O**
Penzance Arts Centre: **'Spider' John Koerner**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Barbara Dickson**
Southampton Bitterne Park Ed's Bar: **Dream Sequence**
Swansea (Clydach) Sunnybank Club: **Graham Larkbey / Fairfield / Celtic Sound / Susan Earley / Beryl Richards**
Swansea Langland Bay: **The Beat Roots**
Uist Balavanch: **Frenchways**

Wednesday 29th

Humble Pie

Andover Oscar's: **Dream Sequence**
Bath St James Hall: **The Papers**
Birkenhead Sir James: **Grace**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Hollywood**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford Gatsby's: **Chevy/Limelight**
Brighton Duke of York Cinema: **Slaves Of Janet**
Bristol Granary: **The Review/The Options/Mind Tunnel/Icons**
Bromley Churchill Gardens: **The Meteors/Hepatitis/Fear/Case/ Stagestruck / Praxis /Five-O / Risk**
Cardiff Casablanca: **The Beat Roots**
Chatham Old Ash Tree: **Naughty Thoughts**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Christ The King Club: **Act/The Editors**
Dorking Murray's Wine Bar: **The 45's**
Dundee Big Top in Riverside Park: **Gary Glitter**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Feltham Assembley Hall: **Shades**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Pretenders**
Hanley The Place: **Vermillion Hair**
Launceston White Horse: **The Metro's**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Baltic Fleet: **A Formal Sigh**
Liverpool Pickwicks: **Delta 5**
Liverpool Rotters: **After The Fire/Q-Tips**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Purcell Trio**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Normil Hawaiians / Calling Hearts**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Birthday Party**
London Crystal Palace Concert Bowl (afternoon, free): **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Spirit/Barry Ford etc.**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Jam Today/Flying Club**
London Euston The Pits: **The Speedos/The Rudiments**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **P.K. & The Product**
London Fulham Greyhound: **'On The Greyhound To Nowhere' (cabaret)**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
London Hampstead Starlight Room (from 6 pm): **Mark Ryder & The Heroes/ Remipeds/The Arcs/Going Straight/ The Hit Factory/ The Blinders**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Leytonstone Green Man: **Marquis De Sade**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid/Trimmer & Jenkins**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Gaz**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Legend**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Xenon X**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Humble Pie**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker Quartet**
London Southall The Cavern (lunchtime): **Mephisto Waltz/The Orange Cardigan/21 Escapes**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Tooting The Venue: **The Ak Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hot Gossip/Pasadena Roof Orchestra/Biddie & Eve**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes/El Seven**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The London Apaches**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Cheaters**
New Romney Seahorse: **Snooker featuring Henry McCullough**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Fear Of Flying**
South Uist Lochmaddy: **Frenchways**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Torquay Town Hall: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Tynemouth National Lifeboat Institute: **Scars**
Wigan The Pier: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Winchester Railway Inn: **The Convertibles**
Woking the Cricketers: **Talisman/Platform One/Arris/Basic Essentials/The Mode/Imperfect Hold**



HIS GIRL FRIDAY (Directed by Howard Hawks 1940). If Andre Previn said this was "probably the finest comedy ever made" it'd be the one time you could completely trust his judgement. A fiercely funny re-working on *The Front Page*, with Cary Grant as the conniving editor, Rosalind Russell as star hack Hildy Johnson. Hawks never directed anything so furiously paced before or since. **(BBC 2).**

OPERATION CROSSBOW (Michael Anderson 1965). With performances so stilted from George Peppard and Sophia Loren, and direction so static from Anderson, the effect is akin to a super-long *Thunderbirds* episode set in the Second World War. We win in the end, just. **(ITV, London).**

Friday July 24
THE EMPRESS DOWAGER (Li Han-Hsiang 1975). The pseuds at the London Film Festival loved this one in '76, an artificially studio-bound recreation of the Chinese Imperial court at the turn of the century. Bring back The Woodentops! **(BBC 2).**

UNMAN, WITTERING AND ZIGO (John MacKenzie 1971). Unpleasant black comedy, taken from Giles Cooper's radio play (!), with David Hemmings as the nervous teacher terrorised by spotty public schoolboys, but worth catching for director MacKenzie's work; he's since come good with *The Long Good Friday.* **(BBC 1).**

Saturday July 25
CARRY ON FOLLOW THAT CAMEL (Gerald Thomas 1966). Foreign legion frolics around the Oasis El Nooki . . . Personally, I'd prefer to watch *Beau Chumps*, but this *Carry On* does boast the presence of Phil Silvers. **(BBC 2).**

HELLINGER'S LAW (Toby Tillitberger 1981). Brand spanking new made-for-TV drama with Telly Savalas as the lawyer hero. The plot gimmick? He sports shoulder-length hair and calls everyone 'duckie'. Can't wait, myself. **(ITV all regions).**

THE CRAZIES (George A. Romero 1973). 'Excellent apocalyptic paranoid chiller with a small town driven bananas by biological poisoning. From the man who gave zombies a new lease of life, so to speak, in *Dawn Of The Dead*, so be prepared for a high kill quotient. And thanks, Beeb, for not reverting to its American title — would you believe *Code Name: Trixie?* **(BBC 2).**

Sunday July 26
EL DORADO (Howard Hawks 1966). Amiable rough-house Western with James Caan helping out oldtimers John Wayne and Robert Mitchum against the local land baron's hired guns. And Ed Asner, *Lou Grant*, himself, pops up along the way as a baddie. **(BBC 1).**

A DEATH IN CANAAN (Tony Richardson 1978). Stefanie Powers and Paul Clemens lead a made-for-TV court case job based on an actual 1973 incident: a teenager is arrested for the rape, mutilation and murder of his mum. Just the thing to mull over with a cup of cocoa. **(BBC 2).**

Monday July 27
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD (John Schlesinger 1967). Doleful version of Hardy's potboiler, dominated by Julie Christie making cow eyes at Peter Finch, Terence Stamp and Alan Bates. Ever so quiet and tasteful. **(BBC 1).**

Tuesday July 28
DAD'S ARMY (Norman Cohen 1971). Acceptable big screen treatment for the Home Guard eccentrics led by Arthur Lowe's magnificent Mainwaring. **(BBC 1).**

Wednesday July 29
SON OF PALEFACE (Frank Tashlin 1952). Gag-stuffed sequel to Bob Hope's successful Western spoof *The Paleface*, again with Jane Russell and girdle in tow. **(BBC 2).**

HIGH SOCIETY (Charles Walters 1956). Classy musical version of *The Philadelphia Story*, Cole Porter's songs given the works by Crosby and Sinatra. And isn't Grace Kelly pretty? Now there's a princess for you. **(ITV all regions).**

THE REIVERS (Mark Rydell 1969). Gentle slice of turn-of-the-century Americana, utterly untypical of Steve McQueen. One of those curious films that'll probably look much better on the box than they did down the Bijou. **(BBC 2).**

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (John Badham 1977). The emasculated version, naturally. Travolta's had his balls cut off in this watered-down edition of what was originally a trenchant study of NY street life. As for the Brothers Gibb, they never had any balls to begin with. **(ITV all regions).**

Monty Smith

A brief guide to current releases

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). Predictably, the old fogey national critics have prosaically trashed Russell's brilliant, batty epic, a preposterous mix of pseudo-intellectual sit-com and mind-battering special effects; reviewed in *Silver Screen* 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

THE AVIATOR'S WIFE (Eric Rohmer). In the late '60s and early '70s, Rohmer's precarious Moral Tales dissected the bourgeoisie to stultifying effect and he begins his new series of films with a similarly flimsy farce of misunderstanding. Extremely literate, very cultural etc. **(Artificial Eye)**

THE CANNONBALL RUN (Hal Needham). Quite possibly the worst film ever made; reviewed this week. **(20th Century Fox)**

CAVEMAN (Carl Gottlieb). Quite possibly the second worst film ever made; reviewed this week. **(United Artists)**

CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Hugh Hudson). Survives a dodgy double flashback to be a genuinely involving and inspiring story of two athletes' singleminded pursuit of ultimate glory — an Olympic gold in 1924; reviewed 18.4.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

CLASH OF THE TITANS (Desmond Davis). Ray Harryhausen's the hero again as he provides more wonderful creatures and creations to successfully pad out a schoolboy vision of ancient Greece. The actors, Olivier included, don't stand a chance; reviewed 11.7.81. **(CIC)**

CONDORMAN (Charles Jarrott). Michael "Woopsie" Crawford nellying it up as an unconvincing Yank cartoonist who falls in and out of trouble with loveable KGB and CIA agents, in cumbersome sit-com some way after James Bond. **(Walt Disney)**

DEATH HUNT (Peter Hunt). A man against Mob saga that seems to exist purely for its frequent sequences of savage violence; reviewed 11.7.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

EXCALIBUR (John Boorman). An innovative and magical treatment of the Arthurian legend, with Nicol Williamson in fiery form as mystic counsellor Merlin; reviewed 4.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

EYES OF A STRANGER (Ken Wiederhorn). The cure for rape-induced trauma is a repeat dose, according to this grubby little thriller; reviewed 18.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (John Glen). Bond's back with less bombast than before, but maybe that's because Old Moore is showing his age at last; reviewed 4.7.81. **(United Artists)**

FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 2 (Steve Miner). Nonsensical sequel to one of the worst of last year's schlock horrors, but Paul Tickell quite likes it. Funny lad, our Paul. **(CIC)**

FROM THE LIFE OF THE MARIONETTES (Ingmar Bergman). Lugubrious up-market razor flick; reviewed, at last, this week — and a jolly good job Chris Bohn's done, too. **(ITC)**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME (J. Lee Thompson). A snobby clique of obnoxious Canadian students gets bumped off one by one, each in a ridiculous manner; reviewed 18.7.81. **(Columbia)**

THE OBERWALD MYSTERY (Michelangelo Antonioni). Lots of silly hats in this one as Antonioni takes on the Ludwig soap operas where Visconti left off. In tonight's episode, stuffed to bursting with Old Romantics, Queen Monica Vitti falls in love with her would-be assassin; to be reviewed. **(Artificial Eye)**

QUARTET (James Ivory). Another impeccable, tasteful, deadly dull drama from that *Shakespeare Wallah* wallah; to be reviewed. **(20th Century Fox)**

S.O.B. (Blake Edwards). Frenetic farce which promises more dirt than it delivers (in true Hollywood style). Now, if Billy Wilder had made it . . . **(ITC)**

TERROR EYES (Ken Hughes). Meaningless title for a mangy thriller as a series of seemingly motiveless decapitations bemuse wiseacre Boston cops. **(Rank)**

THIS IS ELVIS (Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt). Col Tom Parker's whitewash job on the Presley legend. Appropriately, a sad debacle; reviewed 11.7.81. **(Warner Bros)**

TIME BANDITS (Terry Gilliam). The estimable Mr Gilliam presents a stirring fantasy extravaganza, with God's little helpers (six extremely personable dwarfs) looting the universe and bumping into the likes of Napoleon, Robin Hood and Neville Chamberlain. High spots are legion, but Sean Connery's wig probably takes the biscuit; reviewed 18.7.81. **(HandMade)**

Monty Smith

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Friday 24th July Adm £2
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES

Saturday 25th July Adm £2
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CHEVY
+ Limelight

Wednesday 29th July Adm 75p
A ROYAL WEDDING CELEBRATION DISCO

Friday 31st July Adm £2
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+ The Nice Guys

Saturday 1st August Adm £2
THE BLUECATS

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ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 22nd July £1
THE FORCE
Featuring Deke Leonard & Sean Tyla

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Friday 24th July £1.25
THE PEOPLE

Saturday 25th July £1.25
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Monday 27th July
T.B.A.

Tuesday 28th July £1
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DAMAGED YOUTH
+ ALIEN CULTURE

Wednesday 29th July £1
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+ The Welsh Wizzards
with a tribute to their Prince

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+ Scortch

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Wednesday 29th July £1.50
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BLACK MARKET
+ TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
Saturday 25th July
8.30 pm

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Thursday 23rd July
THE JOHNNY MARS BAND

Friday 24th July
ROCKET 88

Saturday 25th July
MONTY SUNSHINES JAZZ BAND

Thursday 30th July
TOERAG

Friday 31st July
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EVERY MONDAY 8 till 12
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Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday, July 23rd £1
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Friday, July 24th £1
FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
+ Support

Saturday, July 25th £1.50
BLACK MARKET
+ True Life Confessions

Sunday, July 26th £1
MOD DISCO
+ Mode

Monday, July 27th £1
STOLEN PETS
+ The Questions + The Rapiers

Tuesday, July 28th £1
NAKED LUNCH
+ The Close Ups

WINDSOR CASTLE
309 Harrow Road, W9
Bands On Stage 8.30pm
9—12 MIDNIGHT

Thursday 23rd July Free
DAVE ELLIS BAND + Modern Life
Friday 24th July 50p
A BIGGER SPLASH + Parallel Bars
Saturday 25th July 50p
ARROGANT + Kamelon
Sunday 26th July Free
ZIPCODE
Monday 27th July Free
SOULS VALIANT + Albania
Tuesday 28th July Free
MARK RYDER AND THE HEROES
+ Support
Wednesday 29th July Free
DIRTY STRANGERS + Support
Thursday 30th July Free
DAVE ELLIS BAND

LIVE REGGAE AT THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford Street, London W1

Thursday 23rd July
TALISMAN
+ SUPPORT

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WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE CHEFS
THU 23. 4-piece with a crisp set of bouncy pop which overballs into full-blooded rock

O.K. JIVE + 21 GUNS
FRI 24. Jive sound like a collision between Jamaica's Greatest Hits and a Hawaiian hotel band! 21 Guns sound is more dub, more forceful, with a heavy undercurrent of bass.

A BIGGER SPLASH
SAT. A kind of soft-option reggae that's very danceable and a contagious antidote to all things dark and arty.

SUN. THINGS IN BAGS + THE SUSPECTS

MON. EUROPEANS + BRUNEL

TUE. 24 HOURS + BONSAI FOREST

BIRTHDAY PARTY
WED. 29th. "....magnificent tangent to the pop group's black soul militancy," said SOUNDS. "Australia's only export of originality since Foster's lager," NME confirmed.

FLOCK of SEAGULLS
THU 30. Musically a bit like ULTRAVOX.

IMBIBERS NOTE! Sedation happy hour- 7.30 p.m to 9.30pm every night. Drinks are half price.

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24th Fulham Greyhound
August
3rd 101 Club
4th Hope & Anchor
11th Embassy Club W.1.
12th The Venue with Huang Chuang
29th Marquee W.1.
30th Reading Festival

LIVE ADS

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BUZZ
+ Jump Squad

Friday 24th July £1.50
THE DUMB BLONDES
+ The Whizz Kids

Saturday 25th July £1.50
DOLLY MIXTURES
+ Souls Valiant

Monday 27th July £1.50
ANIMAL MAGNET
+ Crosswords

Tuesday 28th July £1.50
GUILT EDGE
+ The Sensible Shoes

Wednesday 29th July £1.50
THE SPEEDOS
+ The Rudiments

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Tel: 01-223 8309
Thursday 23rd July
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Friday 24th July
BOP NATIVES
Saturday 25th July
BUMBLE AN THE BEES
Sunday 26th July
Tour de Force
(EAST OF CROYDON ALBUM NIGHTS)
Monday 27th July
HEARTBEATS + BIG COMBO
Tuesday 28th July
KAN KAN + SPOON FAZER
Wednesday 29th July
NORMAL HAWIIANS
+ CALLING HEARTS

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Thursday 23rd July £1.50
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+ Baby Amplifiers
Friday 24th July £1.75
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+ Top Secret
Sunday 26th July £1.50
LAVERNE BROWN
+ Italian Parcels
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A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
+ Top Secret + The Rimshots
Tuesday 28th July £1.50
KIDZ NEXT DOOR
+ The Questions + Blow-up
Thursday 30th July £1.50
A NEW MOON THROUGH GLASS
+ Carved to a Noise
Friday 31st July £1.75
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+ The Floor

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+ THE QUESTIONS AND THE RAPIERS
THE CLARENDON W6
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
+ TOP SECRET
+ DESIGNED FOR LIVING
THE STARLIGHT, WEST HAMPSTEAD
Tuesday 28th July
KIDZ NEXT DOOR
+ THE QUESTION + BLOW–UP
THE STARLIGHT, WEST HAMPSTEAD
NAKED LUNCH + CLOSE–UPS
THE CLARENDON W6
Thursday 30th July
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THE ROCKGARDEN
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CHINATOWN
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Tuesday 28th July
CHRIS THOMPSON
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CRAMPS' GUIDE

From page 31

crossed with a giraffe. The head comes down and scoops people into the body. First of all it eats an entire hootenany, 40 kids out hootenanying in the woods. Then it eats an entire record hop. The first time it strikes there's a guy and a girl laying on a blanket. The girl's wearing a bikini and the guy's running his hands all over her. They see this rug coming with a car under it and the guy takes off and leaves the girl there screaming. And the girl's got high heels on too. A bikini and high heels! There's a censored version and an uncensored version and in the uncensored version the girl takes about five minutes to get eaten. It's so sick. It's the height of fashion, that movie. All the girls wear beehives and back-zip lurex pants.

IVY: Yeah, I had a pair of pants made that were inspired by that movie! And of course it's all jive talk because it's always teenagers that get snuffed by the monster. It goes to this place where there are all these teenagers making out in their cars and flips all the cars over. I'm not sure what happens in the end. I could never really follow it. . .

LUX: Like all good B movies it just kinda peters out. In the end it just gets boring. Instead of building to a climax, they run out of ideas and the action just disintegrates. But you can see that one. It's still around and it'll be a classic one day when people realise . . . Boy, it had the greatest fashions. The monster breaks through the wall of a gymnasium to eat the record hop — all these teenagers dancing — and what of course would happen at that moment? A fight breaks out! Amazing; It's probably a more true account of America in the early '60s than *American Graffiti* or any of that bullshit. It's the way it really was. Total insanity. A fight'll break out any minute — it wasn't all nice people and pony-tails. It was the *real* fashions of the late-'50s and early '60s — incredibly sexy and tribal and outrageous!

IVY: It's all pointed bras, stilleto heels, skin-tight gold lame pants with a back-zip, ankle boots, ratty, beehive hair, and everybody twisting.

LUX: All the guys wore pants that looked like they were sewn on to them, and they'd never be able to take them off. The real hard-core hoods they were then; not punks, *hoods!* I grew up in a place outside of Akron, Ohio, and the only people that lived there were hillbillys that worked in the rubber factories. The dances that went on there and the clothes that people wore then, in the early '60s, were just the wildest, the absolute *wildest!* Beyond anything else. It was like a science fiction comic book, wild and bizarre and nothing to do with Pat Boone and all that stuff. Places away from the cultural centres, like northern California or the South or the Mid-west, is where it was the most extreme. Those were the places where people weren't afraid of doing something that wasn't in vogue or the new trend or whatever. I think that'll always be the case.

The most crazy stuff, the most memorable stuff, will always go on away from the culture, away from the ballet and Broadway and things like that. I don't think that's really a good breeding ground for rock'n'roll or its abominations!

Reggae Runnings

Janet Kay — offering on Mama Dragon

THE soundtrack LP of reggae musical *Mama Dragon* has been released on Matumbites **Bevin Fagan** and **Fergus Jones'** Cavalis label. Featuring black British band **The Government** with 'At The Club' reggae chart topper **Victor Romero** as vocals, the set also engenders performances from both **Janet Kay** and *Babylon* actor **Trevor Laird** reading a protesting script on titles like 'Urban Insurrection', 'In Brixton', 'Bottle, Stone & Stick', and other utterances prophetic in the light of recent events.

Written by **Farrukh Dhondy** for Britain's Black Theatre Co-operative, *Mama Dragon* opened at the Factory in Paddington in March 1980. The play then moved on to the ICA, followed by a tour of Britain and then of the continent to mark the end of its first run.

The LP, produced and arranged by Messrs Fagan and Jones, was recorded at TMC in Tooting and mixed at Free Range.

Up from Los Angeles on the Ala label emerges a new pressing of **Bob Marley and the Wailers,** 'Soul Captives' LP recorded during the group's association with Leslie Kong in the early 70s. The set dispenses six songs from Bob Marley, three from Peter Tosh, plus a version of 'Go Tell It On The Mountain.' It comes with a full length portrait of His Imperial Majesty in lavish costume.

Latest on Greensleeves discomix is: **Ranking Dread,** 'Love A Dub' c/w 'Roots' **Radics Band & Jackie Mittoo,** 'Dub A Dub' (GRED 57); and **Hugh Mundell,** 'Can't Pop No Style' c/w **Junior Reid,** 'Know Myself' (GRED 54).

Other current 12-inch titles are: **Dean Stone & Kojack,** 'Sweet Love Of Mine' c/w **Fatman Ridim Section,** 'My Love' (Top Ranking International TRID 4020); **Donavan Smith,** 'Take Heed' c/w **Roots Radics Band,** 'Heed Dub' (Love Linch LL 015); **Leslie Caesar,** 'Never Met A Woman' c/w **Corner Shot Band,** 'Raw Dub' (SG4); **Junior Delgado,** 'Play Days' c/w 'Version 2' (Gan Jam CJ 108); and **Johnny Clarke,** 'Wide Awake In A Dream' c/w **Ossie Scott,** 'Scrap Iron Rock' (TWDIS 44).

Penny Reel

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ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1, 2, 3 Bayswater (Queensway)
1: **CLASH OF THE TITANS** (A)
Progs 2.30 5.10 7.50 Sun 5.15 7.55
Late Show Tonight & Sat 11.15
2: John Boorman's **EXCALIBUR** (AA)
Progs 1.45 4.10 7.25, Sun 4.15 7.25
Late Show Tonight & Sat 11.00
3: **TIME BANDITS**(A)
Progs 1.45 4.40 7.35, Sun 4.45 7.40
Late Show Sat 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 Edgware Road
1: **CLASH OF THE TITANS**(A)
3.15 5.50 8.30 Sun 5.50 8.30
Progs 2.50 5.25 8.00, Sun 5.25 8.00
Late Show Tonight & Sat 11.15
2: **TIME BANDITS** (A)
3.00 5.45 8.35, Sun 5.45 7.50
Progs 2.15 5.0 7.50, Sun 5.00 7.50
Late Show Tonight &Sat 11.15
3: John Boorman's **EXCALIBUR** (AA)
1.45 5.00 8.15, Sun 5.00 8.15
Progs 4.15 7.30, Sun 7.30
Late Show Tonight & Sat 11.15
4: **THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK** (U)
2.30 5.30 8.25, Sun 5.30 8.25
Progs 1.50 4.45 7.40, Sun 4.45 7.40
Late Show Sat. 11.15

ABC 1 & 2 Shaftesbury Ave.
1: **ALTERED STATES** (X)
70mm Dolby Stereo
Sep. Perfs. Wk & Sun 2.0 5.15 8.15
Late Show Sat 11.15
2: **EXCALIBUR** (AA)
Sep Perfs Wk & Sun 1.30 4.45 8.00
Late Show Sat 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 Fulham Road
Doors open 15 mins prior L'cnd Bar
1: **ALTERED STATES** (X)
Wk & Sun 2.35 5.35 9.10
Sep. Progs Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00 8.30
2: **CLASH OF THE TITANS** (A)
Wk & Sun 2.20 5.20 8.55
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.00 5.00 8.30
3: John Boorman's **EXCALIBUR** (AA)
Wk & Sun 2.20 5.35 9.10
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 1.45 5.00 8.30
4: **TIME BANDITS** (A)
Wk & Sun 2.40 5.40 9.15
Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.00 5.00 8.30
5: **MY BRILLIANT CAREER**(U)
Wk & Sun 4.10 9.45
PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK (A)
Wk & Sun 2.00 7.30

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1 **He's Murdered 12 Women. The 13th Is About To Fight Back.**
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PROGRAMME TIMES: Weekdays 1.50, 4.00, 6.10, 8.25; Sundays 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 8.25. Late night shows Sat 11 pm

2 **ALTERED STATES** X
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Progs: Weekdays 1.10, 3.15, 5.45, 8.15. Sunday 3.15, 5.45, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 **SHIRLEY MacLAINE ANTHONY HOPKINS BO DEREK**
A Change of Seasons AA
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Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30.

4 JOHN BOORMAN'S
EXCALIBUR AA
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PROGRAMME TIMES: Weekdays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05; Sundays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05. Late night shows Fri/Sat 11 pm.

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KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Fri
Marilyn in **GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES** 7.25
+ **BUS STOP** 5.45 & 9.00
Sat
2.00 Seperate Performance
Nicholson's **GOIN SOUTH** 4.00 & 7.35
+ **DAYS OF HEAVEN** 5.55 & 9.30
11.15
THUNDERCRACK
+ **GLEN OR GLENDA?**
Sun
LAUREL & HARDY Festival
2.00 & 6.30 tickets can be bought in advance for this programme
Mon
Depardieu Double
MAITRESSE 7.05
THE LAST WOMAN 5.05 & 9.00
Tue
the original **POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE** 7.05
+ **GILDA** 5.10 & 9.05
Wed
THE TIN DRUM 1.10, 3.35 & 6.00 (Sep perf) **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** 8.30
+ **I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE** 9.50
Thu
ADAM ANT IN JUBILEE 7.05
+ **SEX PISTOLS IN THE GREAT . . .**5.15 & 8.55

PARIS PULLMAN

Drayton Gardens. SW10 01-373 5898

LATE SHOW 11 pm
Friday 24th July
Bertoluccis 1900 parts 1 & 2 (X)
Saturday 25th July
Bertoluccis
LAST TANGO IN PARIS (X)
& Kazan's
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (X)
Sunday 26th July
Ritt's **THE FRONT** (AA)
& Pakula's
ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN (AA)
Thursday 30th July
Nichol's **THE GRADUATE** (AA)
& Schlesinger's
MIDNIGHT COWBOY (X)

PHOENIX

OPP EAST FINCHLEY STATION 01-883 2233

LATE NIGHT SHOW 11pm
Friday 24th July
Teague's
THE LADY IN RED (X)
& Cohen's **DEMON** (X)
Saturday 23rd July
Nicholson's **GOING SOUTH** (A)
& Malle's **PRETTY BABY** (X)

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01-261 6153

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classic 1 2 3 **HAYMARKET** 8391527
(Piccadilly Circus Tube)

1 Full Stereophonic Sound
WALT DISNEY'S FANTASIA TECHNICOLOR U
progs: 2.00, 4.45, 7.35. Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm

2 JOHN BOORMAN'S
EXCALIBUR AA
Progs: 1.40 (Sun from 2.10) 4.40, 7.40
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 *You'll root for them all . . . but you'll never guess who wins*
THE CANNONBALL RUN A
Progs: 1.30 (not Sun), 3.10, 5.30, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

classic 1 2 3 4 5 **OXFORD ST.** 636 0310
(Opp Tottenham Court Rd. Tube)

1 *ALL THE DREAMS YOU'VE EVER HAD — AND NOT JUST THE GOOD ONES*
JOHN CLEESE · SEAN CONNERY
TIME BANDITS A
Progs: 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20
Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm

2 *A NEW DIMENSION IN ADVENTURE*
CLASH OF THE TITANS A
Progs: 12.50, 3.10, 5.30, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 Walt Disney
HERBIE GOES BANANAS! U
SUN & WK 1.00, 3.40, 6.20, 9.05
plus
FLASH the TEENAGE OTTER U
SUN & WK 2.35, 5.20, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

4 RINGO STARR BARBARA BACH
CAVEMAN A
Progs: 1.30, 3.40, 6.00, 8.20
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 Lloyd Bridges
AIRPLANE! A
+ LEONARD ROSSITER 'WATERLOO BRIDGE HANDICAP' (A)
Progs: 12.45, 2.45, 4.45, 6.45, 8.45
Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm

The NEW **classic** 1 2 3 4 **CHELSEA** 352 5096

1 RINGO STARR, BARBARA BACH
CAVEMAN A
Progs: 2.40, 4.20, 6.30, 8.50

2 *1981 Royal Film Performance*
CHARIOTS OF FIRE
Progs: 2.40, 5.40, 8.30 A
in Dolby sound

3 *You'll root for them all . . . but you'll never guess who wins*
THE CANNONBALL RUN A
Progs: 2.45, 6.10, 9.00

4 Jack Nicholson
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE X
Progs 2.00, 5.50, 8.20

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JUNGLE BURGER X
1.20 (not Sun), 4.20, 7.20

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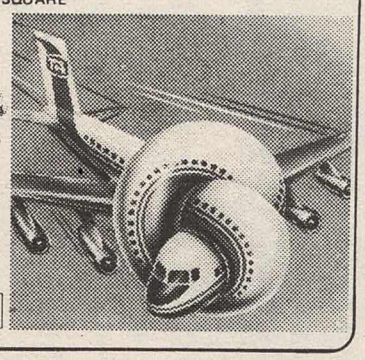
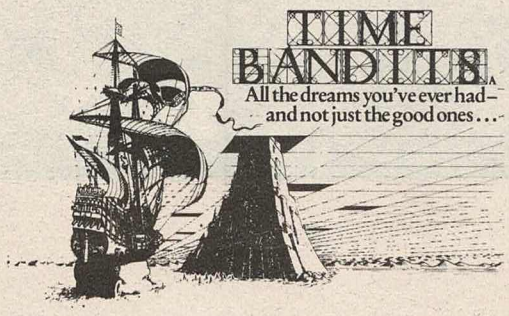


The plane's going to Chicago.
The pilot's going to New York.
The passengers are going to pieces!

PLAZA 1 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS



PLAZA 2 OFF PICCADILLY

ALAN BATES
MAGGIE SMITH
ISABELLE ADJANI
ANTHONY HIGGINS
QUARTET X
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PLAZA 3 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

PLAZA 4 OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

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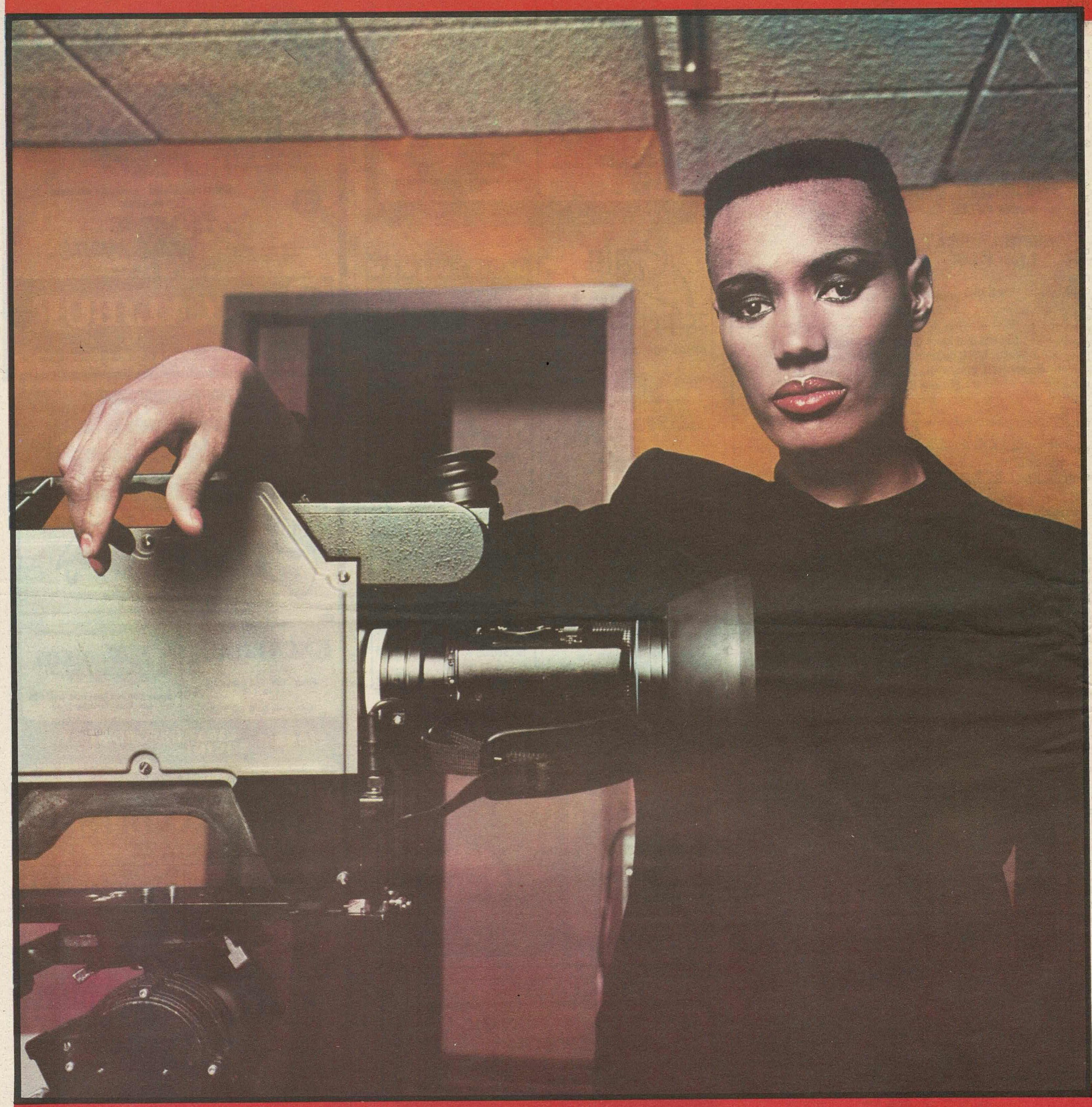


Chris Salewicz goes behind the public face of Grace to discover that in the tall, exotic frame of a former model there's a little girl with a snotty nose and wet knickers. Photography by Joe Stevens

GRACE JONES is the kind of classic performer who onstage or before a camera projects herself out of her everyday 5' 8" character into the eight feet tall man-eating Amazon around which is built her bitchy myth.

This artistry is not in evidence, however, as she sits on the ledge of an open window in an Island Records office, 39 floors above the steaming hot uptown Manhattan streets, letting her legs drift back and forth like a schoolgirl on a playground swing scuffling her feet in the dirt.

Every so often, though, this image of rather surprisingly wholesome homepie sexuality dissipates as Grace takes an almighty honk of snot up her nasal passage and then swallows it down the back of her throat into her stomach.

"Oh, I'm *sorry*. That's *so-o-o* disgusting," she giggles naughtily.

Grace has one of those faintly sinister modern day big city summer colds caused by a combination of carbon monoxide fumes and ice-cold air conditioning. It was in order to escape the latter that we opened the window and accordingly we're now gulping in lungfuls of the former.

In what she claims is an attempt to raise her weight from the 114 pounds it dropped to during live work in North and South America, Grace is swigging familiarly on a bottle of Heineken and nibbling occasionally at a tongue sandwich.

In passing, as we gaze idly at the distant skyscrapers, deathly beautiful in the plague-blue pollution haze, Grace discusses those foods of which she is most fond, slavering politely over the subject of her favourite — as we all know by now — *sushi*. She is disappointed that she recently missed out on acquiring an exclusive design transparent plastic jacket in which was implanted small pieces of said Japanese nosh, along with sundry other sea-food.

Perhaps it's a consolation that Grace wears a low-cut pale green pants-suit of a similar see-through material. On her high-cheekboned, almond-eyed head she wears a Panama straw hat, its wide brim turned up all the way around — after a while, she tosses this down on the table, revealing a slept-in version of the famous G. Jones GI Blues pillbox haircut.

WE ARE just chatting really, Grace preferring normal conversation to the more forced formalities of the set interview — as Russel Harty painfully discovered. Through the open office door sails the sound of 'Pull Up To The Bumper', track two one side on of 'Nightclubbing', Grace's bustling, excellent-bristling Sly 'n' Robbie-dominated LP. A sizeable hit in New York City, 'Pull Up To The Bumper' is really rather a rude song.

"Oh *yeah*," Grace chuckles throatily with one of the frequent loose waves of a hand with which she emphasises her speech. *"Sure.* Oh *shit,* otherwise it's boring, no? I don't want to sing sweet things, though I don't mind sweetness so long as it has a little sour meaning underneath."

Did having her son, two-year old Apollo, fathered by soul-mate photographer Jean-Paul Goude, change her, I inquire.

"Sure!" She laughs again. "I became wilder than ever! *Really!* I became like a little kid again. It was as though *I'd* just got born. Though I thought I'd be starting to take it easy after the birth."

Is she actually married to Jean-Paul?

"Ohhhh . . . I am . . . and I'm *not."* She giggles one more time. "I'm honestly telling the *truth:* my image of marriage is probably not someone else's. I've gone through *a* ceremony, but not probably the conventional ceremony.

"I think the vows and the conventional way is just *so-o-o* unromantic. If there's anything to end a marriage, marriage will. It's the worst thing you can do for a relationship. Unless you have to do it for tax reasons, or to get a loan or something. But basically it's a contract that I don't think should be connected with a romantic situation.

"And I am romantic — though not in an illogical way. But on the other hand my logic is totally illogical for many other people.

"I believe you can love more than one person. I don't think man was made just to have one partner — though some people will think such an attitute is *outrageous.*

"But yes: I *do* live with Jean-Paul . . . And then again, I *don't,"* she laughs, teasingly.

OUR GRACIE moved to upper New York state from her native Jamaica in her early teens when her Pentecostal minister father uprooted the family from Spanishtown.

A strict religious upbringing meant that it wasn't until she was living in America that Grace had any contact with popular music.

"I wasn't even allowed to listen to the *radio* when we lived in Jamaica. It was a very strict upbringing: music like that was considered as being idle. Although I was made to take piano lessons until my fingers *cracked!*

"Probably what I'm doing now is a total reaction against all that: it's completely against my upbringing. I'm not singing Gospel Music after all, am I? Though I don't think we're all here to do things like that.

"My father doesn't really care one way or the other about what I'm doing now. We don't really talk about it. But we're friends."

THE JONES family didn't move into one of the numerous Jamaican communities around New York City, but into an upper middle class neighbourhood.

"My family was the only black family in the whole area. The same week we moved in, two of the homes were put up for sale. When it comes to being racist, Americans are very upfront.

"Though everybody is racist in their own way. In fact, I much prefer the American way of racism — at least people are more open about it. I hate that hush-hush, brush-it-under-the-rug racism, because you just don't know where you stand. *Such a load of hypocrisy!"* She shakes her head, the heavy tones of a Jamaican accent dancing naturally between Manhattan intonations and inflections.

"I don't like hypocrisy. The English are very good at it, *and* the French," she adds, recalling the '70s years the globetrotting Grace spent in Paris, working as a top model and experiencing the first expression of her musical talents.

"Mind you," she continues, "when I say racism, I'm not necessarily just talking about black and white. . .

"The French are racist, unless you're so totally different that you become more of a curiosity. Certainly I was that. In fact, the French attitude is *bizarre,"* and for a moment a French accent enters Grace's voice, "because they also really get into exotic-looking black women.

"But I think that coming from Jamaica my whole outlook on everything is very open, very like physical Jamaican feeling or appearance — it's so sunny and open, everything is out in the air. It's hard to become stiff in that kind of environment," she smiles, slowly running a finger around the label on her beer-bottle.

Grace Jones was the only black kid in her Junior High School.

"But everybody really respected me, because I was so much younger than my classmates. Everybody thought I was some kind of mastermind. But they didn't know that the reason I knew much more than any of the other kids was because in Jamaica you start school three years earlier than you do in America.

"Americans are not very well educated. Horrible. I guess a lot of them are lazy. Certainly I was considered like, Ooooh, leave me your brain."

Her natural facility with languages — she speaks French, Italian, and Spanish — eased Grace's entrance in to college, where initially she studied to become a Spanish teacher.

"But after I heard about all these teachers being shot by students I thought, to hell with it. *I'm* not going to do *that!*

"Can you imagine *me* as a teacher? I would've been killed several times over by now! It's all true, that violence in the schools, especially in the big cities.

"When I was at school in Jamaica there was spanking, we used to get the cane and everything. Here, if you touch a kid, man, forget it! If you even look at them too hard they're on your ass.

"Too much discipline is no good, and too much the other way is equally no good. But definitely you've got to have discipline. Here," she laughs, "if you're a teacher and you give a kid an F grade they'll come and cut your throat.

"So I'm glad I didn't follow *that.* Whatever my destiny was, thank God I just went along with it. I was very frivolous then — you could turn me this way and that. But I got very interested in drama after I visited one of the classes, and I became the protegee of one of the teachers."

The grounding in acting on to Grace's modelling career, which in turn resulted in the move to Paris in 1974.

"In European modelling," she asserts, "they were a lot more into individual personalities than into making everyone look like they were out of the same mould. In America you definitely have to have this certain look, and they go for girls who all literally look alike.

"I think I was the only black girl working, though. I always thought there was room for rather more than just one, actually."

Her natural sense of taste makes Grace Jones despair at the general standard of US dress sense.

"In general, I don't think American people are at all stylish. I think they have the worst possible taste. Really, if you live in Paris or Italy and come here it's a *big* shock.

"Your look can be simple, yet really stylish, but here people look simple because they're just stupid . . . Though I'm basically talking about Middle America.

"The black people here have a lot more style, though — a lot of the good style and ideas comes out of the ghetto."

THE GRADUAL mutation from Grace Jones The Image into her present position of Jones The Voice came about, she laughs, "because someone saw a chance of making some money.

"It was while I was still living in Paris. These people knew I was already successful modelling and there's this assumption that all black Americans have great voices."

Her teenage life in the States had turned her into a soul freak — she speaks of James Brown as "the ultimate disco artist". Grace also has a twin brother who was a club DJ at the time she shared a Manhattan apartment with him.

"He really understood DJ-ing as an art form. We always had the best records and the best system of anyone around."

Though starting her relationship with Island Records ("I really had nothing to do with the signing to Island. I didn't even know which record companies were around — I just came from a totally different world.") in 1977 with the Tom Moulton-produced 'Portfolio' album, it wasn't until the release of her fourth LP, the definitely Post-Disco 'Warm Leatherette' last summer, that Grace Jones encountered the stirrings of any grand commercial success.

More specifically, in England it was her near-Rap rendition of Chrissie Hynde's 'Private Lives' (Chris apparently has penned a new song specifically for Grace) that put the sound of her Taurean tonsils on the radio.

"What I like about my voice is that it really cannot be duplicated. It is what it is. I *couldn't* change it in any other way. Which is good in this business.

"As I said, I wasn't exposed at all to pop music when I was growing up. And even at my father's church it was just very straight choir-singing. In American churches they often pick people out for solo singing — but I wasn't really exposed to *any* influences like that.

"There was no voice there at all for me to be influenced by. But someone like, say, Billie Holliday would sing when she was a little girl over and over to certain records. And obviously if you keep doing that you're going to start sounding like that person."

Grace's popularity amongst gays is well-known. It wasn't, though, in gay clubs where she found her initial audience — *that* came from the sometimes incestuously elite New York world of artists, fashion designers and writers. Grace's song 'Art Groupie' that opens side two of 'Nightclubbing' is more than a little autobiographical about it.

"All my boyfriends used to be artists. I found that scene very interesting, although it was probably more superficial than I realised at the time.

"I was very attracted to it. Maybe it's the mother in me — there's a lot of heterosexual cissies in it: the sort of guys who aren't uptight around gays but whose sexual preference is female.

"I think, in fact, that a large part of my attraction for gay guys is that I *do* serve as some sort of mother figure to them."

Grace stresses, however, that when she recorded the song, 'I Need A Man', a big New York disco hit, it never entered her head how popular it might become with the male gay crowd!

As some sort of Sex Goddess, her position is an odd one: her public face seems to lie somewhere between a sexual and bisexual. . .

"Yeah, no one's really *sure!"* she splutters with laughter, blowing her nose with a loud liquid blast and reducing the tissue to a soggy pulp. *"But I'm a woman to me!"* she laughs again. "And I *feel* like a woman . . . But what's a woman supposed to feel like — *I don't know!"* exclaims this artist tortured with self-doubt. "I like a lot of things, though — *soft* things, *hard* things . . . I just like the best of both worlds.

"I'm schizophrenic, but so is everybody in my opinion. We all have different facets.

"Anyway, people think I'm a real *bitch. Shit,* they think I'm The Bitch Of Bitches! But that's because my shows are so grand, and I don't take *anything* from *anyone.* My shows are *really* strong. Also, I rarely smile in pictures.

"It is *funny* — the whole thing. People miss the humour sometimes. They don't see the joke in the bitchiness."

SO RADICAL a musical shift was 'Warm Leatherette' following the sound of Grace's first three LP's that I recently heard Spandau Ballet's Gary Kemp referring to it as Grace's "first album". For its recording they shifted studios from Manhattan to Compass Point in Nassau. Also, producer Tom Moulton was dumped, leaving Island boss Chris Blackwell to co-produce the record with Alex Sadkin, who began his career working with KC And The Sunshine Band and is now something of an Island house producer. The transition was completed with drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare bringing along with them the cream of Kingston's session-men.

"It's a pity 'Warm Leatherette' had to get the shock treatment," says Grace. "It really set up 'Nightclubbing' nice, though. I definitely wanted to search and experiment for a sound that was specifically Grace Jones rather than that of any producer. Of course, disco did always tend to emphasise the producer and not the artist."

It was Chris Blackwell who provided Grace with a list of reasonably esoteric recent songs. "Chris doesn't have a big say in my career," she claims. "But I respect him very much, because he understands me completely, and knows what is needed.

"The whole concept, though, was an idea I had, which was very rhythmic. I love reggae, but the whole political side of it was just not a part of my life, so it would be silly of me just to jump on a bandwagon.

"I just thought there was an incredible fusion to be made, which is what we worked on getting in the studio. . .

"Oh listen, I have to go to the bathroom," she excuses herself. "It's the beer".

Grace returns a couple of minutes later. As she re-enters the room, she pauses for a second: a look that is a mixture of a grimace and a dirty grin leaps across her face.

"Ye-uuuccchhhh. I've wet myself!" she giggles, her fingers scrabbling in the crotch of her pants as she stands awkwardly wide-legged like a toddler with a soiled nappy.

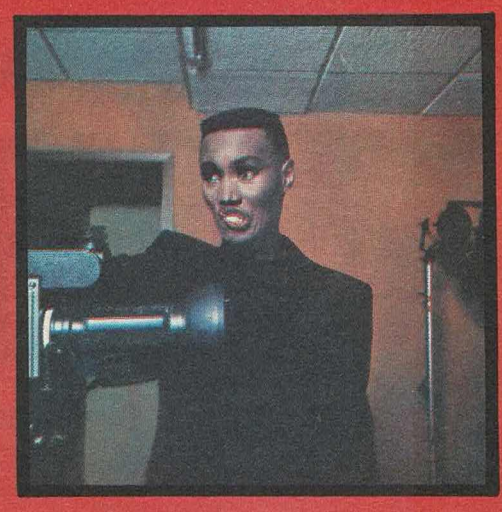
This problem of Grace Jones and her bodily waste matter doesn't end here, however, She announces that she has just discovered what the time is, and that she is late for an appointment at a steam-room which she hopes will help remove the mucus from her nose. She has to go.

A couple of nights later I run into a somewhat bombed-looking Grace at The Underground, a stylish mainly gay disco on Broadway at Union Square. Give her a call, she suggests, and she'll fill me in on more details about the making of 'Nightclubbing'.

A good idea, I think: Grace can give me such joicy stuff as how Island managed to not only get Robbie Shakespeare out of jail after being busted in Jamaica for possession of something akin to his own personal nuclear strike-force, then out to Nassau, but also how they saved him from The Gun Court. (A Deal was done, I've subsequently learned).

I call Grace later in the week.

Predictably, the little jetsetter's flown off to Miami, with maybe Jamaica to follow in a few days time.



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LIVE!

Monochrome Set
D.A.F.

Lyceum

IF THIS sordid Lyceum spectacle proved anything apart from the fans' continued acceptance of squalor and disrespect, it showed the difference between the musical future as defined by real revolutionaries and the pretentious trickery of empty exhibitionists.

Monochrome Set present the adman's idea of the Modern Image; underneath the trappings they're content to coast along on a tired combination of discredited claims. D.A.F., in contrast, are looking the future full in the face; they exploit possibilities, they grab chances, they *change* things.

Before D.A.F., I was in time to watch The Weathermen's efficient but disappointingly formless funk. Despite a rhythm section of bass, drums and bongos which was fired by enthusiasm and a fair amount of flair, their surface sound was never much more than meandering.

D.A.F. have made one of the year's most imaginative albums in 'Alles Ist Gut', and onstage they match its promise point for point. They take a stripped pattern of rhythm, eroticism, repetition and emotion and arrange it sparingly into a distilled disco, a dark dance essence.

D.A.F. electronics represent resourcefulness. Their conquered technology stands for freedom. The D.A.F. plan is so simple and obvious, so natural in the circumstances, it leaves the impression of an inspired streak of pop genius. D.A.F. are grim and stirring, defiant and glamorous, heroic against the odds and they revel in their role outrageously.

Just as D.A.F.'s sound on record exemplifies style and symmetry, so live with only an unnamed female tape operator, and Robert Gorl on drums, the stage is set for Gabi's exaggerated re-enactment of D.A.F. themes. Tense suspense, tenderness, fierce love and fear are explored with technology made manageable. There's a vast range, for example, between the atmospheres of 'Der Mussolini' and the delicate, icy eeriness of 'Der Rauber Und Der Prinz' or a wistful, wrenching lovesong like 'Alles Ist Gut.'

Further, D.A.F. utilise the innate colour and possibilities of language, the harsh, staunch flow of guttural German interwoven with the smooth friction of the sound's ebb and flow.

The D.A.F. dance is also desperate; sleek and bleak, rapt and realistic, damned and delirious; perfect pop for our era.

Self-satisfaction seems to be the predominant emotion of Monochrome's set. Making a portentous entrance decked out in daft costumes, for the first five minutes their spectacle is faintly intriguing. After half an hour, their wiggling excuses for songs become a serious irritation.

Monochrome Set's ponderous, determined whimsicality makes for a shaggy dog story of a sound and underneath their outfits they're a drab bunch, submerged by the shabby superficiality of their complacent desires. They milk every rockist cliche for maximum but muted impact from lots of guitars that make overworked noises, twee glamour, smug asides, a posh set and inexorably increasing volume. They also seem content to be carried limply by prevailing fashion, since they've discarded their slide shows to rely solely on their fake 'futurist' trappings.

It's rare that a relatively successful group seem so entirely without redeeming factors. Monochrome Set might just be the exception that proves the point.

Lynn Hanna

GARDEN PARTY SEASON OPENS — OFFICIAL

Spandau Ballet

Edinburgh

THERE WILL always be room for bored actors flirting with easy roles on the rockstage: in the constant mainstream of average ability it's no secret that a clever image (Antmusic) or a pretty face (Kim Wilde) could just prise open the nation's pursestrings. For all its seasonal hip, subtle dislocation can never compete with sheer gross exaggeration. Or even worse; half the country may well be a Nolan — but at nightfall, in private, stands a closet Toyah. And there's a heap of groups groomed by boys who got fed-up with just being Bowie in the bedroom mirror.

Five boys (who must spend a considerable amount of time admiring their reflections) — stars of the three-minute soundtrack — bask under a hot Spanish sun and think of home. Britain slumbers through a summer of lazy disco funk, to which their current single 'Chant No. 1' is the theme tune.

"Maybe we could play a couple of concerts — now where would be nice?"

"How about Scotland — home of tartan, swirling mists, purple heather, whisky . . . any towns in Scotland?"

"Yeah, there's Edinburgh and Glasgow — and let's have no publicity at all; just word of mouth. . . Could we play in a castle?"

"We'll have strawberries, and symphonies playing, and. . . oh, better make sure we get rooms with electricity and running water. . . "

At the entrance to the stately Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh, bouncers are filling themselves with fat slices of quiche. Inside, a weary promoter checks ticket sales — a last minute hitch had caused a day's delay and he'd been up all night sending out smoke signals to ticket holders.

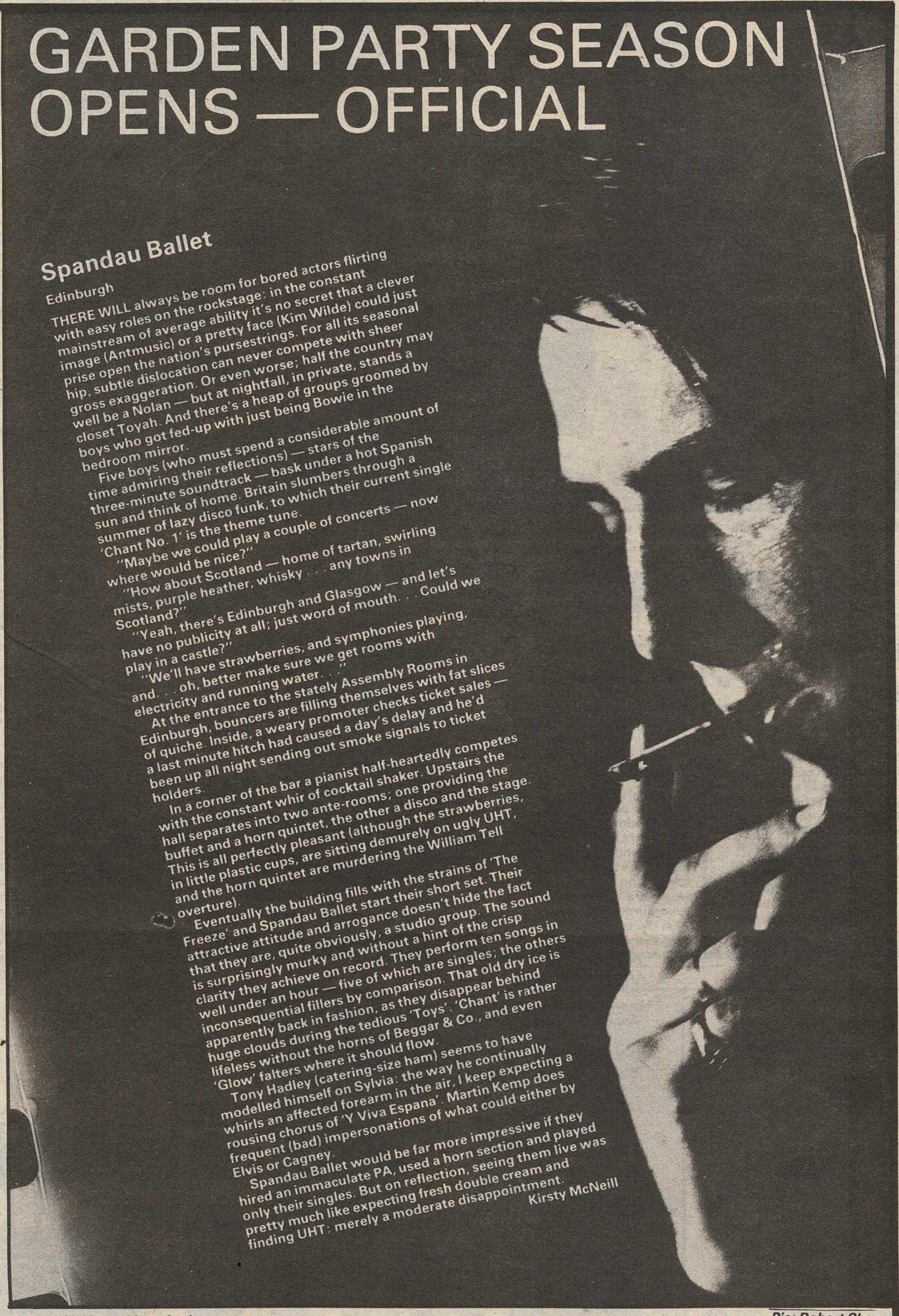
In a corner of the bar a pianist half-heartedly competes with the constant whir of cocktail shaker. Upstairs the hall separates into two ante-rooms; one providing the buffet and a horn quintet, the other a disco and the stage. This is all perfectly pleasant (although the strawberries, in little plastic cups, are sitting demurely on ugly UHT, and the horn quintet are murdering the William Tell overture).

Eventually the building fills with the strains of 'The Freeze' and Spandau Ballet start their short set. Their attractive attitude and arrogance doesn't hide the fact that they are, quite obviously, a studio group. The sound is surprisingly murky and without a hint of the crisp clarity they achieve on record. They perform ten songs in well under an hour — five of which are singles; the others inconsequential fillers by comparison. That old dry ice is apparently back in fashion, as they disappear behind huge clouds during the tedious 'Toys'. 'Chant' is rather lifeless without the horns of Beggar & Co., and even 'Glow' falters where it should flow.

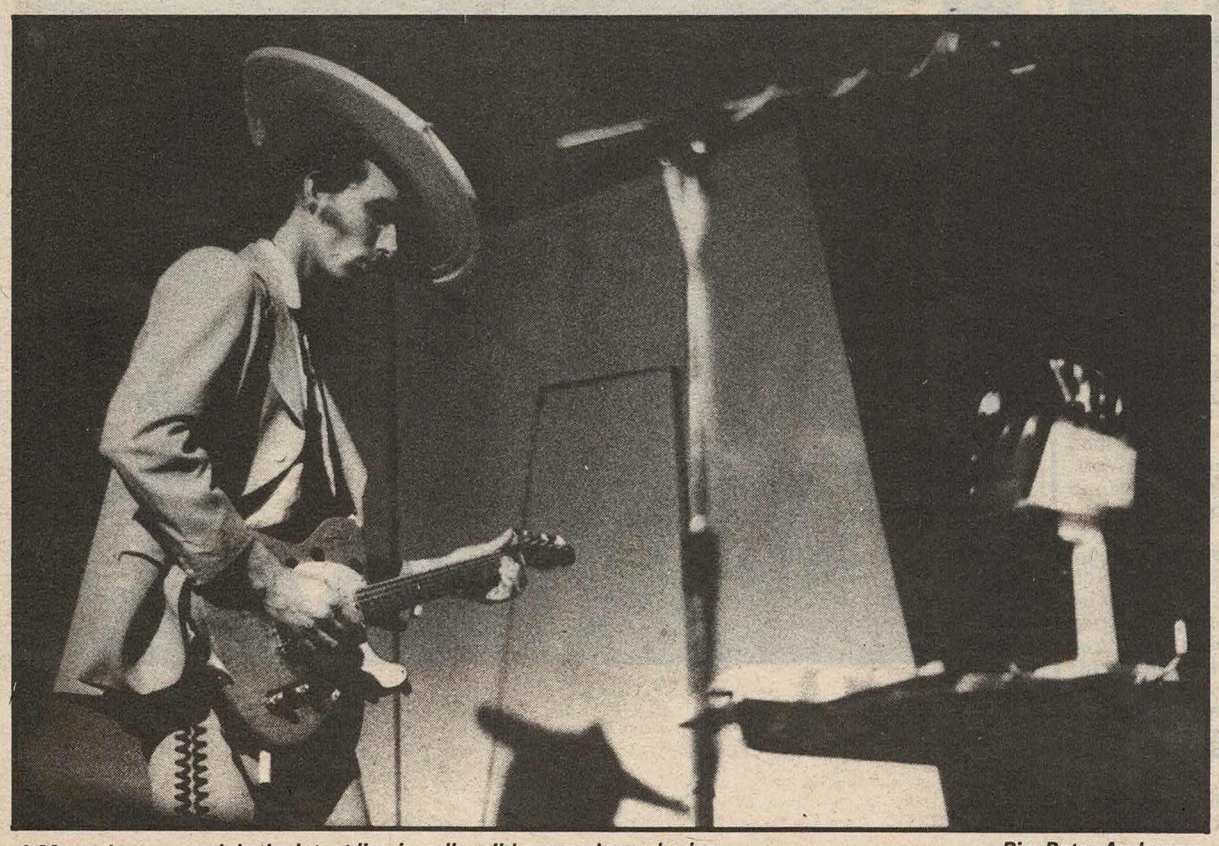
Tony Hadley (catering-size ham) seems to have modelled himself on Sylvia: the way he continually whirls an affected forearm in the air, I keep expecting a rousing chorus of 'Y Viva Espana'. Martin Kemp does frequent (bad) impersonations of what could either by Elvis or Cagney.

Spandau Ballet would be far more impressive if they hired an immaculate PA, used a horn section and played only their singles. But on reflection, seeing them live was pretty much like expecting fresh double cream and finding UHT: merely a moderate disappointment.

Kirsty McNeill



Tony Hadley, catering-size ham. *Pic: Robert Sharp*



A Monochrome models the latest line in collapsible paper lampshades. *Pic: Peter Anderson*

Robyn Hitchcock

The Venue

THIS TIME last year The Soft Boys were a jumble novelty: late '60s American psychedelic mixing in with the English madcap sensibility of Syd Barrett and Kevin Ayers. There were even a few messy punk sentiments thrown in, and it was no surprise to find — in the space of one track — sitars, alarm clocks and driving rock bass in happy disharmony.

I'm not sure why guitarist, songwriter and vocalist Robyn Hitchcock broke up the band. His recent solo album, though it goes against the grain of the times, sounds mundane: Soft Boys without the warts.

The live show is pretty much a reflection of the album but with more razzmatazz. Bassist Matt Seligman (ex-Softie and now a Thompson Twin) and guitarist and saxist Anthony Thistlethwaite pranced about in huge bizarre fish-head masks: the effect was of a rock band wombling through the film *Zardoz*. Although drummer Rod Johnson could only manage a headband, the two female backing vocalists kept up the incongruous spirit of things by dressing like the Wicked Witch from *The Wizard Of Oz*. Robyn himself was off at a different visual tangent, in mutton chops and baggy peasant shirt.

The music and more so those torrential lyrics had something in common with Russell's appalling shock-horror hit-or-miss talent. Anyone for a song about policemen's dreams or your own Oedipal dreams about ma and pa? A source close to Robyn informs me that you're just meant to enjoy this kind of thing, get pissed . . . Well, I like to see the boo! in taboo themes, otherwise the songs might as well be about Milton Keynes.

The band, steady rather than heady, kept him upright. In one corner of the stage two dummies sat under a sunshade. Young Parisiens? No, octogenarians under a Whitbread advert: this is a Robyn Hitchcock production. And he's all for recording his altering states and following the traffic that flows through his brain. I think he's running on the spot. Dotty.

Paul Tickell

Tom Skidoo (23) looks after himself, in a whitey boho funk kind of way(?) *Pic: Peter Anderson.*

Modernist body music?

This Heat

23 Skidoo

Action Space

NME HAS sung the praises of 23 Skidoo often enough, so surely you'll have seen them by now. They've tightened up over the last couple of months, the vocals have grown more passionate and the bass and guitar more driving. The drums and percussion can look after themselves, too, in a whitey boho funk kind of way. What's refreshing about the band isn't just that they keep changing their slideshow, but that —like ACR over a year ago — they're in a perpetual state of struggle, of creatively sorting themselves out.

When they play fast, they're hot: imagine a chance psychedelic encounter of Pigbag with The Pop Group. When they blow slow, though, they lose some of their fire, and wander. The discordancies become weary and self-indulgent. If you want to play like this and sound convincing, you've got to be extreme and disciplined, adventurous and remorseless all at the same time. And Skidoo aren't — yet . . .

. . . But This Heat are . . . Remember their more avant-garde musique concrete pieces like 'Fall Of Saigon' which laughed the pants off the likes of Throbbing Gristle and Cabaret Voltaire? Well, the band have stopped playing this type of material live — or at least incorporated it into their aggressive ferocious side. Now they're all attack! attack! attack! producing the most relentless, angry, uncompromising music I've heard all year.

'Makeshift' makes Pere Ubu sound like The Nolans, and that's partly thanks to Charles Hayward: his vocals, like his drumming, are utterly stark and primal, but with no dub(ious) albino ethnicity. His stick work is clockwork precise but very feeling.

Around the big beat, through it, on it, in every conceivable aural direction, Charles Bullen (voice and guitar) and Gareth Williams (voice, keyboards and bass) chant, groan, express, and stab, carve and slice. It's music for the body — the modernist body, more mutilated than mutant. This Heat give you heavy clanging metallic dance lessons which take place in some sort of industrial torture chamber cum disco. Give them three minutes and the dissident trio will have your head off: do the funky headless chicken! However, the harshness of the assault course doesn't preclude passages of ethereal atmospheric beauty, especially during 'Cenotaph', a new number.

Ok, from imagewise angles the band look like neo-hippy deadbeats stuck in the new muso Rough Trade pigeonhole, but please, please, disregard the stickers and hear that music sing. This Heat don't fray nerves, they go beyond them.

Paul Tickell

T.V. Smith's Explorers

Marquee

GUINEA PIGGING at penile gigs has outgrown its use. Tonight was so easily trashable there hardly seems any point. How much longer will people accept these diabolical environments as places of entertainment, and for that matter, how can people possibly obtain pleasure from a group of men playing more stale and leaden music than Capital Radio?

These are what is known as 'Bread and Butter' gigs (the bastions of the Rock world) and as usual the bread was stale and the butter rancid.

THE SUPPORT BAND.

Moscow Philharmonics, from Preston, are a waste of space and deserve no comment.

THE HEADLINERS.

T.V. Smith, for all his amicability before the 'show', seems to have lost all the original ideals that he embodied in the sub-halcyon days of the Adverts. His talk is peppered with deals, advances, sales and returns. He has retreated into the cocoon of a singer / songwriter, a man whose only desire is to sing his songs because that's all that matters. Yet this in turn is something he does without panache, without humour, fear, or anger but simply with a wooden sense of riskless performance. And his band's name is the complete antithesis of what they actually do; they're more like Shackleton stuck on the ice but lacking the guts to look for help.

In the long term, it's gigs such as this, and the retrogressive and tiresomely dull music supplied, that will form a quicksand sucking much that is good down into its rotting bowels.

Tonight there was no tension, no energy, no point and those who enjoyed it share the responsibility with the band. It was a morgue full of blind corpses lulled once more into the belief that they were having a GOOD TIME, under no pressure to converse because of the constant and secure battery of volume from the PA making verbal intercourse subject to aural droop. I reckon if the music had been turned off between sets, a lot of people would have felt very uncomfortable indeed and gone home, alone again . . . naturally.

Simon Fellowes

Kid Creole And The Coconuts

New York

WHAT IT IS!

It's described by Darnell as a "rap musical". And that's what it is. It's not just a concert but a presentation of a story, a mythology, hearkening back to Rogers and Hammerstein and the Broadway tradition. It has character, a story line, costume changes to go with the changes in scene. It has all the elements of a musical except dialogue. But it does have a narration, done rap-style by a very dapper

ADVERTISEMENT

Carroll Singing. Catholic Boy.

When you grow up on the wrong side of New York City you've got to grow up fast. If you don't, you won't survive . . . even if you do, chances are you'll still wind up a little strange. Jim Carroll survived, but not before the City had left its mark.

The teenage suicides and the pop-eyed adolescents snatching purses to stay alive were to Jim Carroll what lemon popsicles and Saturday morning movies were to most other kids.

He was one of them. A kid in the jungle who ran with the pack, but a kid who from somewhere deep inside dragged a rare talent . . . the talent to write.

While still only a teenager he put together what by many was hailed as the definiitive diary of coming of age on the streets — graphic detail drawn from painful experience. Poems followed, together with a Pulitzer Prize nomination.

Later still, disillusioned by his brush with New York's fashionable arts crowd, Carroll stumbled across the power of live rock 'n' roll. Gigs with people like Lou Reed and Patti Smith left him hooked, and now he leads his own band. Tells his stories up front of the backdrop that perhaps fits them best — guitar, bass and drums.

Jim Carroll. A good Catholic boy?

Jim Carroll 'Catholic Boy'
CBS 84901

'Catholic Boy' is Jim Carroll's first album. Ten songs. Lyrics that must be heard to be believed about a life that must be lived to be understood. The sound of surviving on the edge. A brilliant, brutal evocation.

New York, New York. So bad . . .

There are a thousand sides to a city like New York. And as long as the city stands there will be street corner story tellers itching to feed the fantasies of anyone who'll listen, with another anthem to cars and bars and subway brawls.

New York. New York. So bad they named it twice. New York. New York. Where the coloured girls go 'do dado do do . . .'

But just when you think you've heard it all before, when you think there are no juke joint stories left to be told, someone special comes along and it's as if no one else got it quite right.

Jim Carroll is someone special. First and foremost he is the genuine article. Real New York City McCoy. So if you think you've heard it all before, hear 'Catholic Boy'. You'll accept no substitute again.

Miles behind

Miles Davis

New York

THE NEWPORT Jazz Festival is now called the Kool Jazz Festival (after Kool cigarettes, the new sponsor). It's a degenerate world. And Miles Davis, whose first public appearance in five years was the festival's most anticipated event, turned in a show that was intermittently captivating but seriously flawed.

The performance was a continuous set, not broken into songs but shifting in pace and mood. Davis spent most of his time with his back to the audience, giving signals to the band. He played his trumpet only occasionally. When he did, his short solos were beautiful in tone and full of drama.

The most inventive playing, after Miles, came from the rhythm section — drummer Al Foster, the only holdover from previous Miles Davis bands, and bassist Marcus Miller. Over and over the set returned to these two, setting up a prolonged rhythmic stroke. These passages were fluid and hypnotic, but there was something missing, like an extended session of lovemaking without a climax.

The climax should have come from Miles, but Miles was hiding most of the time. The apparent intention was for guitarist Mike Stern to provide the fireworks, and there was the problem. John McLaughlin this guy is not. Stern looks and plays like a refugee from Van Halen. He was the most frequent soloist, and his solos were all show-offy, rock cliche bombast. Stuff and nonsense.

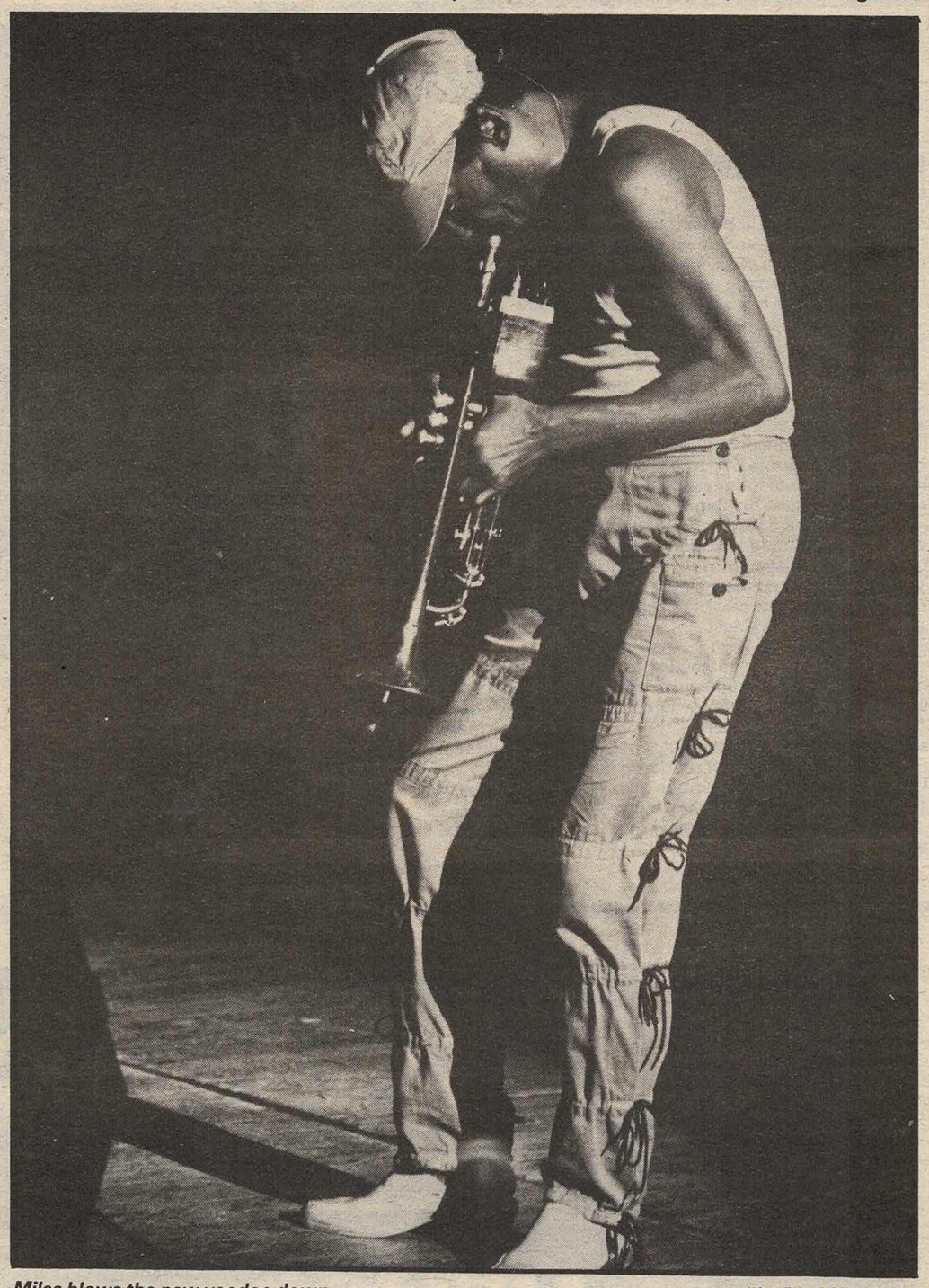
The second most prominent player was Nino Cinelu on congas. He was fun to watch and added just a taste of much-needed third world spice. But Cinelu's tone sounded more like bongos than the deep sound a good conga player gets. His solos were a flurry of wild notes with a lot of power, but often the rhythmic underpinning went missing. The Cuban conga player Daniel Ponce has been playing around town lately, and could show Cinelu (and Miles) how this stuff is supposed to be done.

Saxophonist Bill Evans sounded great when he got a chance to play, but that wasn't often enough.

Miles' playing ranged from subtle to fiery. His short phrases would comment on the melody, imply more than they actually said. But too often they'd be followed by Stern's power chording and the effect would be ruined.

It was a set in which the wrong people did too much and the right people did not enough. Miles had many sparkling moments, but after five years, the set couldn't be called a triumphant comeback. More like a tentative testing of the waters.

Richard Grabel



Miles blows the new voodoo down. *Pic: David Redfern.*

looking white guy (Darnell does love his race-role reversals) in white suit and shades. Ai caramba! Say ho!

The story-line for 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places' may sound silly on paper, but not on record, and not on stage. On stage, the story-line framework is exactly what the Kid Creole show has always needed. They've always been a dazzling, dizzy mish-mash, a happy confusion. The "Rap musical" idea provides a thread that gives all the parts of the Creole show greater room to move, more reason for being. Every change in rhythm and musical style and accent, every costume change, everything now fits. It's a jigsaw that's finally been put together.

And it's made Darnell, Hernandez, the Coconuts and the rest of the crew that much more excited to be doing what they're doing. You can see it — they're revelling in it, loving it, they know they've got something hot. The Creole show is livelier than it has ever been.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

It looks fantastic. In keeping with the story line, the band and the lovely Coconuts appear first in sailor's outfits. Later it's the old safari stuff and leopard skins. Darnell is naturally super-cool in white zoot suit. Hernandez is his usual manic self, jumping all over his vibes set or racing around the stage. He's a perfect foil to Darnell's cool control.

Lori Eastside takes the lead in many songs; she's really grown in confidence and presence. When she or Hernandez are singing, Darnell drops into the background, strumming his guitar, a perfect invisible *auter.* But when he sings, he's a master at bringing his songs to life. Just a gesture or a voice inflection from him can add worlds of personality.

DO YOU FEEL IT?

I had the best time I've had at a "concert" in months.

Richard Grabel

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No(uveau) Fun?

Crepuscule Night
Heaven

ALL NIGHT parties in Heaven can be a Godsend or a sod end of a day. It wasn't heaven up here on Monday, but not yet a bat into hell. . .though stuck in a tunnel with only two belching, belligerent NF's on the way there was near enough.

Heaven itself is hip, and wallows in the knowledge. Upstairs — non-stop videos — saw Joy Division! Everyone wanders around with staid indifference painted on their faces and the thought that Crepuscule equals Factory, only in a hipper country. Token visits downstairs to educate non-taste are paid.

The Swamp Children play first, a truly authentic mixture of all that's acceptable in Nouveau Fun(k): uniform conventionally unconventional wooden obscurities, Tilly haircuts, a set quota of familiar cacophony, a certain (large-ish) ratio of influence to originality. At least there were no arrogations, so no plagiarism.

Marine were on next, a Repetitious singer with a powerful voice, accompanied by Pigbagish enthusiasm on sax. I went upstairs, and missed most of Repetition, now with a clear Teardroppy-voiced male singer Copeing well with awesome frontal position to a crowd of angels. Kept awake with an arsenic (or off-milk) laced coffee, then watched Richard Jobson reciting His Own Poetry.

This being my first subjection to Rick's recitals, I wasn't too moved by the melodrama inherent in his mellow drama — I wiped an imaginary tear away, and was instantly withered by A Look. On second musings, the poetry's fine, the reading sublime, it's just the lifeless lack of motion and muted emotion of the people nearby that rendered me impervious. Unfortunately, silent adoration always inflicts an image of Tortured Genius on the performer.

I went home by taxi and slept in an unmade bed. Real life after dreams.

Leyla Sanai

ABC on TV: Martin Fry monitors himself

Pic: David Corio

ABC
Legends

THIS SEASON'S story. Look like a dance freak. Play vintage James Brown at top volume, wear sweatshirts and sweat. . .beat it on up, get it on down, up and down. Go to Defunkt. . .anything on Ze. . .and ABC. Summer groove. . .cut a fine line from Wimpy rapping to Funkapolitan to the lick the rap. . .and hey!. . .who's running tourist coaches to Wigan casino?

A. . .ABC are down from the north. Newly signed to Phonogram. Big deal! So. . .every label needs one. . .the funk stampede. . .fall over yourself to pick up on something. It's a pity, because in the rush, quality takes second place. If it grooves. . .dance to it.

B. . .but I enjoyed my night with ABC. I was entertained, I danced, I had a drink or two. I watched them and they seemed to have fun too. They seemed nice enough lads to me. The singer asked me to 'Surrender' my love and burn off a few calories. I did, I'm sure, though I kept my love to myself. The sax player had the energy of a hundred men and beeped, bopped and boogied across stage, weaving a melody in the spaces the guitar left.

The beat was steady, everyone around me danced, but that's only half the battle. The audience moved because they wanted to be moved, but I don't think ABC grooved enough. Perched there on that ledge of a stage, they left nothing to my imagination. I can't even hear what it is that isn't there. Maybe they need girl singers and a xylophone or Paul Morley (he claims he's the sixth member). Maybe they need him.

C. . .see I'm not urging you to go and see them. I'm not turning somersaults. They won't change your life. You'll survive. Let's wait and see. In the meantime if you like to dance, demand a beat to beat up on. Get up for a down stroke, wait patiently for ABC to add the magic ingredient. . .to cut the cake.

Laura Hu

Rainbow
Rose Tattoo
Rainbow

HEAVY METAL is the music of violent attitude, of young males whose outlook is shaped by feelings like rage, revenge, disgust, loneliness, conquest and a sentimental yearning for flight. It's a fantasy world that could be seen as derived from the tales of Arthurian knights, where you fight to live but observe some code of conduct, even though the substance of that code eluded me on this occasion. "If you're gonna do violence you've gotta know why", said Rose Tattoo's belligerent bald lead singer, who spat onto the stage, kicked over the mikestand and walked off disgusted at the end of the set. He didn't seem to know the reason either.

Rainbow's set had a little more sophistication, a kind of professional cynicism that tantalised the audience and kept the group at a precious distance. Their contact with the audience lay in the way they looked and in the singer's demands for clapping, singing and standing up. The group gave the fans an identity and a spectacle; the fans gave the group unquestioning adulation.

To preserve this distance they literally built a moat at the front of the stage to prevent fans from crossing over into their world. In homage, the fans crowded at the front of the stage, several hundred swaying bodies tightly packed together in a voluntary rush-hour formation to lap up the morsels that fell off Rainbow's table. During the relative tranquility of the keyboard solo a pair of roadies removed the ones who had fainted in the crush between the stage and the weight of fans behind. This was the most sensitive moment of the whole show.

Guitarist Ritchie Blackmore seemed utterly bored with what he was doing. This old pro, who has been on the cover of *Guitar* magazine, was at his best playing the popular classical tunes which opened and closed the set. He hardly bothered with his guitar playing otherwise, and stood nonchalantly at the side of the stage, taking more care to pose strikingly than to play well. He would occasionally tease the audience with a spluttery, botched solo, and when he got it right, like the plectrum-style section of 'Chase The Rainbow', revel in the congratulations that the fans gave him.

Knowing that his audience had a low critical threshhold, it seemed, he also knew what he could get away with.

The rest of the band punched the air a great deal and gritted their teeth. These gestures suggested that they and the audience wanted or needed something to fight against, some chance to be brave and righteous, even if only in Finsbury Park, London. It's not the dark ages any more, when you could mount your horse and go in search of adventure, so Rainbow act it out for you, and are moreover successful at it, so they appear even more attractive to their fans.

Edward L. Fox

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METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL

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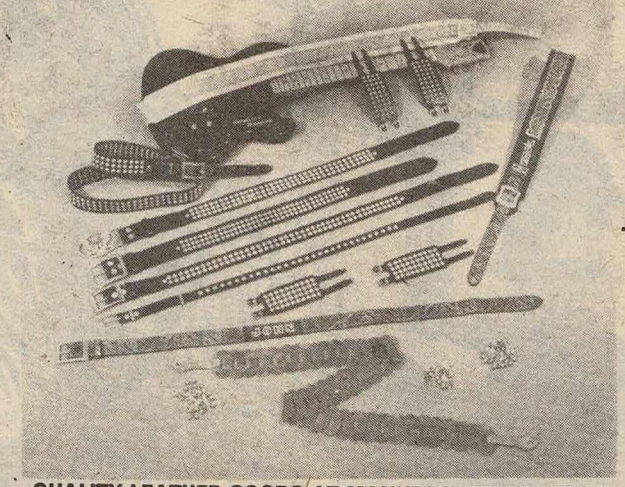

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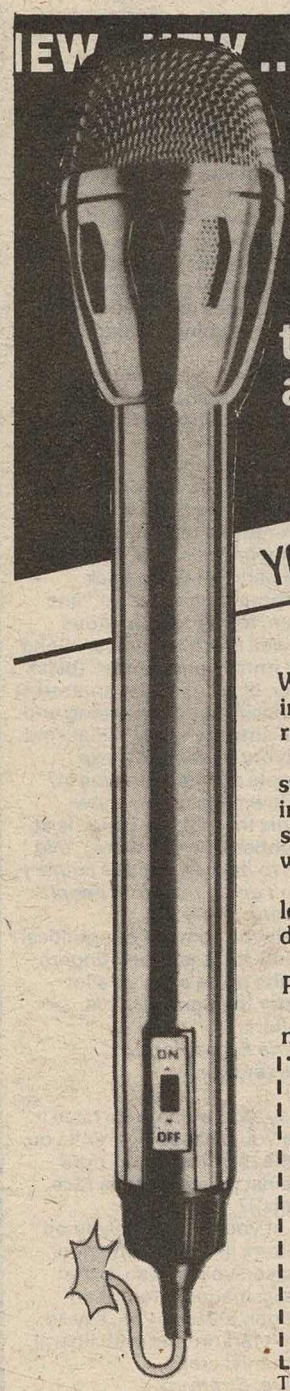

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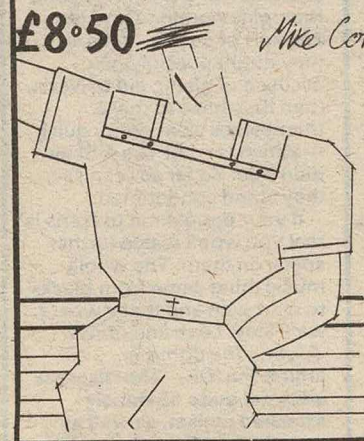

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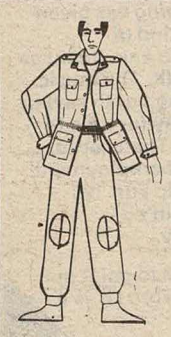

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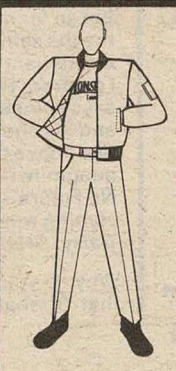

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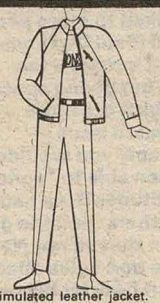

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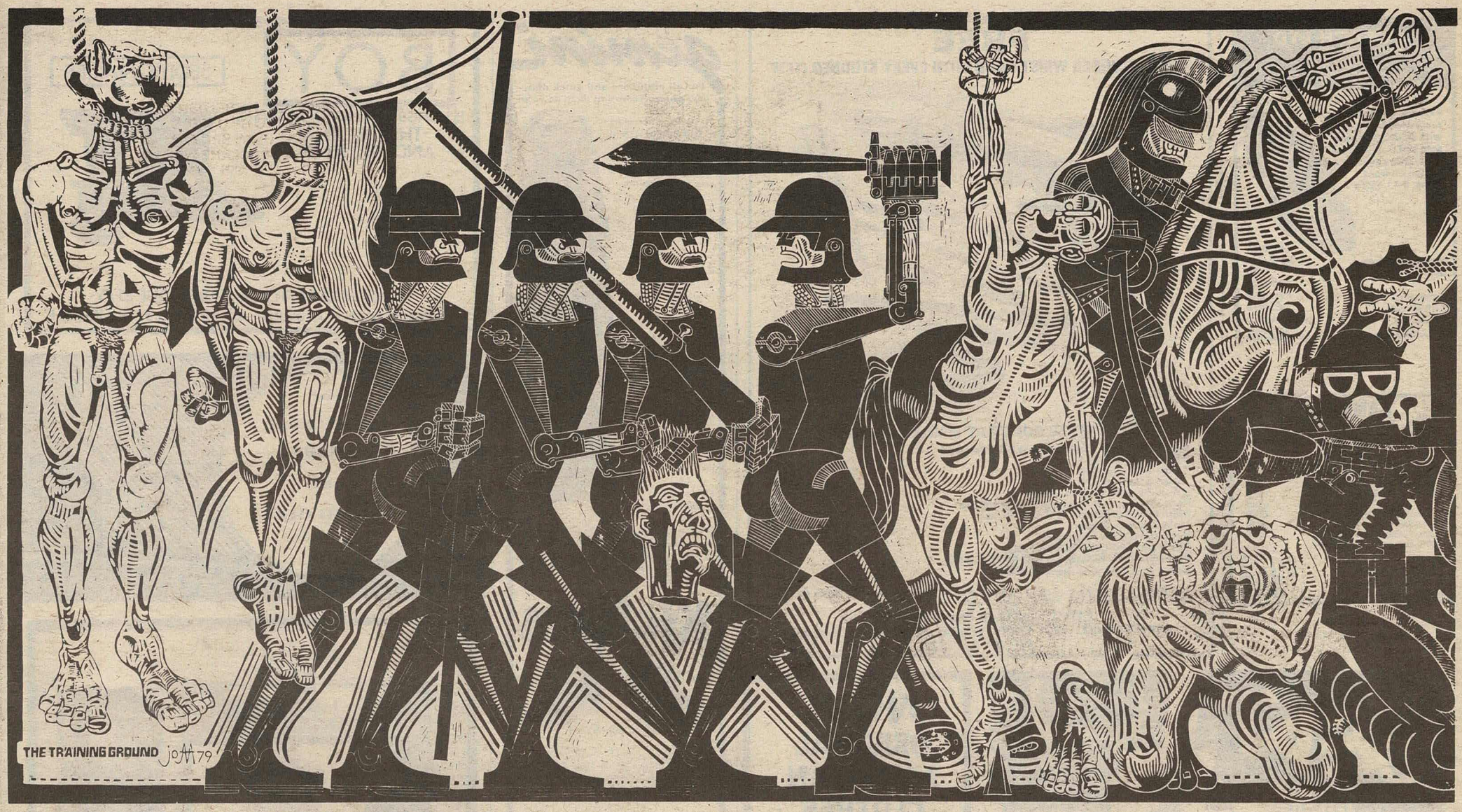


THE BRITISH ARMY IN IRELAND. 'THE TRAINING GROUND', 1979 LINOCUT BY JEFF PERKS.

RIOT SPECIAL

GASBAG

CHARLIES!

Is a head banger an important sausage?
Lady Diana Spencer, New Barnet.
Anything to do with head, ask Prince. — GL.

Referring to a letter in *Gasbag* (4.7.81) concerning Clifford T. Ward, I can inform *NME* that Clifford has a new album in the can.

It's a beautiful collection of well-written songs that I hope won't remain unissued for much longer.
Basse Wickman, Stockholm.
Right. That's the serious stuff out of the way. Now, anyone for a pa-a-a-arty? — GL.

YOUNG HEARTS RUN FREE!

Shocked! Stunned! Bring back the birch! Bring back conscription! Send a gunboat! At last our fearless leaders are realising that something appears to be radically wrong with the state of the nation. A pity that it had to take countrywide riots to bring this to their attention.

Now I don't back the rioters and I wouldn't be a policeman for £1,000 a week, but the only thing that surprises me is that the riots haven't happened earlier. You'd have to be blind, deaf and incredibly stupid not to realise that two or three million with nothing to do all day might just take things into their own hands.

I once had a glorious vision of all these thousands of unemployed descending on Westminster and taking it down, stone by stone, and chucking it all in the Thames. After all, who needs dozens of pompous, out of touch — egoists calling each other childish names — boo! hiss! etc — all day long?

And how do the chaps in Whitehall propose to deal with the problem and end the violence? With more violence, of course! Who said "send in the army"? Let's put tanks in Toxteth and get the RAF to strafe the streets. That is the next step, I take it.

Stiffer penalties! I nearly forgot! Let's overcrowd some more prisons. Let's fine them money they don't have. Let's really draw the line between the haves and have-nots, rich and poor, us and them. That will improve matters no end, Mr Whitelaw!
Wat Tyler (deceased), West Yorkshire.
Quite so. Nothing like a good dose of macho class warefare! — 'Little Willie' Whitelaw.

My report. Liverpool 8. July 5th

I arrived on Parliament St at 11pm. There was an earth mover and milk floats pushing the police lines back. When the police got to the junction of Parliament St. and Princess Boulevard, they started to retreat in haste. This is the spot where the Rialto and other buildings were looted then burned.

The crowd now had a nice large area to party in. The police let us stay there for an hour or so. The reason this position was given up was because we had to let the old people out of the hospital which was in danger of going up in flames. So we opened up to let ambulances and taxis in.

After this the police came up with more men.

It was now getting late so people were tired and starting to go home. While this was on, Lodge Lane was being looted by whole families but I was not actually there so I won't comment.

About 3am the CS gas started to come over. It was not very effective so they fired it at the crowd, probably about 80 cans in all.

This is when I left — very drunk and choking on gas.

This is when most of the arrests were made, because a lot of folk were drunk and gassed.

Monday was horrible. Lots of white thugs getting heavy on folk, not on property.

No conclusions — no judgement. All I can say is that it was the best party *ever.*
IT WAS FUN.
A Rioter, Liverpool 8.
"One step forwards, two steps back." — Victor Sylvester.

I think that any society which can take the enthusiasm, the optimism, the innocence and hope of youth and cynically turn it into despair, bitterness and hopelessness; any society that can take young people and systematically alienate them and destroy their hopes of any kind of future is going desperately wrong.

When I switch on the radio and TV and hear some of the anachronistic old relics who pass for MPs, even the PM herself, saying:
"Unemployment and poverty had nothing to do with it! Strengthen the police force! Bring in a new Riot Act! Fine the parents! Bring back corporal punishment!" and even, from the obnoxious Powell and his cronies, "Send the immigrants home" (black only, of course), I'm amazed at the lack of understanding and realism they show. What kind of ivory towers do these people spend their lives in?

How appropriate, how ironic that 'Ghost Town' is at Number One this week: *"No job to be found in this country, can't go on no more, people getting angry".*

Maybe some of our political bands have got their fingers on the pulse a hell of a lot better than our political leaders.
Maria Eagle, Formby, Merseyside.

Okay, you bums, let's have it. Are you pleased or aren't you at the recent spate of riots against police (not the race one(s))?

Let your heart rule you on matters like this. If the riots pleased you, say so. If the assassination attempt on Reagan pleased you, say so. Don't fart around with liberal humanist crap.
Steve, Stretford.

Gosh Steve, you want a policy statement? Who do you think we are : the SDP? There's a lot of different people here each with their different opinions. For what it's worth, here are mine.

I don't think you can draw a clear line between 'race' riots and 'police' riots. It seems that a major cause of the Brixton, Toxteth and Moss Side riots was police racism — from the man on the beat (for shocking details see the *Final Report Of The Working Party Into Community/Police Relations In Lambeth*) up to Chief Constables like Sir Kenneth Oxford, who three years ago described black Liverpudlians as "the product of liaisons between white prostitutes and African sailors". Oxford now wants armoured personnel carriers but, as the *New Statesman* remarks, the record of the Liverpool police suggests that he's "not fit to be put in charge of a tin opener".

I'm not "pleased" that poverty, unemployment and police harassment are so bad as to have driven people to riot. I am "pleased" that people are fighting back and asserting their right to live with dignity. I'm not sure that rioting and looting are the most useful ways to do this. But I guess it's up to the people who — unlike me — live in the inner-city areas and bear the brunt of the oppression to work out the best tactics for their own situations.

As for the rest, I don't accept that humanism is crap, that it isn't heartfelt or that the heart should rule. Why not use your head as well? — GL

People go on about the shocking state of the country but recently I've been obsessed by a more deep-rooted problem, as equally appalling as the Tories' record in office.

I'm obsessed by these political scavengers of the young, whose aim (they say) is to put the country back on its feet and whose rhetoric is political verbiage,

The harrowing thing is that these organisations are socially acceptable because of their fight against the Tories. But it's their timid, lying morality that riles me. Their beliefs are just an excuse for incompetence, ignorance of street level values, bad manners, narcissism and the undermining of today's vastly impressionable youth.
Brian Nicholson, Darwen, Lancs.
Yeah, I hate the SDP too. — GL

OIBROW MUSIC!

Your writing on the Southall aggro was better than most. But there were problems — three articles devoted to the views of The 4-Skins but nothing where the youth of Southall could express their views, and they were the ones who were attacked, no matter what anybody says! And an editorial, but not an attack on racism just an attempt to wind up a music press rival (which is shit, I agree, but that's not the point).

I'm a skin and I'm an anti-racist, and there's plenty more where I come from. What we want, and what music in Britain needs, is an end to fence-sitting. If anyone is stupid enough to get into any sort of position where they might possibly get accused of giving aid to Nazis, then they have to make themselves clear pretty quick — which is what The 4-Skins didn't do. So far as I can see, they stand condemned.

If your opposition to Nazis is real you won't waste further space on them. The whole music thing came from blacks to start with and that's where we'll stay. Love and unity.
Tommy the Commie.
I think the 'Oi — The Disgrace' editorial quite obviously attacked racism, as well as questioning *Sounds'* attitudes. I agree we could have talked to more people in Southall (Paul Du Noyer's piece did include a few quotes) but giving space to The 4-Skins is a more complicated issue — presumably you wouldn't have been able to "condemn" their attitudes if we hadn't printed them: and the group maintain they're not Nazis. Also, we *don't* give space to Nazis but how far beyond that you extend censorship is a prickly topic on which I doubt we'd reach a consensus here. — GL

Your article on the riot at Southall was shit. I know skinheads are not angels but you and every poxy paper, radio station and TV blame them for everything.

So what if East End skins come to the gig decked in Union Jacks? Listen, has no one ever told you and Pakistanis/Asians that the flag of this nation is the Union Jack. If they don't like living under the Union Jack, tell 'em to fuckin' piss off to where they come from. You seem to think anyone who carries or wears a Union Jack is a Nazi. Well, believe it or not, they're not.

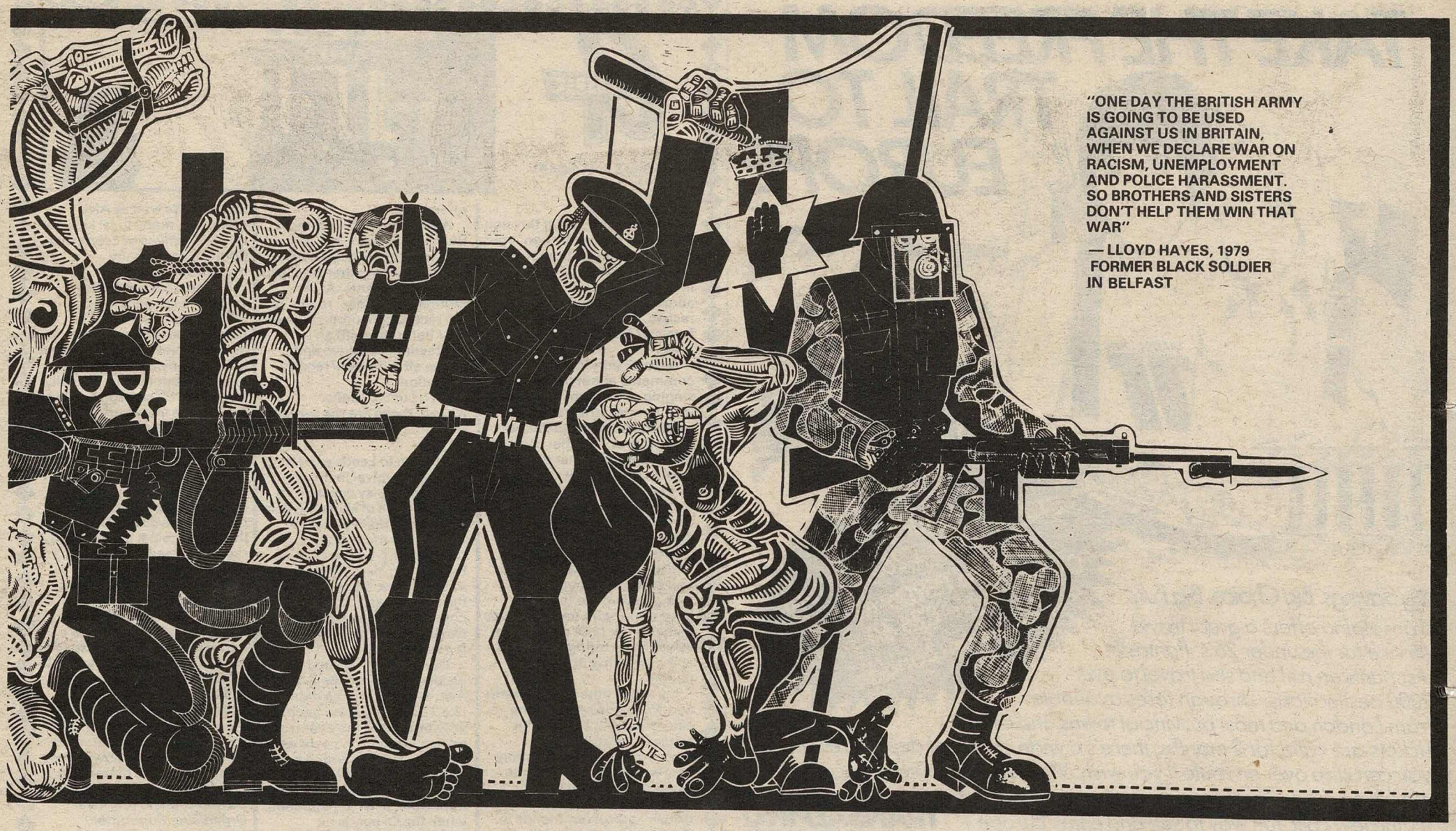
So for those of you who feel amused when you see a Union Jack, just get yourself a fuckin' plane ticket and fuck off. This is the greatest country in the world and it always will be.
Gary (a skin into punk), Barnet.
What a load of racist bullshit! You'd have to be a complete blockhead not to realise that a load of skins going through Southall waving Union Jacks was a provocative act. To pretend otherwise is just a cover up that the NF and BM hide behind. Like the man said, "Patriotism is the last resort of the scoundrel". — GL.

Your wonderful attack on Oi music woke me up. Oi music is a joke, a tribute to Garry Bushell's warped mind. Now the switch — I love the music, most of it. The 4-Skins, Infa-Riot, Last Resort. I also like Discharge, Exploited and Vice Squad. None of these are Oi bands, they are *punk rock* bands.

I was a punk in '77 and far from being left in a bondage-clad time-warp, I listen to most kinds of music but so far *nothing* has given me the same kind of excitement and enjoyment as I get from PUNK. The music says something worth saying and it's one way for a kid to rise above the Thatcherite quagmire of unemployment. No Future — No Fun. It's coming true, ain't it?
Daisy, Grimsby.

Why do you fail to point out that 'Strength Thru Oi' is a

Your man in the Gasbag mask GRAHAM LOCK



"ONE DAY THE BRITISH ARMY IS GOING TO BE USED AGAINST US IN BRITAIN, WHEN WE DECLARE WAR ON RACISM, UNEMPLOYMENT AND POLICE HARASSMENT. SO BROTHERS AND SISTERS DON'T HELP THEM WIN THAT WAR"

— LLOYD HAYES, 1979 FORMER BLACK SOLDIER IN BELFAST

Write to CS Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1V 1PG

word play on 'Strength Through Joy', the Nazi "recreational" organisation of the '30s and '40s?

Sounds may deny knowing that the chap on the front of the album was a BM "leader guard" but they must have known the strength through joy slogan for what it was. Surely the connexion is deliberate and very ominous. Just what games are they trying to play?

ABC, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

I hope you've got a good solicitor. — GL

London Southall Hamborough Tavern: The 4 Skins/The Business/The Last Resort

NME Gig Guide (4.11.81).

Why did you not *think* when you gave them a plug? Did you really want the fireworks to go off? Please *think.*

Bob Storey, Putney.

We couldn't have known in advance. We don't want to operate a black-list. What else can we do? — GL.

We could have a meeting. — Errol.

A REAL KUTI!

Fela Kuti en people (not band or group) played in the Amsterdam woods (June 28). To much! They played for 3 hours or more no stop en in the rain. This country has more rain than you drink tea.

And let me say Fela nos more about were racissim is at. Qote: *"Sorrow, tears en blood, there regular trademark, we fear we fear, no police man go slap your face."*

You may notice that is organ sounds like the Doors', the way it chinkles there and the rythm like a soft train chugging along, Africa chugs. Enjoy it all. There is still hope.

Dood, Amsterdam.

P.S. Whoever prints this will get a piece of good hashish to smoke, let me know what you like — Leb, Maroc, Afghan, Nepal or Kashmire.

Well, what can a fela say? Is there anything we can send you in return, Dood? Michael Heseltine? — GL.

Whilst I enjoy reading your paper, I must criticise an ailment which seems to have spread throughout the British press. That is, the labelling of people as Blacks, Whites, Asians, etc.

You know, some of us are seriously trying to promote racial equality. I do not doubt that you are trying to do the same, but *please* stop reminding us of petty differences between us. It separates a country's youth which should be together as one.

I happen to think that terminology is important. Your paper is an important tool for separation or reconciliation; and the sooner you refer to people as people, and stop printing things like "battle between police and young *Asians*", "predominantly *Asian* high street" etc, the better.

Racialism has to be eradicated. I am a youth, not a white youth. Thanks for reading this letter.

Ramon, Norwich.

I don't know about this. You could lose vital information. Isn't it important to know that Southall has a large Asian community to realise how provocative it was for skins to drive through waving Union Jacks? How could we even monitor racism if we're never told that *black* or *Asian* people are being victimised? Also, I'm not sure that colour and culture are just "petty differences". Doesn't equality involve acknowledging and respecting differences too? — GL

THESE MEN!

Does the *NME* hate women, or is 'Portrait Of The Artist (ie man) As A Consumer' an exception? Token Siouxsie was unconvincing.

Rachael, Weston-super-Mare.

Good question. I mean, why does C. Windsor have to stand on a box every time he's photographed with his fiancee? What *are* they trying to tell us? If only Roland Barthes were here now! — GL.

So Richard Butler in his all-pervading wisdom understands women to be just like men! Gratifying to see Paul Du Noyer agrees. Positively heartwarming to see the two boys suss out those damn women once and for all!

How convenient it would be! Oh, why can't a woman be more like a man, wails the ultimate sexist Professor Higgins. But we ain't, darlings, sorry to disappoint you. But how easy it is for two pompous males to put women in their place once again.

Mildly Irritated, Ealing.

Yeah, curious too that Butler should claim "anti-sexist people" misunderstand women's sexuality and place them on a pedestal. You might almost think he didn't realise most anti-sexist people are women themselves. — GL

THAT WOMAN!

So Lesley Woods "unequivocably" supports the IRA, does she? (*NME* 11.7.81) Except (but of course) the Birmingham pub bombings — a little too near home, eh Lesley? It's OK to bomb innocent people in Ireland but not in Birmingham, is that it?

That is precisely the attitude exhibited by the authorities, police and some sections of the media in their arguing over the rights and wrongs of issuing guns, rubber bullets and CS gas to police in "mainland Britain" — it goes unnoticed, everyday, in Ulster.

I'm sure Lesley would be very quick to point out this anomaly. Paradoxical, that.

Bob, Ebbw Vale, Gwent

The women in Irish prisons are subjected to appalling living / existing conditions. Fact established, point taken. Recognition of such should lead to an opposition to, and disillusionment with, the prison authorities, and ultimately the British / English government. It should not however lead to a blanket support for the IRA. The government are wrong, but this does not make the IRA right. The whole issue is a damn sight more complicated than that. And how can you on the one hand say that you don't agree with extreme violence and on the other say that you unequivocably support the IRA?

Ross.

So let me get this straight: supporting the IRA unequivocably is not supporting extreme violence. The IRA didn't do the Birmingham pub bombings, the Price sisters didn't blow up the Abercorn and all the innocent shoppers inside it, the IRA didn't commit the La Mon restaurant horror and didn't blow up the Electricity Board HQ (where I used to work) in 1971, killing one man and maiming young girl clerical workers.

In fact, they're really the good guys after all, right? It's funny to think that I lived in Northern Ireland for 23 years and never realised. Maybe I should have got drunk and stoned more often (maaaaan!)

The *NME* gets worse every week. You champion the Au Pairs, who support the IRA, yet lambast The 4-Skins who, whether they like it or not, have fascist connotations.

Paul Du Noyer talks about rock music ensuring that it never again fans the flames of violence. Great, let's get on with it.

Martin Smith, Gramlington, Northumberland.

I was sorry to see Lesley Au Pair wade into dangerous waters. Not because I disagree with many of the Au Pairs' views. I don't think we'd find much to argue about in a month of Bloody Sundays.

It's just that the band got their messages over better in the days when they were *less* outspoken — eg when they played 'Armagh' without Lesley's "this one's for the hunger strikers" intro. Sometimes the subtle triumphs over the obvious. The South Fermanagh ballot box over the Birmingham pub bomb.

I don't want to see the Au Pairs gagged — part of me wants to hear them shout the odds about Diplock courts, prison conditions, and hunger strikes. But if they stay in the verbal arena they'll be crucified, given the Tony Benn wild-eyed Marxist nutter treatment. (Lesley Woods: alcoholic lefty witch?) I'd hate to see them destroyed like that when they could be so effective.

Any mere words the Au Pairs use about Ireland won't have great impact. The media is congested with words about the Irish question. But one thing politicians like Thatcher can't do is to set their endless parrot-talk about "terrorists" and "convicted criminals" to music, and win arguments with a Home Office equivalent of 'Armagh'.

Kid McIsmo, Edinburgh.

Good point. For the rest, I don't know why Lesley excepts only the Birmingham pub bombings and I haven't been able to contact her. On the face of it, it does seem a pretty silly thing to say and I should have picked it up in the interview. Perhaps she'll write and explain.

I think there *is* a clear distinction between supporting extreme violence and supporting a political group that uses violence. The difference, as Lesley said, is between violence for its own sake — personal gain, sadistic pleasure — and violence used for political causes. You may not agree with the cause but that's a different issue.

I think we also tend to forget that IRA violence is the result of *800 years* of English violence against the Irish — the karma coming home to roost. I don't condone or agree with IRA violence but I think it's bloody hypocrisy for the English government to moralise about it, considering the atrocities we've committed in Ireland. Talk about burden of shame!

Finally, whatever you think of the IRA, they're only a response to the problem, not the *cause* of it — and isn't that what we should be investigating? And the parallels between Derry in 1968 and Brixton now? Isn't ruling class violence the *root* of all this? How long will it be before soldiers are shooting down demonstrators on the streets of England? — GL.

I should like to point out that there is no such word as "unequivocably". — OED. Sorry, Lesley *doesn't* support the OED. — GL.

WESSEXIST!

I was simply charmed to see that Mr P Lynott (obviously an educated man) enjoys reading such literary gems as Joyce's *The Dubliners*, Beckett's *Waiting For Godot* and Conrad's *Return Of The Native*. Conrad? *Return Of The Native?* Naughty Mr Lynott! Thomas Hardy, Wessex.

Yeah, you wouldn't catch us making mistakes like that. — "Appollo and Dionysius".

ABSURD VOMIT!

I am writing this letter in sympathy with Anne Marie Richards' problem of falling in love with Roy North of *Get It Together*. I once went through the same agony except with me it was Kris Kristofferson.

Tina, Catford.

Penman recommended Anne Marie should read *The Rebel*. For Kris Kristofferson, I'd recommend *Nausea*. — GL.

RUM REDS!

As a person who spent four weeks, along with others, working to make the Leeds Carnival Against Racism a success, I feel very bitter — as I'm sure others do — about Gavin Martin's cheap 'article'

Continues over

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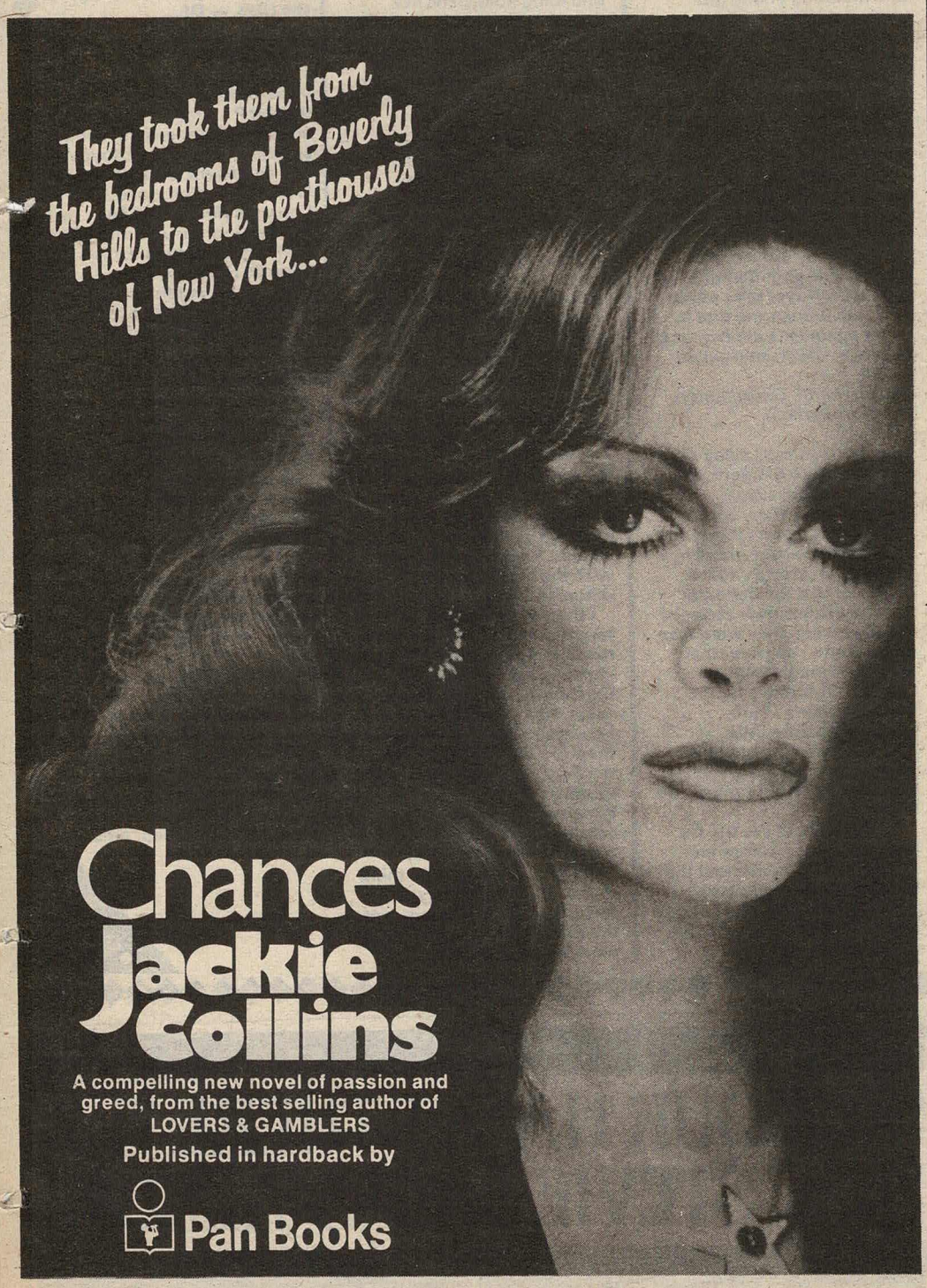
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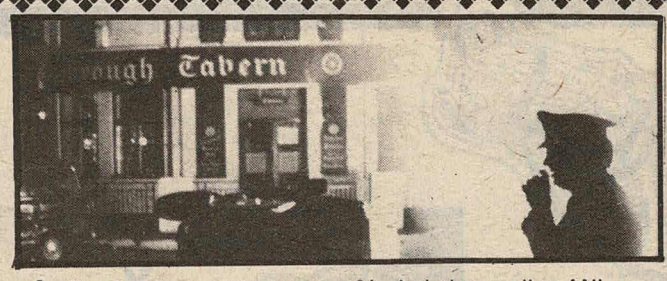

about the event.

A real feeling swept through the crowd that afternoon, one of love and unity. Somehow Martin failed to notice the multi-racial nature of the audience rocking against racism. So all skins are fascists? Pull the other one, *NME*.

As for Gavin Martin's comments about the Au Pairs singing about Armagh and the Irish hunger strikers; to be perfectly honest, Ian Paisley or Margaret Thatcher couldn't have expressed that point of view in more crude or bigoted terms than this 'rock journalist'. It was, after all, a carnival against racism, against oppression. Ever heard the racist jokes about "thick Paddies", Gavin? They and others like myself are trying to come to terms (or have done) with having troops in their / our back gardens for 12 years, torturing, harassing and murdering ordinary people.

It's about time Gavin Martin and *NME* stopped whining like pathetic liberals about peace in Ireland or else ignoring the whole question. Yes, we all want peace, but what about justice?

"We don't torture, that's not British" parrot our friends in Westminster, just like they parrot other little phrases like we live in a "free, equal society". Tell that to the relatives of the New Cross fire victims or those of the Asian family burnt to death by racists in East London two weeks ago. Tell it to black people in Brixton, Moss Side, Coventry or Southall, daily attacked by racists or harassed by police. Or why not tell it to the thousands of white kids stuck on the dole, pissed on, like their black brothers and sisters, by Tory and Labour alike. No wonder some white people look for scapegoats and are drawn to fascist ideas or that black and white youths riot in the inner-cities.

That's why the Leeds Carnival was a constructive step forward, away from all the heavy manners and the depressing frustration of many youths today. The last people we needed to come to our event were boring middle class farts like Gavin Martin, who then go back and shit on us.
Jah Lodger, Manchester.

Look Gavin Martin, you jaundiced old vitriolic poser, exactly who is *copyrighting* what ideas? Copyright protects ideas for profit, ANL looks like losing £5,000 on what was for me — and everyone else I've talked to from Leeds — an *amazing* day.

The value of sending hipper-than-thou trendies from the metropolis to cover events like this really needs questioning. If you're black or known as a socialist, Saturdays in Leeds town centre can be scary if not downright dangerous: your hack obviously couldn't understand the magic of having that threat lifted, blown away — and *that's* why we needed the clear political statements he finds so offensive.

NME quite rightly chides Bushell's Oi boys, but instead falls into timid liberal elitism, hating anything that smells of mass movements. At the moment your ideal reader is the record consumer, alone in his / her room with an interesting, sensitive and above all *individual* record collection.
Out To Lunch, Leeds.
No, no, those are the *writers*. — GL.

I didn't go to Leeds expecting a comfy carnival in the sun. I went on a noisy coach from Sheffield full of skins. No cosy politics for them or me. People like me and the skins on my coach wanted to say they hate racism. The people of Leeds saw that march and they don't need condescending prats like Gavin Martin to tell them what it meant.

The man just wanted an excuse to lay into the RAR / ANL organisation he didn't like. I don't know the people who organised the event, and what's more I don't care who they are. I was proud to be there because events like the Leeds carnival are maybe as important as what happened when the Oi bands hit Southall the same weekend.
Rob Ireland, Birmingham.

On reading your article about the Leeds Carnival, I think you are overdoing it and trying to give people a false impression of what happened. It's people like you which cause havoc in this modern society.

If you just think for a moment, this carnival had a lot of thought and brainwork put in to make it a successful and a most entertaining day and you try to bring it down in your article. Man, you are a fool unto yourself.
Everton.

Here is a more sober appraisal of the biggest demonstration in Leeds in living memory. Police estimates of the march as it entered Potternewton Park were 20,000. There were already upwards of 10,000 people in the park. Gavin Martin in his estimate of 12,000 has managed to mislay upwards of 18,000 people.

We do not see our "readers" as quite so "impotent and ignorant" as Gavin Martin suggests. Some 65,000 leaflets were distributed, mostly by local rudies, in the few weeks preceding the carnival. These covered issues ranging from state racism and the Nationality Act to Nazi organisations and racist attacks. Many of the leaflets were distributed in schools where the BM and NF are making ground in recruiting young kids and have already served to isolate many of those kids amongst their schoolmates.

Martin totally distorts the composition of the carnival. Only about 15% of the people there were from outside Leeds. The vast majority were black and white working class kids from Leeds and its immediate vicinity. Also the carnival was organised by an open committee that included, as well as ANL members, many local kids and representatives of Leeds City Council, community organisations, etc.

Martin claims that the carnival used people as a "hobby horse for other people's obsessions and inadequacies". Had he chosen to talk to any of the local people about the almost daily attacks on black people in the area by the increasingly confident BM and NF, about black people's fear of going to Elland Road football games without being attacked, about the Nazi presence in almost every major school in Leeds, he might have realised that the fight against fascism and racism in Leeds is not an obsession but an urgency — an immediate problem that cannot be ignored.

And if Gavin Martin still thinks there's a difference between RAR and rock against racism, then perhaps he ought to talk to the kids themselves, still bopping to *their* music, still handing out leaflets with *their* message, painting out the Nazi graffiti and taunting the Nazis who are now reeling in the face of the opposition brought about by the carnival.
Dave Goodfield (Carnival Organising Committee), Leeds.
I think that not only *is* there a difference between RAR and rocking against racism, but there damn well should be. RAR have no monopoly on anti-racism in the music biz, nor should they expect to be immune from criticism — which is the way they sometimes come across. That said, I personally disagree with much of what Gavin wrote and think most of the above points are valid. But, Jah Lodger, Gavin never claimed that "all skins are fascists" and he's much less of a "boring middle class fart" than me, say, or Peter Hain. Are there no middle class people in RAR? I *know* there're some *boring* people. Now, what's next? — GL.

After waiting for two weeks for a mention of the Glastonbury festival in the music papers, we were really fed up to find the only write-up was by a certain Gavin Martin and was totally negative and untrue and ... **Arrrghhhh! No! Cut, cut! I can't stand any more. Bring on the dinosaur! — GL.**

WALLIES!

Will you stop printing so much political shit! It just complicates, confuses and congests musical matters. You only encourage wankers like Chris Salewicz. Leave the politics to the *Sunday Times.*
Vic Dead, Solihull.
Chris Salewicz! Politics! The *Sunday Times!* Are you Hugo Young? — GL.

"What's the use of worrying
It isn't worth the while
So pack up your troubles in an old kit-bag
And smile smile smile".
Iman Lababedi, New York.
You think people on the dole can afford kitbags?! Typical bloody New Romantic. — GL.

"RUMOUR HAS IT THERE'S A NEW STEVIE NICKS ALBUM"

Pic: David Corio.

Summer brings them out in smiles! Here we see a grinning Kevin Rowland jetting enthusiastically toward his spot last Monday night on Richard Skinner's Radio One show when the Birmingham Bawler was on his very best behaviour — earnest, serious and reasonable. What did he have to say? Not a lot: just how pleased he was with the new Dexys, the new record company, the new shows, all the things they* always *say. He did mention how he'd like to take his intense emotions onto the* Val Doonican Show, *though. In fact, his ambition to do TV with The Nolan Sisters instead of* Rock Goes To College *was one cause of friction between him and EMI. In between such revelations as these, the interview featured new material (which Kevin is also very pleased with): 'Let's Make This Precious', a seven-minute epic called 'Until I Believe My Soul', 'Your Own' (about Dexys' rippers-off)* (like Otis Redding? — Ed) *and an instrumental called 'Spiritual Passion'. Good old Kev! What a joker, eh?

T-ZERS

ERROL HERE, a pitchin' and a puttin', a preenin' and a poutin', telling you to DANCE DON'T RIOT. Catchy, don't you reckon . . .

DANCE DON'T RIOT is the long awaited follow up slogan from **Perry Haines,** a man with more of an i-D than I'll ever have, to his cherished Get Drunk On Funk, and it can be attached to among other things the group he manages, **Stimulin'**. DANCE DON'T RIOT is undoubtedly the finest political slogan of the entire week. Perry tells me that he's been stickering riot areas with the slogan: "I'll have to get myself insured," he cracks. He was dahn (I believe that's how it's said) the Kings Road the other week, plastering the walls with DANCE DON'T RIOT, but the expected punk assault on the Chelsea shops never materialised. And I was all ready to raid Robot for a few pairs of trousers . . .

Perry's group, with new drummer, that's Stimulin', are playing a Funk The Wedding concert on July 29th in Coventry at Guys Club in Shelton Square. There'll be five DJs, **Pyramid** will also be playing, and it'll run from six till two. I won't be there — I've got AN INVITATION, the one **Ian Paisley** turned down. I'm not fussy . . .

Perry himself, who in his time has helped dress up **Duran Duran, Robin Scott, Polecats, Mo-dettes** and of course Stimulin' is currently working on **Kit Haines** — in the nicest possible way . . .

Perry Haines also features in the first '?' Video Magazine, which should be on sale in the first week of August. He enacts a drunken conversation with **Poor Morley,** about funk, fire, eternal damnation and the weather. Also on the Vidzine (clumsy word) are **Miles Copeland, Police, Richard Strange, Damned, Patrick D Martin** (Mr ? himself), **The Cramps, Levi and the Ripchords,** and somebody called **Givanit Dadummy.** Excellent value for money, despite Morley and Haines.

Steve Strange — motto Eat Don't Riot — has been over in jolly New York, and a sweet little messenger tells me that he rode into some reception in his honour on a camel. He was suitably attired: does this mean naked? . . .

The group Strange claims to be part of, **Visage,** went into the studio last Monday to start work on their next LP: the camel will be producing, Steve Strange will be wearing a wire basket (two piece) that he nicked off me . . .

DANCE DON'T RIOTsay **The Fire Engines,** who'll be setting out on a massive three date British tour at the end of the month. The group promise something out of the ordinary, and that's apart from True Artist As A Young Man **Davey Henderson.** Highlights of the group's recording to date — everything they've ever done — are to be released in LP format in big America. The LP is sub-titled 'Aufgeladen Und Bereit Fur Action Und Spass', which is a way of saying DANCE DON'T RIOT. For us leisure kids a background video tape is released at the end of the year, to accompany their smash 'Lubricate Your Living Room' . . .

Great and accurate quote from **Jackie Collins** *(The Stud, The Bitch)* who announced: "However much men say sex is not on their minds all the time, it is most of the time." This is a way of saying SEX DON'T RIOT. Jackie, an old friend but she won't remember me, was featured on Radio London last week as a celebrity DJ, and she has great taste. **Isaac Hayes, Marvin Gaye, Billie Holliday** and one of my favourite 12 singles **Hot Chocolate's** 'Emma'. This is about a girl who wants to be an actress, but she doesn't make it and so she commits suicide — sob — maybe the slogan DANCE DON'T RIOT could have saved her life . . .

Bicker amongst yourselves don't riot, say **The Specials,** where it's the old situation as normal this week, i.e. plenty of dissention and arguing amid rumours of a forthcoming line up change. Can this be, just as the whole world and its fiancee sees something good in their body . . .

Staying special, as I sip my Southern Comfort and Seven Up, it seems **Jerry Dammers** and former **Swinging Cat John Shiplaw** have finished work on former **Bodysnatcher Rhoda Dakar's** 'Boiler' single . . . And, oh the busy bees, **Brad Special's** Race set up have signed **The Lemons** . . .

STUDIO 21 host and DJ **Dave Archer,** who compiles an appealing nightclub playlist most weeks for a pop/paper I can't read anymore, and who claims to be one of the pioneers of the current club scene — don't we all, sugar? — looks set to be one of the first in line for the quick before it goes *Up Pompeii* revival. He's formed a group called **Sheer Joy,** who won't be, but he tries . . .

Chris Watson of **Cabaret Voltaire,** whose upcoming LP 'Red Mecca' is DANCE DON'T RIOT embodied, has been using his hi-tech surveillance equipment to record the sounds of Yorkshire wild life. You can guess what the birds and bees were twittering — DANCE DON'T RIOT . . .

While we're in Sheffield, as I recite this to my bronzed and musclebound assistant, supping my special **Lady Diana** Cocktail, I'm listening to the new **Human League** single 'Love Action'. It's the kind of thing **Iggy** should be doing these days, and it's the best thing the League have ever done — the boys and girls are going to be so RICH. GET RICH DON'T RIOT . . .

Andy Allen, of the group **Andy Allen's Future,** who, even now, frequents places as outre as The Marquee and Dingwalls, has sold his memoirs — famous names! scandal! tedium! — to the *News Of The World* for a paltry few grand. You wait till *The Sunday Times* prints my diary. No one will be safe. REVEAL ALL DON'T RIOT . . .

The BBC switchboard played merry hell last week after **Richard Strange's** appearance on the wet BBC 2 *6-55 Special*. Strange was promoting the thin book *With No Name* and meant to be explaining all the different fancy movements that do have names. "Why are we talking about such fucking irrelevancies," he said (and the "fucking" hurt the nation), when there's all THAT happening out there? Like, it's so much more important." His interviewer decided it would be better to talk about the clothes. "And freeze me out," whined Richard, who has never liked television. All the complaints so far have suggested Richard made a prathead of himself, but those of us who know him merely understand what he's like when he's had a few . . .

Not like me 'cos I can hold my drink. I'm on my twelfth at this moment — I think I want a dance — DANCE DON'T RIOT . . .

Pic A: Chris Plytas. Pic B: Fred Zenith. Pic C: Michael Putland.

Summer '81. Pic A. Brixton! . . . Warrington! . . . Bernie Rhodes photographed! As civilisation crumbles, we see the revolutionary Colossus (of Rhodes — geddit?) seize the time to open his new night-spot, Club Left. Summer '81. Pic B. Heaven! . . . Heroes! . . . Errol photographed! As Wardour Street trembles, we see the dishy correspondent making such sweet music with spouse Beryl. Errol's message to the oppressed masses — "Don't complain, learn to play the clarinet!" Summer '81. Pic C. A glimmer of hope! David Essex swaps music for the stage, starring in* Childe Byron *at the Young Vic. Here we see the teenage heartthrob discussing last-minute changes with the play's author, Reg 'Lord' Byron, the international swimmer.

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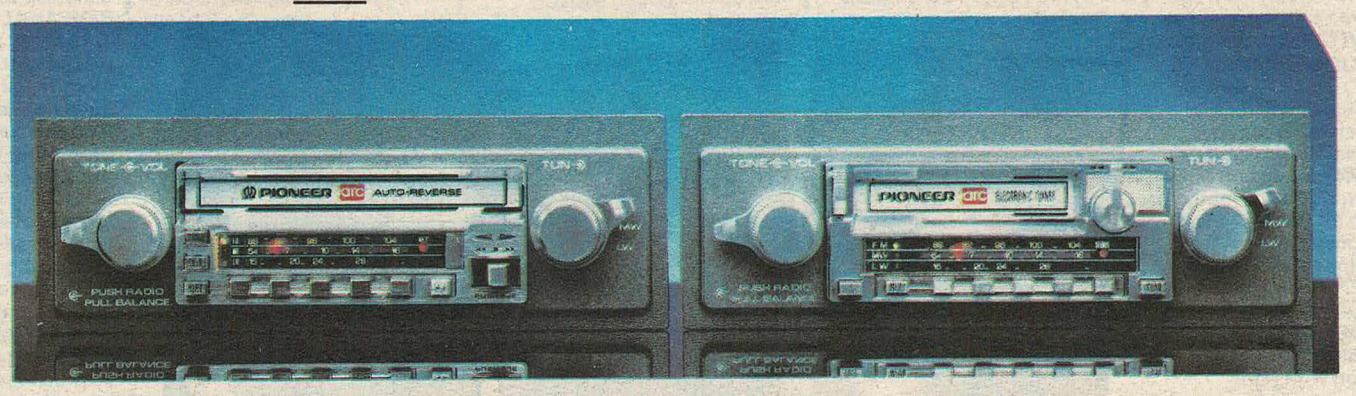

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